Tr. R.

378.756
T83.2
v.21
1907-8

	PAGE
Alfred Trice, The Waif — S.F.E.	140
April (Poem) — C.D. Gray	379
Art of Writing, The (Editoral) — W.A. Stanbury	80
A. Ward to Brown	167
Aus Alten Märchen Winkt Es — Heine Translated by Louis I. Jaffe	289
Autobiography of A Suicide — Jule B. Warren	327
Bennett House, The — Guilford H. Rose	28
Blue Moon, The (Poem) — Louise I. Jaffe	142
Chanson (Poem) — Anonymous.	37
China's Awakening (Poem) — C. M. Hutchings	244
Christmas (Poem) — Sartor Berghauser	143
Christmas Greeting (Editorial)	153
Christmas Leave-Taking (Poem) — S. Berghauser	104
Class of 1908 (Picture)	352
Colonel William J. Hick — R.L. Ferguson	196
Comparison of Chaucer's and Kipling Treatment of Animal Stories — W. Wallace Carson	365
Concerning Stories (Editorial)	302
Conversation of The Usual Type (Editorial)	151
Dan Cupid, Linguist — Louis I. Jaffe	245
Devils Thirteen, The — J.C. Winslow	342
D.S. Dickinson to Brown	165
Duty (Poem) Anonymous	58
Dux Femina Farti — E.W. Knight	64

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/trinityarchivese21trin

	Page
Editor's Table	88, 159, 206, 263, 350
Educational Value of Natural Science — J.J. Wolfe	280
Eoternal Feminine, The (Poem) — Louis I. Jaffe	372
Eugene Field — L. Jordan Carter	317
Evening With The German Club — "Doc"	290
Fable For The Fabulist, A — M.A. Briggs	277
Failure? (Poem) — H.E. Spence	17
Falstaff, The Decayed Man of Genius "L"	133
Fifty years of An American Magazine — L. Reeves	105
Gentleman of The Old Dominion — L. G. White	73
Government of North Carolina, The — W.W. Stedman	1
Gray to Gold — A.S. Berghauser	237
Greeting And Students (Editorial)	39
Henry Clay's Visit To Raleigh — E.R. Franklin	18
Higher Education — Louis I. Jaffe	31
History of Class of 1908 — "L. J. Carter	352
Impressions — "B"	112
In Memory of W.B. Lilly (Died 1908) — H.E. Spence	254
In Pace Requiescat — R. Browning & M.G. Wilson	136
Instruction of U.S. Senators by North Carolina — E.R. Franklin	209
John Charles McNeill — Jule B. Warren	45
J.R.B. Hathaway — A Gleaner in N.C. History	180
J. Spear Smith to Brown.	169
Lafcadio Hearn — A. Sartor Bergauser	334

L. I. Brown to Bedford Brown 171
Lillian Brown Stewart — Mary Mc Cullen 34
Literary News 84, 42, 154, 260, 304
Mark Twain at Oxford — L. J. Carter 59
Matt W. Ransom to Brown 164
Mission of the Rifle, The — M. A. Briggs 225
More Literary Hours (Editorial) 258
Moth at The Window (Poem) — A. S. Berghauser 371
Not Pessimism But Reality (Editorial) 258
Old Brick House, The — W. T. Brothers 144
Old Family Tradition — Gabel Pinnix 54
Old-Time Christmas Story, The — May Wrenn 95
On Hatteras Bar (Poem) — C. M. Bivins 229
O Trinity! (Poem)
Our Last Word (Editorial) 381
Oxford as Revealed by Mathew Arnold — Lelah Starr 285
Perverseness of Ethel — Wallace Carson 124
Picture, A — B 102
Play Ball! (Poem) — T. B. Harris 280
Possession (Poem) — Anonymous 27
Prayer of the Youth — A. S. B. 326
Prophecy of Class of 1908 — Pierce Wyche 358
R. J. Powell to Brown 175
Rose of Sharon Baptist Church — R. T. Howerton, Jr. 187
Selections from Correspondence of B. Brown — II 1859-68

Sindney Lanier — Isabella H. Fishe 44
Some Social Traits of the Quakers of Rich Square — W.A. Bryan 373
Step Forward, A (Editorial) 82
Steven Alexander Davis (Character Sketch) G.M.D. 181
Story of an 18th Century Club — Walace Carson 307
Story of an Young Virginian. — W.A. Stanbery 118
Story Within A Story — Malene Harrell 12
Study of History — (Editorial) 208
Sunset Bell, The (Poem) — A. S. Berghouser 38
Swifts Influence on Literature — H.E. Spence 267
Thinking vs Talking (Editorial) 347
Thoughts — A.B. 316
Time of Thanksgiving (Poem) — A.S. Berghauser 58
To A Rine — Anongmous 300
To Edwiand C. Stedman (Poem) — H.E. Spence 341
To John C. McNeill (Poem) — C.C Barnhart. 58
Tolerance in Preaching (Editorial) 346
Translation from Horace's, Odes And Epodes — E.M'Intosh 123
Trinity (Poem) — A.S. Berghauser 364
Van Buren To Theodore Miller 168
Voyager, The (Poem) — A.S. Berghauser 253
Wayside Wares 266
While We Sleep (Poem) — Edwin McIntosh 276
W. N. Edwards to Brown 174
W. N. Edwards to Brown 176

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY W. W. STEDMAN.

The history of the government of North Carolina began on March 25, 1584, when Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Walter Raleigh a part of what is now North Carolina. In 1630 there was another royal grant to Sir Robert Heath. While both of these charters are counted among our fundamental laws, they are of no importance.

The real beginning of the colonial government of North Carolina was the charter granted on March 24, 1663, by King Charles the Second to the Lords Proprie-

98667

tors. The most important of these Proprietors was the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, before he received this title, was A. A. Cooper, then Lord Ashley. He arose from the middle class to Lord Chancellor of England. It was largely through his influence that the Habeas Corpus Act passed Parliament and that the English people secured greater protection of the liberty of the subject.

The territory granted by King Charles the Second to the Lords Proprietors extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from Virginia to Florida, embracing from 36 degrees 30 seconds, to 29 degrees north latitude. The area of Carolina was 1,000,000 square miles, and included a large part of Mexico, and as far north as Arkansas. In 1697 approximately that portion of the province north of the Santee River acquired the name of North Carolina. In 1729 all the shares, except that of Lord Granville, were purchased by the King at the price of 2,500 pounds for each share, by virtue of the Act of Surrender of Parliament. By an agreement made between the King and Lord Carteret in 1744 all the land between Virginia and 35 degrees 34 seconds north latitude was given to Lord Carteret, and all south of this line, which ran through what is now Beaufort County, was given to the King. During the Revolutionary War the State of North Carolina confiscated Lord Granville's land and by the result of the war the King's land became the State's.

On March 1, 1669, "The Fundamental Constitution of Carolina," framed for the Lords Proprietors by John Locke, the philosopher, and amended by the Earl of Shaftesbury, were adopted as a kind of Constitution of the province of Carolina. This constitution went into effect, nominally, July, 1669, but it was never fully in force, and after several futile attempts to make it adaptable to conditions here it was abolished in April, 1693.

The charters granted by Charles the Second permitted the Lords Proprietors to establish a government and to make and execute laws, provided such laws "be consonant to reason, and as near as may be conveniently agreeable to the laws and customs of England." Locke's Constitution is commonly regarded from the standpoint of the Colonists as being the most "inconsonant" to reason of any ever written. It was Feudalism idealized with elaborate provision for titular succession. It was made on the supposition that conditions were anything but what they were and that the people never thought of government before, but were capable of being easily governed in every detail. To avoid troublesome changes it was made to last "forever and ever." Upon the passage of the Act of Surrender in 1729, the proprietary government ceased, and the royal government began, and the law of England became the law of Carolina in so far as it was thought suitable to the surroundings.

The constitutional law of North Carolina is said to have begun with the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which was adopted May 20, 1775, at Charlotte. On November 12, 1776, a congress or convention met at Halifax and adopted a constitution for the State of North Carolina on December 18th of that year. This Constitution became law by virtue of its adoption by the convention without being submitted to the people for a vote.

After the secession from the English government an act was passed by the State Legislature of 1778 which stated in a somewhat definite way our relation to the English law and incorporated such as was deemed suitable. This statute has been brought forward in the different revisals of our laws and is now, with slight changes, Section 932 of the Revisal of 1905. Chief Justice Pearson says, "The laws of our State rest for a foundation upon the common law of England."

In 1817 a compilation of our statute laws was provided for and the commissioners appointed to prepare same were directed to make a list of such acts of Parliament as were still in force in the State by virtue of the Act of 1778. This was done, but the list was not wholly approved, and by subsequent legislation the validity of all British laws has since rested upon their re-inactment by our Legislature. The Constitution of 1776 first makes the Declaration of Rights and then the Constitution proper is set forth. While much of this Constitution is taken up in prevailing against English aristocratic customs it contains most of the fundamental principles of our present constitution set forth on the theory that all men are created free and equal. It set forth the great essentials of personal security, personal liberty and private property guaranteed to the English people in the Magna Charta and other great charters and acts of Parliament which form the only written part of the English Constitution, together with some other important principles. The Declaration of Rights guaranteed the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience and provides distinctly for the separation of powers, that is the legislative, judicial and executive.

The legislative authority was vested in a senate and house of commons, to be chosen annually by ballot. Each county elected one senator, who had to own not less than 300 acres of land in his county. Only those freemen who owned as much as 50 acres of land in fee in the county could vote for senators.

The House of Commons was composed of representatives chosen two from each county and one each from six of the important towns. A candidate for this house must own 100 acres of land. All freemen who paid public taxes could vote for members of the house.

The General Assembly by joint ballot elected judges of the supreme courts of law and equity, judges of admiralty and the Attorney-General, all of whom held their office during good behavior. The Governor and all the officers of the militia were chosen in the same manner. The Governor was elected for one year and was not eligible "longer than three years in six successive years." No one could be chosen Governor who was under 30 years of age or who owned a freehold in lands in the State above the value of 1,000 pounds, or who had not resided five years in the State.

The General Assembly also appointed annually a Council of State of seven members to advise the Governor. One or more treasurers were appointed annually and a Secretary of State triennially.

Another distinguishing feature of this Constitution is its exclusion of various classes from the possibility of holding public offices. Among the excluded classes are all who had not settled their accounts, contractors to furnish army suplies, clergymen in active service, Jews and Catholics. Provision was made for granting citizenship to aliens, to discharge honest persons imprisoned for debt, for the establishment of free schools and a university.

Our Constitution has been amended or revised some ten or twelve times in its history. One of the most important revisions was made in 1835. The members of the two houses were placed upon about the same status as they are now, which will be treated later. All persons descended from negro ancestors to the fourth generation were disfranchised. The disability of Catholics to hold office was removed. Provision was made for impeachment. The poll tax was made equal and all males over 21 and under 45 and slaves between 12 and 50 were made liable for poll tax, unless exempted for bodily infirmity.

The "Free Suffrage" amendment which removed the property qualification for voters for State senators was adopted in 1857. The Ordinance of Secession was adopted May 20, 1861. The religious clause of our Constitution was also amended so as to permit Jews to hold civil offices. There was a new Constitution ratified by a popular vote April 24, 1868. Nearly all of its provisions are in our present Constitution. One distinguishing feature of it is the abolition of slavery and extending the negro the right to vote.

Sundry amendments, mostly political in their nature, were ratified in the years 1873 and 1876 and in 1888. The membership of the Supreme Court judges was reduced from five to three in 1875, and increased to five again in 1888.

In 1900 the Legislature adopted an amendment which made the payment of poll tax when the voter is logically liable for it, and the ability "to read and write any section of the State Constitution in the English language" qualifications for right of suffrage except where the "grandfather clause" dispenses with the educational qualification. The grandfather clause allows all persons to vote without the educational qualification whose ancestors voted before the Civil War, if he has registered by 1908. Thus this qualification applies to negroes and not to whites until after 1908, when both will be put on the same status. The constitutionality of the grandfather clause of this amendment depends upon an unsought decision of the United States Supreme Court as to whether or not it will allow the Fifteenth Amendment of the National Constitution to be evaded on a technicality. The supporters of the clause justify this clause on the ground that it will promote purer politics and that the original intention of the National Constitution was to allow suffrage qualifications to the States

and that this right was wrenched from them under high pressure in reconstruction days, and since there is little end to conflict of laws the most expedient thing under given circumstances had better be done.

The fundamental principles of the rights of the individual which are found in our first Constitution of 1776, are incorporated in our present Constitution. The object of our Constitution may be summed up in four general statements: (1) To give the government such powers as are essential to its existence and to maintain its authority; (2) To insure every person who may be in the country certain personal rights of life, liberty and property; (3) To confer upon the citizens certain privileges; and (4) To fix in a permanent form certain principles of detail for carrying on the affairs of the government.

Some of the essential guarantees of liberty which are declared in our State Constitution are: (a) That all elections must be free; (b) That no person be convicted of crime except by the verdict of a jury in open court; (c) That no person be deprived of life, liberty or property, except by the law of the land; (d) That the freedom of the press ought never to be restrained; (e) That the people ought not to be taxed without their own consent or that of their representatives; (f) That the people should have religious liberty and that no human authority should control or interfere with the rights of conscience; (g) That the people have the right to keep and bear arms, to assemble to consult for their common good and the right to education.

Bills of attainder which are acts of the Legislature condemning a man to death and confiscating his property without trial and *ex post-facto* laws which are laws enacted to affect a crime after it has been committed, are forbidden.

No person shall be arrested or have his premises searched upon a general warrant which allows an officer to arrest or search suspected persons promiscuously. If any person is unlawfully arrested or deprived of his liberty, he shall be liberated on writ of *habeas corpus* which cannot be denied, or if lawfully arrested or restrained, excessive bail shall not be required. Whether a person is convicted or acquitted he shall not again be put in jeopardy for the same offense in the absence of fraud. Treason is limited to waging war against the State or adhering to its enemies. Two witnesses to the same overt act or confession are necessary to a conviction of treason. There are now no religious qualifications for office seekers except the acknowledgment of the "being of Almighty God." A homestead to the value of $1,000 and personal property to the value of $500, are exempted from sale under execution for debt.

Many provisions of the Constitution are wholly omitted, others will be taken up in connection with the phases of government for which it provides. By the Constitution of North Carolina the three great departments of the English government, the legislative, judicial and executive, are made to be forever separate and distinct from one another.

THE LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

The legislative authority is vested in a Senate and House of Representatives, which meet biennially in the capitol at Raleigh on the first Wednesday after the first Monday next after election. When in session they are legally called the "General Assembly." Neither house can proceed upon public business unless a majority of all the members be present. The Senate is composed of 50 members, the House of Representatives of 100. Each county elects one representative and the most populous counties more than two until the one hundred and

twenty are elected. The Senators are elected by "Senate Districts." The General Assembly lays off the senate districts and apportions the representatives among the counties upon a basis of population according to a ratio and plan of the Constitution, Article II, Section 4. A Senator must "not be less than 25 years of age, must have resided in the State as a citizen two years" and must "have usually resided in the district from which he is chosen one year immediately preceding his election." The term of office of all the members of the General Assembly begins at the time of their election. Vacancies in either house are filled by elections held by order of the Governor. Both senators and legislators receive their salary of $4 per day for 60 days only. They also receive ten cents per mile both from and to their homes.

Each house determines for itself the election and qualifications of its members and chooses its own officers except that the Lieutenant-Governor presides over the Senate. The Senate may choose a temporary speaker in the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, or when he shall exercise the office of Governor. Each house may adjourn from day to day to suit itself "and the two houses may jointly adjourn to any future day or other place." Members are not liable for impeachment or question in any court or place out of the General Assembly for words spoken therein, and are protected, except for crime, from the arrest of their person or the attachment of their property while going to, coming from or in attendance upon the sessions.

A law made by the General Assembly is called a statute or act of the General Assembly. "The style of all acts shall be: 'The General Assembly of North Carolina does enact.' " When a measure is offered for enactment it is called a "bill" if it is intended to become a statute, or a "resolution" if it is for some object of less importance.

All bills and resolutions of a legislative nature must be read three times in each house, before they become law, and shall be signed by the presiding officers of both houses. The Governor's signature is not provided for since he has no veto. If, however, the object of the bill be to pledge the faith of the State for the payment of money, or to impose any tax or allow any political subdivision of the State, to do so, the bill must pass three readings on three different days, and the "yeas" and "nays" on the second and third readings must be entered on the journal. If one-fifth of the members present so require, the yeas and nays upon any question shall be taken and entered on the journal. Each house must keep a journal of its proceedings. Any member may dissent from any measure adopted and may have such dissent with his reasons entered on the journal.

Public laws affect all the people while private laws affect only a part of the people or one individual. Before any private law can be enacted, 30 days' notice must be given to the person or persons to be affected that such a measure is going to be applied for.

When the General Assembly elects any officer whose appointment is conferred upon it by the Constitution, the vote must be *viva voce*,—by word of mouth.

After a statute has been duly passed and ratified, it does not go into active operation until 30 days after adjournment of the General Assembly, unless it is expressly provided in the act that it shall go into effect at an earlier date.

The General Assembly makes all appropriations necessary to run the affairs of government. No money can be drawn from the treasury unless appropriated by law nor can it be applied to any purpose other than that specified in the act by which it was levied. An accurate account of all public money, showing what was received

and how spent, must be published annually. At each session appropriations are made for the expenses of the government for the succeeding two years. The act providing for levying taxes is usually called the "Revenue Act," and that providing the means and method for collecting the taxes is usually called the "Machinery Act."

The General Assembly has power to pass all laws not in conflict with the Constitution of the State and the United States. Among the private laws the State Constitution forbids it to enact are the following: To grant divorce, or to secure alimony, which is money required to be paid to a divorced wife by her former husband, to change a person's name, to make issue legitimate when not born in lawful wedlock, to restore the rights of citizenship to any particular person convicted of infamous crime. But all these things may be regulated by the general public laws. It is also forbidden to issue new bonds until outstanding ones are at par except in case of emergency. It cannot assume payment or authorize any tax for the payment of certain questionable claims against the State, as for instance the Civil War debt, or the "Carpet Bag" bonds of 1868, nor can it give or lend the credit of the State in aid of any person or corporation, except to aid certain railroad corporations in which the State has a direct interest. These last two inabilities may be removed by an approving vote of the people specifically to that effect.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A STORY WITHIN A STORY.

BY MALENE HARRELL.

"Jessie, I have promised to write a story for the college magazine, and what must it be? I never could take bits of adventure and weave them into shape to attract even ordinary interest. I detest the mystic. I care little for history unless it is tinged with romance; as for stories of a scientific type—Oh, me, that is hopeless. This cold New Hampshire air has not so chilled my hot Southern blood, but that the sentimental appeals to me strongly. I love Romeo and Juliet; and I mean to brave the frown of my cold calculating Professor, who would have us write according to rule instead of feeling, and then has us outline stories with certain colorings and morals, just as my grandmother would cut and piece a quilt after a fixed pattern. I never did like things just so-and-so."

"Why, Bertie, I am glad that you have paused to take breath; you must have the story worked out in your brain, you seem so enthusiastic over it."

"No, not in my brain, but in my heart, for it is a tragedy from real life. It came to me at a time and in such a way that it is stamped there in letters that burn into the flesh."

"I am growing interested. Tell it to me. Your flushed face and sparkling eye suggest that you may be a part of the story yourself."

"Perhaps—well, you may judge for yourself, though because of its being true I must withhold real names."

"You remember last summer I went back to my old home in Florida for a visit to my aunt. I had not seen any of them for ten years. As I neared the little village where I was to stop, my thoughts were busy in an attempt to picture the change I might expect in my friends. At the station my cousin met me. He had grown tall, of

course, but there was the same boyish face. Near him a young man was standing, a little in the shadow. By some magnetic power my eyes were fastened on him. Seeing, or perhaps feeling, my gaze, he hurried forward and offered me his hand. As he lifted his hat I recognized Will Benton, my girlhood champion and comrade. In an instant intervening years were obliterated. I was a happy barefooted girl, wading through brooks, searching for wild flowers, and swinging in hanging vines, always with Will at my side to take care of me. He was bigger than I and I thought him capable of defending me from man, beast, or reptile. How sweet those childish days of faith and trust! But I soon recovered myself and thought how foolish I was. He had forgotten all about the time I hurt my foot and he took me home in his arms. So I merely shook hands and said, 'I am glad that you have not forgotten me, Will.'

"Well, you know how easy it is to renew old friendships. The bright summer days were slipping by all too fast for Will and me, who were thoroughly enjoying each other's company. Yet I must hasten. If I linger over these days I may forget the story I intend to write."

"This story that you are planning must be like Ezekiel's vision—'A wheel within a wheel,' for I thought that you were already well into the story."

"No, just leading up to it. You understand how things were going with Will and me when something happened —I need not tell all of that. I grew insanely jealous and would listen to no explanation. Then the story that I am to write came to me.

"There was in my aunt's home a governess, who had been there ever since I could remember. We called her 'Cousin Ann'—sweet, gentle Cousin Ann. She had beautiful brown eyes, a wealth of white hair, and a voice soft and low. I had never questioned about her past

life. She seemed to belong there, just as the white rose that twined itself on the front porch and delighted us every summer with its pure white blossoms. We all loved her. She taught me my first lesson. She seemed to understand us all and knew things from intuition.

"Things were getting into a terrible snarl with Will and me. She said nothing at first. One afternoon, as I was shut in my room, battling with love and pride, she tapped at the door.

"I wondered who could be so unkind as to come in just then. I did not even answer. Then a sweet voice said, 'Bertie, let me in; perhaps I can help you.' Oh how I needed help just then. Opening the door, I threw my arms around her and said, 'Do you know?' 'Yes, dear, and understand all that you are suffering better than you can ever know. To save you from a life-long heartache, I am going to bare my own heart and let you learn your first real life lesson there. No one else knows the story but your Aunt, who has kept it all these years, only my love for you and desire to shield you from such suffering, makes me tell it to you.

" 'Years ago I was a bright, high-spirited girl, full of life and hope. My parents were wealthy, and I their only living child. They gave me the best advantages of the day. Our home was in Charleston, South Carolina. I had been home from college two years, and the following December I was to marry a graduate from Yale, who had been [illegible]ching in the city for several years. How happy I [illegible] s true that I had heard ugly hints that my fiancé [illegible] fortune hunter, and so forth. But I knew the manly heart too well. And I loved him too fondly to listen to any such suggestions. Then came that fearful catastrophe, when the foundations of the city gave way. Fortunes and homes were crumbled into ruins, and lives were hurled into eternity. Our home

was in the line of devastation. Oh the wild confusion of that night! It sickens me to think of it.' She buried her face in her hands and then continued, 'Our house fell burying us all in its ruins. My parents were instantly killed. I was stunned. After a while I revived and crawled, amid broken and falling timbers, until I found that I was creeping out into the night. My first thoughts were of him to whom my life was plighted. Was he too taken from me? The very suggestion caused an overpowering feeling of terror. Just then I heard the sound of voices near me. I listened with bated breath. Yes, it was he, how tender the tone. New life came to me and I made a desperate effort to reach him. Right there, sitting on some fallen pillars, he sat with a woman in his arms. He was raining kisses on her upturned face and calling her by endearing names. Stung to madness like some wounded animal, I crept away into the dark. Why had I been spared? Why had I not been crushed with my parents? Then came a short interval of forgetfulness. I had swooned, but the awakening came with tenfold anguish. My brain was on fire. My only thought was to get away. I remembered your Aunt, an old friend. I came to her leaving those who knew me in Charleston to think that I was killed. The wild disorder of those days made it easy for me to slip away from the world and be lost. I changed my name, and since then I have been only Cousin Ann. For years I believed my fiancé to be false to me. But a few years ago I accidentally heard some one call his name, and [illegible] about his sweetheart being killed in the Charleston earthquake. How, when the shock came, he hurried to her home to find it already in ruins. But a low moan fell on his ear. He searched around and from under some debris he dragged a half dead woman. He thought that she was the one for whom he was looking, and, holding her in

his arms until the dawn, the upturned face looked strange and white into his. He knew not who it was that he had rescued. His own darling was killed. For weeks he was beside himself. He looked everywhere for the dear body of his loved one. No sign of her was ever found. After weeks of suffering he went to Germany to forget if possible how keenly he had suffered. He remained there for years, and is now teaching in a northern college, old and careworn, suffering still. Little did the speaker know how tense the strain to keep from screaming one of the listeners felt. Why did I not speak then? A shrinking from publicity, an unconquerable pride, kept me silent. My chance was lost. I have never been able to find a trace of him since.'

"What do you think of my writing that into a story?"

"Why, Bertie, it is just the thing. But what of you and Will?"

"Oh, that is all right, but it will be no part of the story."

"Well, make haste and write it up, and maybe the sequel will come from our snow-covered hills, unsentimental as you believe them to be."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Well, Bertie, that story was fine. I did not believe that you possessed such gifts as a story writer."

"But, Jessie, something really exciting did happen. When the magazine was out I saw Professor —— turning the leaves. He never seemed to me to care whether we had anything here, so we knew our German.

"But, as I said, he was turning the pages. When he stopped and began reading, he grew nervous. All at once he seized his hat, rushed out and made for the depot. I am just crazy to know where he went."

FAILURE?

BY H. E. SPENCE.

[Sorrowfully dedicated to "Capt. Billy" Smith, of the Trinity ball-team, who shot himself June 27, 1907.]

Dead! In his yonth's bright bloom,
'Mid its sunshine's brightest flood!
A tearful eye and a heartfelt sigh
For the noble boy who met his doom;
Who drove the light from his own bright sky,
And died in his own life's blood!

Our faltering lips are dumb;
Our questions we dare not ask;
But bowed with care in our blank despair,
The wonder grows in our hearts benumbed,
That the burdens of life he failed to bear
And shrank from the tiresome task.

There're others all discontent,
Who chill us with doubt and fear,
Whom we well might spare from this world of care;
But Captain "Billy," where'er he went,
With his sunny smile of radiance rare
Filled life with hopeful cheer.

In the shadow of sure defeat
He uttered no word of blame;
When the boys played wild our Captain smiled;
"Play steady, fellows, we yet can beat,"
His voice called out in accents mild,
"Heads up, and get in the game!"

From the mountains to the sea,
From each noble college "fan,"
A tear will fall on the mournful pall
Of the little Short-stop from Trinity,
Who took hard chances and played square ball
And was every inch a man.

A tear for the blighted life!
A sigh for the faded smile,
And the bright hopes marred! In the last reward
May Heaven's Wise Umpire of death and life
Say: "'Twas no error, but, "chance too hard,"
And give him another trial!

HENRY CLAY'S VISIT TO RALEIGH.

BY EARL R. FRANKLIN.

Probably the greatest event in the history of Raleigh during the middle part of the last century was the visit of Henry Clay in the year 1844. This was a year of one of the most exciting presidential campaigns in our history. Henry Clay was the nominee of the Whig party, which had come into prominence during the previous fifteen years and had dominated national politics for four years. On the other hand, James K. Polk, a native of North Carolina and graduate of our University, was the nominee of the Democratic party, or as it was better known, the Loco Foco party. Many elements made this campaign exciting—the men and the party principles. There was Henry Clay, the idol of the Whig party, who had been noted for his prominence in national politics for twenty or thirty years; while on the other hand there was Polk, a dark horse candidate and unknown to the public, who was the head of a party which had dominated national politics, with the exception of four years, from the beginning of the new century. Besides, there was the bank and sub-treasury question, which had been the paramount issue for twelve years, also the Texas and other less important questions.

All of these playing their part made Clay's visit to Raleigh a memorable event in our State history. Clay had promised two years before this to come to this State, but had never come, so the leading Whigs took advantage of this opportune year and pressed the invitation upon him to fulfil his promise during his canvass. Clay accepted the invitation to come to Raleigh on the 12th of April. After this announcement had been made, the people of the State began to look forward to and prepare for this great event. It was not merely a local affair for Raleigh, but an event toward which the whole State looked with great interest.

It is useless to say, during such an exciting campaign, that Raleigh and vicinity and indeed the whole State did their best in preparing for his visit. It seemed that the people forgot party prejudices, as strong as they were, and joined hand to hand to give the State's distinguished visitor a most cordial welcome. The committee on entertainment prepared a great public barbecue sufficient to feed several thousands. As the Raleigh Register stated, the people throughout the State highly fed their animals for the event. One farmer in the west sent word to Raleigh that if they needed any meat to let him know, and he would see that meat would not be a question in entertaining the people.

Besides the preparation for the public entertainment, the ladies of Raleigh and vicinity prepared various souvenirs and emblems on Clay and his visit. One of these was the Clay banner which was executed by Charles Doratt. The design was as follows: "On the right side of the picture, a female figure robed in the national flag is endeavoring, although weak and exhausted, to raise herself from the ground; she is surrounded by dark clouds, and near her in the background are representations of envy and discord. In the center of the picture is a full length picture of Henry Clay, with his left hand assisting the female to rise and with his right hand pointing to the right of the picture, which represents a clear beautiful sky, a view of the ocean crowded with ships discharging their cargoes on a beach covered with merchandise. In the foreground is a rural scene on a beautiful spring morning." Also various verses were composed to celebrate the occasion, such as the following:

"Nature is ever the same, they say,
Today the proof's before our face;
She made the first of the race of clay
And Clay is still the first of the race."

In retaliation to the Locos who sneered at the Whigs and called them "Coons," from the emblem of the party, we find these words:

"Of all the gay tenants that live in the wood
And dance by the light of the moon,
To say what is true and stick to his word,
Boys, give us that honest old coon.
To say what is true and stick to his word,
Boys, give us that honest old coon."

Also we find in the Raleigh Register an ode to Henry Clay, from which I quote a few lines:

"We greet thee now.
But as the mighty deep,
Wakes from her giant sleep,
When the wild storm hath power;
Ten thousand hearts with one wild pulse do leap;
While from the mountain's side,
And valleys green and wide
Are gathering at this hour

Gray sires and eager sons to hail the day
That welcomes to each hearth and home the
Patriot Clay.
Thou art no stranger here;
For noble deeds like thine,
Through the long lapse of time,
Shall rear for thee a shrine,
In every home and heart where freedom still is dear."

While these extensive preparations were being carried on, the time for his arrival was drawing near. A committee of the following was ordered to meet Mr. Clay below Wilmington at Somerville, where he was to land, and escort him to the city: Messrs. Gaither, of Burke; Pearson, of Davie; Montgomery, of Montgomery; Hale, of Cumberland; Hill, of Northampton; Williams, of Surry; and Grimes, of Pitt. To coöperate with this committee was a committee of eighteen—two from each congressional district. On account of a day's delay Mr. Clay did not arrive at Somerville until Wednesday

morning at sunrise. Here he was met by the above named committee and escorted to Wilmington, where he made his first public speech in the State. It was short but touching; from it we quote a few words: "I have long looked forward to this visit to North Carolina with a pleasing hope and now having set foot upon her soil for the first time today, my fondest anticipations were in a course of being realized, and the event will form an epoch in my life." He further said, "I come not as a political gladiator, but as an American citizen. I take the hand of one party as cordially as I do another, for all are American citizens. I place country far above all parties." Mr. Clay spent the day and night at Wilmington. On Wednesday night a great ball and reception were given in honor of him.

On Thursday morning, between six and seven o'clock, Mr. Clay took his departure for Raleigh, accompanied by the Clay committee. At seven o'clock p. m. they were half a mile from the town, where they were met by the Raleigh delegates, which consisted of Captain Smith's cavalry, Captain Lucas' light infantry, and the special committee of reception, besides the countless throng, and were escorted to the Governor's mansion, where he was a guest during the visit to Raleigh.

As to the people who greeted Mr. Clay as he approached the town, we will accept his own statement, which was that the whole State was there. It was an enormous crowd for Raleigh at that time, when we consider the size of the town and the sparsely settled community. The Raleigh Register states that "One would think that the whole world were Whigs—men, women, children, and coons." We further quote: "From every county, from every town, from every hill and valley, came forth her gallant and true-hearted sons, to swear anew their allegiance and fidelity to the unaltered and

unalterable principles of the Whig party. The planter left his field in the very midst of planting time, the mechanic abandoned his vocation, the lawyer forsook his books and his briefs, the merchant his ledger and his counting room, the physician his pills and patients, to come up one and all to the grand council of State." The visiting ladies were entertained in the homes of the Raleigh people—"the string of every latch was hanging on the outside of the door"—while the great majority of the men came in their covered wagons of 1840, bringing with them provisions sufficient to last them through the visit. It was stated that four or five acres were occupied with the wagons and other vehicles.

On the night previous to Mr. Clay's arrival, the great throng of people gathered at the capitol square under the strains of the Salem band. Here several prominent speakers were called upon, and made Whig speeches. First Edward Stanley was called for and responded with an hour's speech. Then H. K. Nash being called for, responded in an enthusiastic speech. Finally Mr. Brownlow, editor of the Jonesboro Whig, being called for, though not a speaker, as he said, entertained the crowd with his wit and humor. Some one of the audience later said that "the way he did curry the Locos and make the fur fly was distressing." Another said "he ought to be indicted for violating that provision of the constitution which forbids the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment."

The crowd reassembled at the capitol square on Friday at 12 o'clock, and several distinguished visitors made speeches, among them Mr. Shelton, of Buffalo Springs, Va.; and Mr. B. W. Leigh, of Richmond, who was later one of Virginia's U. S. Senators. "His speech," as someone said, "was worthy of Virginia in her palmiest days." Among others who spoke were Messrs. Cherry and

Reade, both of whom were prominent in political affairs of the State. The last meeting of the crowd was on Saturday night, at which time Messrs. Badger, later a U. S. Senator and member of Tyler's cabinet, Moore, Syme, and Harris being called for made appropriate speeches.

The above mentioned features, though important in the event, were not, of course, the chief part of the occasion. The great and most important meeting took place on Saturday morning, when Henry Clay, the longed for visitor, spoke. The great crowd gathered at the capitol square at eleven o'clock and formed the procession which on the day before had met him. The procession marched to the Governor's Mansion, where it was joined by Clay and his party, who were drawn by four gray horses in an open landeau, and escorted to the platform in the capitol square, which was built for him to speak from.

Mr. Clay spoke for two hours, and said in part: "A long cherished object of my heart is accomplished. I am at your State capital in the midst of you. I had expected to find some hundreds, perhaps a few thousands, assembled here to greet me, but I did not expect to see the whole State congregated together, but here it is." Mr. Clay then took up the issues of the day; first, he spoke of the manner of electing members of the House of Representatives. From the establishment of the Union there had grown up a custom among the States to elect their congressmen as we now elect our presidential electors, that is, by the State. Congress, seeing the evil of this method, made a general rule for the election of congressmen, and that rule was by the district. To this rule some States complied, others did not. Among those that did not were Missouri, Mississippi, Georgia, and New Hampshire. These congressmen were permitted by a Democratic Congress to take their seats, while

New Jersey elected by district, was deprived of some of its members. Mr. Clay said that he was in favor of election by district and the enforcement of the law. The next question was the illegal way of admitting Michigan into the Union, which was sanctioned by the Democratic party. In passing he condemned Dorrison in Rhode Island, which he said had been encouraged by the Jackson party. Another question which he touched upon was the tariff, which had been a live question for thirty years. As we all know, he was the great compromiser between the North and the South upon this question in 1832, when South Carolina nullified the tariff of that year. He advocated a tariff for revenue with incidental protection. He said, "I believe no great nation ever has existed or can exist, which does not derive within itself essential supplies of food and raiment and the means of defense. We must reject both high tariff and free trade." He strongly advocated sound money, which, he said, could be brought back permanently only through the establishment of a Bank of the United States. He also advocated an equitable distribution of the funds from the public domain among the several States according to the federal population. He ended the two hours' speech with the following paragraph, which sent a thrill of enthusiasm accompanied with a sense of sadness: "We are about, fellow citizens, finally to separate. Never again shall I behold this assembled multitude. No more shall I probably ever see the beautiful city of oaks. Nevermore shall I mingle in the delightful circles of its hospitable and accomplished inhabitants. But you will never be forgotten in this heart of mine. My visit to your State is an epoch in my life. I shall carry with me everywhere and carry back to my own patriotic State, a grateful recollection of your kindness, friendship, and hospitality which I have experienced so generously at your hands.

And whatever may be my future lot or destiny, in retirement or public station, in health or sickness, in adversity or prosperity, you may count upon me as an humble but zealous coöperator with you in all honorable struggles to place the government of our country once more upon a solid, pure and patriotic basis. I leave with you all that is in my power to offer, my fervent prayer that one and all of you may be crowned with the choicest blessings of heaven, that your days may be lengthened to the utmost period of human existence, that they may be unclouded, happy, and prosperous, and that when this mortal career shall terminate you may be translated to a better and brighter world." A newspaper writer describes Mr. Clay's manner of speaking in the following terms: "There was a sort of indefinable simplicity about his manner, a majesty in his voice, a swelling, overpowering grandeur and sublimity in many of his sentences that must be heard to be appreciated. We must confess that the half had not been told us."

On the termination of his speech, Mr. Badger introduced to him Miss Harris, of Granville, who had come to see and present to him a silk vest pattern, which she had made, and request that he should wear it upon his inauguration. The vest was accepted together with the request in a very pleasant way. The great crowd moved towards Bennehan's Grove, better known as Baptist Grove, not far from the capitol. The great barbecue was served here and several thousand visitors partook of Raleigh's hospitality.

After the people had enjoyed themselves at the public barbecue, they began to think of returning home. Some lived in the far west and some in the extreme eastern part of the State. On Saturday night those who remained in the city enjoyed a great display of fireworks. In the exhibition there were two fire balloons, one of

these had Henry Clay's name upon it, and they said it went directly towards Washington City. On Sunday, Mr. Clay attended church at Edenton Street. Monday he received visitors at the mansion, while on Tuesday he was carried over the city. On Thursday he left Raleigh for Petersburg, accompanied by the Virginia committee.

While everything seemed bright, happy, and pleasant to Clay during his stay in Raleigh, yet he was in the midst of death so far as his presidential aspirations were concerned. While here he penned his own doom, known as the Raleigh letters. On April 17 he wrote a letter to the Petersburg National Intelligencer, expressing his views on the Texas question. The people had demanded his views on the question, so he expressed them in this letter.

This letter being so important in the history of the campaign, I will give briefly his views on the subject as expressed in this letter. He said he was in favor of annexing Texas "if it could be done without loss of national character, without the hazard of foreign war, with the general concurrence of the nation, without any danger to the integrity of the Union, and without giving any unreasonable price for it." He said he did not think this could be done. He sums up his views in the following words: "I consider the annexation of Texas at this time without the consent of Mexico, as a measure compromising the character of the nation, involving us certainly in a war with Mexico and probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the Union, inexpedient in the present financial conditions of the country, and not called for by any general expression of public opinion." From a theoretical standpoint this seems plausible, but did not satisfy the people. So ends Clay's visit to Raleigh.

POSSESSION.

There's a dainty maiden
Somewhere in this world,
Face so sweet and charming,
Lips like roses curled,
And her eyes like morning
Stars so silver bright
Laugh in silent meaning,
Filled with love and light.

And her place of dwelling
Is a paradise,
And the sun shines always,
For her smiles entice
Every happy gladness
From the watching sky,
And the breezes whisper
When she passes by.

Oh, to walk beside her
Is so like a dream
That you scarcely know it
Things are as they seem.
And her voice like music
Breaks in dancing trills,
Vying with the bird-song
Till your mad heart thrills.

Nay, I will not tell you
Where her home may be,
Lest her charms bewitch thee,
If her face you see.
Yet this maid is heartless
And never would be thine;
I, the happy mortal,
For her heart is mine!

THE BENNETT HOUSE.

BY GUILFORD H. ROSE.

There stands in our Museum a small, dark-stained table, quite an insignificant looking table, for it has undergone hard usage for many years. Close to it is a large dark bottle and a copy of Harper's Weekly of the date of May 27, 1865. To all appearances they are but dilapidated household remnants, remnants of the glory of former days; but to students of history and to others who are interested in historical relics, especially those of our own Civil War, they tell a tale both sad and glorious. If one will look beneath the table top, he will see by the inscription placed there, that it is the table upon which Gen. Wm. T. Sherman drew up the articles of surrender and upon which Gen. Jos. E. Johnston wrote his acceptance of these terms, April 26, 1865.

At this time Johnston's army was encamped at Greensboro, and Sherman's army was at Raleigh. Johnston saw that his men could not possibly hold out much longer, and sent to Sherman a request for a conference. He then moved his men from Greensboro to Hillsboro, and Sherman brought his force to Durham Station, a small village of probably not more than two hundred people, twenty-six miles west of Raleigh, on what was then the North Carolina Railroad. A ten days armistice was agreed upon, and the generals moved towards each other to confer. Their meeting place was at the house of James Bennett, a place better known as the "Bennett House."

About three and one-half miles from Durham, on the Hillsboro Road, there stands (or rather, stood, for recently there has been a weather shield built over it by its present owner, Mr. B. L. Duke, who bought it some years ago, to protect it from the combined effects of the elements and of curio hunters, which together, were slowly

but surely destroying it) a dilapidated old house. It was in front of this house, on April 26, 1865, that Gen. J. E. Johnston, C. S. A., and Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, U. S. A., drew rein, and alighting, advanced to meet each other. It being at meal time, they were served dinner. After dinner, the dining table in the room being loaded with dishes and the remains of the meal, this little candle-table was drawn up for them to write upon.

It was just here that the little dark bottle got in its work. More than once the generals drank from it while engaged in writing the articles of surrender.

But probably the most remarkable part of the whole proceeding is that Johnston did not surrender. This seems a rather bold statement to make, but anyone who will take the trouble to examine the facts in the case will find it to be correct. It is true that General Sherman dictated his terms of surrender and it is also true that General Johnston accepted them, but the terms of surrender made by one general to another must be approved by the Department of War; and because the terms proposed by Sherman were so mild, the War Office disapproved them, and commanded Sherman to make terms a great deal harsher than those he had proposed. While this controversy was going on between Sherman and the Department of War, news of the surrender of Lee came and Johnston's army laid down their arms and went back to their homes. Thus the historic Bennett Place is not really the scene of Johnston's surrender as it is usually supposed, for Johnston did not surrender; but it marks the close of the war in this State.

The Harper's Weekly, with the table and bottle, gives an account of the meeting of the two generals and of their conference. The three are lent to us through the kindness of Mrs. T. D. Jones, of this city, whose husband bought the bottle and the table in 1884. Upon the

bottle is fixed the affidavit of Eliza A. Christopher, daughter of James Bennett, which we give herewith:

NORTH CAROLINA, DURHAM COUNTY.

Mrs. Eliza Christopher, being duly sworn, deposes and says that she is a daughter of James Bennett, who resided during his lifetime on the old Hillsboro Road, three and one-half miles west of Durham. That she was present at her father's house on the 26th day of April, 1865, when Generals W. T. Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston met there and arranged all the stipulations of the surrender of Johnston to Sherman. That while the arrangements were being made they drank from a bottle of whiskey, and that the bottle sold to Mr. Thomas D. Jones is the identical one from which they drank on that occasion. (Signed) ELIZA A. CHRISTOPHER.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this the 15th day of May, 1884.
(Signed) C. B. GREEN, J. P.

Mrs. Christopher made a very pleasing statement as to the conduct of the troops under both generals. She was impressed, she said, by the cordiality with which the generals greeted each other, and the courtesy with which they treated each other could not have been surpassed by two friends. And not only the generals and their staff officers, but the rank and file as well, mingled with each other, and seemed to her, she said, more like brothers than men who for years had been opposing each other.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

Picture to yourself a rickety one story little station clinging uncertainly to a narrow guage railroad of the old type; a sweltering day in June of a kind very much unlike the rare one the poet sang of; a restless farmer in the last throes of a death struggle with an uncomfortably high collar that was fast losing its pristine rigidity; a dapple-gray farm horse hitched to a light spring wagon, whose tail (the horse's) presented the only picture of interested activity in sight, as it determinedly shooed the flies; and you have the setting of my sketch.

The farmer shaded his eyes and gazed far up the two shining rails into the blinding sunlight, but no train was anywhere to be seen; nothing but the heat waves rising from the track after the manner in which it is illustrated in physics books. Presently he slipped out of his pocket a huge nickel-plated watch of the dollar variety, looked at it and murmured reverently, "Thank God, only five more minutes," and then, by way of illustrating the inconsistency of mere man, he cursed long and softly. There was a reason. The train was one hour and ten minutes late and ice water was an unknown quantity at the station and our farmer was suffering.

As the reader has probably guessed, there was a girl on the train, whose proximity, perhaps, caused a tender note to creep into his voice when the toot of the approaching train interrupted his stream of lurid invective.

Edythe was the name of the girl. Once it had been Edith, but the "y" had supplanted the "i" precisely three weeks after she had matriculated at the "oldest and best equipped woman's college in the State," as per descriptive booklet—free. Just ten months before, this same farmer had seen her off—an eager, animated little

being in shoe-top dresses and beribboned pigtail. It had cost a great deal to keep her there the past year, much more than the little booklet said it would cost—but now it was quite forgotten in the pleasant anticipation of seeing her again.

The locomotive gasped asthmatically a few times, slid a few feet and finally came to a standstill, and with it a much bedraggled day coach. A vision in white lawn, ethereal laces and natty ribbons alighted from the coach, and picking her way daintily in the manner affected by college girls, started for the station.

"Oh, you darling pater," exclaimed the girl, as she threw her arms about the farmer's neck.

The farmer gathered the billowy array of laces at the indentation that marked the waist line and planted a large fatherly kiss where he thought it would do the most good.

"Daddy, it is *so* perfectly delicious to be back home; you have no idea," gushed the vision at his side, as poor old spavined Dobbin pulled them rapidly along the road.

"Yaas, I s'pose it is," agreed Daddy approvingly. He was making a wild mental guess at the probable cost of the thing that she wore on her head.

"Daddy, dear," she said, after a long meditative look at Dobbin, "did it ever occur to you that after all there might be some truth in the Pythagorean theory of the transmigration of souls, and that old Dobbin there is but a corporeal prison, so to speak, of a higher and nobler organism undergoing a purifying process preparatory to its admission to a higher plane of existence?"

The farmer gasped.

"Waal, yes, Edie, Dobbin *has* been a mighty good hoss, a *mighty* good hoss."

"Oh, but pater, dear mine, you don't understand," exclaimed the girl from the halls of erudition, "I mean

isn't it just possible that Dobbin isn't Dobbin at all; that viewed in the light of a great expiatory arrangement by means of which a soul is purged of its impurities and elevated to the existence next in order, he has a sort of dual identity, to all outward appearances a horse, but endowed with an immortal soul?"

The farmer gazed helplessly up and down the road.

"Well, Edie, child, if you mean that Dobbin is an onusual smart horse, he shore is, but he's gettin' old now —he's night onto twenty-three," said pater dear mine.

"You dear old dad, but you are still exquisitely oblivious to my meaning," exclaimed the girl vexatiously. "I mean in the light of recent psychological experiments, isn't it very probable that Dobbin is merely a sort of muddy vesture of decay concealing an aching, throbbing human soul undergoing the humiliation of incarceration in the anatomy of a brute in expiation of certain sins committed while in the form previous to its transmigration?"

"No, Edie, dear, Dobbin never did a trick like that in his life; leastwise, not since I've had him, which has been goin' on nigh to thirteen—"

"Oh, pater dear, will you *ever* understand? I mean in the light of a distinctive entity"—then suddenly, as she caught sight of the old farmhouse,—"Who *is* that beautiful red-headed boy standing at the gate?"

"Why, that's Jim—Jim Walters, he's grown a heap since you left—you used to be such great friends at school."

"The dear boy, I must see him," and she jumped from the wagon and raced to meet him.

The farmer raised his hands in righteous horror at the way she greeted him.

"It do beat all how these here woman's colleges change a girl," he said to himself, "and Jim ain't a *bit* o' kin to her, neither."

LILLIAN BRIDGES STEWART.

BY MARY M'CULLEN.

Lillian Estelle Bridges was born in a South Carolina town on February 15, 1880. From her childhood she had a craving after knowledge, but had very few advantages—only those of the country schools. Her aim was a college education, and she was determined to have it even at a great cost. While she was still a child her father died, but that did not make her give up hope. Her uncle became interested in her and sent her first to Trinity Park School and later to Trinity College.

While in the Park School and College she made a high record in scholarship. She devoted her whole time to her work, throwing all her soul into it. She did not intend to lose the precious opportunities that were coming to her—about which so many students these days are so careless. During her college life she became intensely interested in missions, and joined the band of student volunteers at Trinity. Conversations with Mr. Hinohara, then a student at Trinity, made her turn her attention to Japan, and ever afterwards her sole ambition was to tell the Gospel Story to the Japanese. All who knew her in her college life admired and loved her.

After completing her junior year in college, she thought it her duty to give to her younger brothers and sisters some of the advantages which she herself had had. With this in view, she accepted a position as teacher of English at Littleton College. She was a born teacher; she knew how to command without seeming to command. There was something in her nature that drew her pupils toward her and made them obey when she spoke. Hers was a gentle, unselfish nature, entirely suited to mould the life and character of a young girl.

While at Littleton College she was a leader in everything. Even though her whole life was centered in

missions, that did not keep her from taking part in every department of the college life. The college publications, athletics, literary societies, all claimed their share of her time. She was the leader of the Student Volunteer Band of that college, and her influence led several others to give their lives to the cause of missions. In the spring of 1906 she attended a conference of student volunteers in Nashville, Tennessee, and while there she decided to go at once to the foreign field.

During the summer of that year she was married in Durham, N. C., to Rev. S. A. Stewart, who had also given himself as a missionary. She had met Mr. Stewart while she was a student at Trinity College and while he was a professor at Trinity Park School.

In September, 1906, they sailed for Japan, where Mr. Stewart took charge of Palmore Institute, Kobé, Japan. For eight months she worked among the Japanese at Kobé, making for herself a warm place in the hearts of those around her.

This extract, taken from a tribute by Mrs. T. H. Haden, one of her co-laborers, shows the esteem in which she was held:

"The past few days have been very sad ones for our mission. On June 5, there passed away from us into eternal life the sweet spirit of Lillian Bridges Stewart, wife of Rev. S. A. Stewart.

"It is only eight short months since she came to us, but she had made a warm place in our hearts and we all feel personally bereaved as our sympathies go out to the sorrowing husband, the motherless little girl, and all the loved ones in the homeland to whom this mail will carry such sad news.

"Her life was short, as we count time, but its influence will live in the hearts and lives of those she left longer than we can estimate. She was a true missionary, full

of love for the work she had come to do, and had won the hearts of all the people who knew her by her own sweet, self-forgetful love for them. Her joy and delight when they moved into 'Yami ni ban,' seemed peculiarly beautiful. She felt it a special privilege and blessing to begin her missionary life in Japan and make her home first in the house which had been made dear to us by the life and work of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth. It was her ambition to make it again a center of Christian work, and, as she said, 'a real missionary home, where you will all feel free to come.' Standing one day in the room from which Dr. Lambuth went to heaven, she said, 'I so often think when I am in this room, how many prayers have gone up from it.' From that same room, in so short a time, she too entered into rest.

"The funeral was held in our Japanese church, and it would have been a comfort to the loved ones at home to see the tender, reverent manner in which she was laid away. Loving hands, both American and Japanese, had made the little church beautiful with flowers and the casket was covered with them. The service was conducted in both English and Japanese, and Japanese and American friends together bore all that could die to its last resting place between the mountains and the sea. A talk made by Mr. Hinohara, who knew her at Trinity College, N. C., and to whom she had been a good friend for years, touched all who were present. Even those who could not understand his words felt the broken voice, the quivering lips, and the tears that he could not restrain, and wept in sympathy with his sorrow.

"At the grave we sang 'Asleep in Jesus,' and the group of friends standing there in a foreign land, so far from the old homeland and its loved ones, sang with trembling voices that last stanza:

'Asleep in Jesus—far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.'

"May our Father comfort all the bereaved ones and help them to realize that Lillian 'is not dead,' but that 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

CHANSON.

Golden the sunset in green willow tree,
Alone my heart in its breast;
Purple that drops from the sighing sky,
My thoughts all leaning to west.

And will they, oh will they—tell me, my heart—
When night-time and watching have ceased,
Then will they, oh will they lift up their heads,
And look to and smile on the east?

THE SUNSET BELL.*

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

A beauteous going out of dying day
Through purple portals carved from cloud and sky,
The land beyond all burnished gold, the way
All scintillant with fire, built mountain high.

And softly falls the burning maple leaf,
And quenched it sleeps upon the trodden grass;
Along the hill-side stands the gathered sheaf,
Or tumbled lies in rich and yellow mass.

Ah me! the restless sands of Life are run,
We scarcely thought that noon had slipped away,
Till now we find 'tis time of setting-sun,
When Sleep has kissed the brow of this last day.

But I am glad the Sunset Bell has rung,
I sigh—and yet I love the leaf that's red,
And I am glad Life's sands are far, far flung,
And my freed spirit heavenward is sped.

*It is customary at Trinity to ring the college bell every evening at sunset; this is known as the Sunset Bell.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

To new students, to old students, to all, the ARCHIVE extends greeting. Those who are returning, we welcome back to larger and better tasks than of preceding years, hoping that they shall be performed honestly, as in the day, that they may be done with the sincerity and courage of real manhood and womanhood. Those who have but lately become a part of our community we greet with friendship and with the hope that in the beginning a serious purpose may take full control and bring at last a consciousness of duty well performed. We say this, not because we wish to shut out joy and good cheer, but because we believe that along these lines the mose of real pleasure and strength is finally to be found.

The ARCHIVE hopes that this year, as never before, the whole student body will look upon it as *your* magazine. It hopes that you will come to the support of its editors with all your best thoughts well written, not only because they need your help, but, as well, because this sort of exercise is of the most profitable kind to you, to say nothing of the duty of every student to do the most in every way for his college.

And we can think of nothing that will in the end be worth more to any college, and especially to our beloved Trinity, than the development among the student body of the spirit of earnest literary endeavor. The Trinity of

the past has sent out many men of splendid literary gifts. Shall not the Trinity of the present and of the future keep our standard where it is, nay, even carry it still onward and upward, as becomes our newer and better opportunities? All of which means to say, we want you to contribute to your magazine this year, for its good, for your good, and for the good of your college.

It is often the custom of old students and of the faculty, and perhaps it is well, to remind new students that entering college marks a turning point in a man's life, and that much of his future success or failure will depend on the way he turns his face as he comes within the bounds of a college campus. Perhaps the freshmen this year have already had enough of advice from those who deem themselves of wise heads. Perhaps, if they should take it all and try to live up to it, they would make, two or three years hence, a better set of upper classmen than Trinity has yet known, and perhaps they would not. Perhaps all their energies might be expended in trying to bring order out of chaos, the chaos of divers kinds of advice.

And this brings us to our point. Among the many things to be considered in making our choices are the attitude of open-mindedness and the attitude of compromise. The two are very different. Hear any man's words. If they have the real ring of truth about them accept them. If they seem false, consider if there be any truth in them, and take that out. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

But far deeper than this. We come hither with our own beliefs, our own conceptions of truth, our own ideals. They have been the fondly cherished things of youth, the

dreams that we thought we knew would come true. They have been the great facts of our lives, for, as Carlyle says, "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him," and every man has a religion of some sort, some sort of conception of truth, some sort of faith in destiny. We have held to these without the least doubt or questioning. Their truth has been to us absolute, ultimate. But we find there are vast realms of truth far back of all we have ever dreamed of, that indeed much of what we have had most faith in is not truth, but error. And when this new light breaks in upon us, how great is the tendency to throw all the old aside and grasp eagerly after that which is new, to lose faith in all the old instead of a part of the old! We swing rapidly from one extreme to the other, and, casting aside the simple, childlike faith and hope, assume a spirit of questioning which may be honest and well; of doubt, which is to be feared; of skepticism, which is damning.

So do not fling the old impatiently aside. Examine it carefully, rigidly, patiently, reverently. There is much truth there, hold to it. Do not unconditionally accept the new. First listen, then study, then gather what is true; hold to that. If you find you were in error in some respects, do not go the whole length and compromise or throw away your conceptions of right and wrong, your principles. Proceed cautiously.

ELISE MIMS, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Among the books of immediate interest this fall will be John Burroughs' "Camping and Tramping with President Roosevelt." The many-sided Roosevelt is always an interesting subject and has never been more so than today. In this book we have the story of a trip with the President to the Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903. Mr. Burroughs' account of the trip, especially that of the President himself, his manner of greeting people along the route, his rides and walks in the wilderness, and his conversations with his friends, the cowboys, is very entertaining. The writer's acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt is of long standing, and what he has to say of him will be of the very keenest interest.

Two biographies by Bliss Perry are among the new books; one is of John Greenleaf Whittier, and the other of Walt Whitman. The biography of Whittier was issued for the commemoration of the centenary of the poet's birth on December 17, and is uniform with Charles Eliot Norton's "Longfellow," published last February. The Dial characterizes Mr. Perry's "Walt Whitman" as "an admirable, very noteworthy biography; in its presentation of Whitman's picturesque personality it is delightfully entertaining."

Prof. William Archibald Dunning's book entitled "Reconstruction" has made a very favorable impression since its appearance. Professor Dunning is the first

historian to make use of the manuscript collection of President Johnson's papers in the Library of Congress, from which much valuable information has been gleaned. "The work is marked throughout by scholarship, sound judgment, and critical insight, and is the best short history of the subject that we have."

Mr. Walter Page, in an address delivered before the University of Chicago, has given us his views on the subject of the poor writing with which the publishing offices are flooded. He declares the cause of this is in the fact that we in America fail to understand that writing is an art that must be studied. It is an art and the practice of it a profession for which a man must be trained as for the other professions.

Mark Twain has had many honors showered upon him during the summer months. He has made a triumphal tour of England and has had an English degree bestowed upon him.

The summer novels are numerous and of every description conceivable. Among the best, however, is "The Goddess of Reason," by Miss Mary Johnston, which has received very favorable criticism from the reviewers. The New York Times describes it as "a wonderful piece of historical imagination." When we stop to consider that Miss Johnston is an invalid it seems almost wonderful that she has the power to write so vividly about the early days of the United States.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's "New Chronicles of Rebecca" has been one of the favorite summer books. If possible, Mrs. Wiggin makes her heroine even more attractive than in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." We have another new novel by the same writer—"The Old Peabody Pew," and there have been many favorable reviews of it. Besides the charming story of a New England

villager we have some characteristic illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens, which will add much to the book.

"Bud" is Neil Munro's latest novel and it is full of the childish pranks and joyous adventures of a little Chicago girl in a Scotch village. We find a number of lovable, merry-hearted human beings in the story, who "convert us to their way of thinking, and we laugh with, not at them." Bud is a thoroughly American child and is natural and lovable. Mr. Munro has created in her a character that deserves to be remembered as one of the few successful attempts to set forth attractively an unusual style. One reviewer says, "Although she never shows the smartness of an *enfant terrible,* she is always the center of interest and her doings furnish the chief excitement."

A collection of short stories by Jack London will be brought out this month under the general title of "Love of Life." The book will contain the work done in this form by Mr. London in recent years.

SIDNEY LANIER.

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

[On finding a copy of his poems in a boat.]

Upon its open page the leaning trees
  Their dulse of morning sunshine sift,
  And golden lacquer-work the willows shift.
The woodlands listen, while the sweet-toned breeze
Turns the white pages as his fancies please.
I linger, while the boat's light rythmic drift
Lets ripples widen, and, now slow, now swift,
The morning breathes soft-pedaled symphonies.

Narcissus-souls come lured, to this new stream
  That winds by marshes, clover fields, and corn,
And, bending, find their own reflections here
  Amid the lovely lights of night and morn.
Of all their streams, this volume is most clear,
Deep as his heart, translucent as his dream."

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

BY JULE B. WARREN.

Prominent writers of the State have said so much about John Charles McNeill and his work since his untimely death on the 17th of October that it is with many misgivings that the writer undertakes the task before him. In the first place, little that is new can be said unless an exhaustive study be made, and, in the second place, repetition is rarely relished. In view of these facts we shall let the writings of Mr. McNeill and that of his intimate friends tell the story in so far as this is possible.

John Charles McNeill, poet, journalist, lawyer, and a "good fellow among fellows," was born in what is now Scotland county, and was thirty-three years old on the 26th of last July. Here at the old home of his sires, on the banks of the Lumber river, he spent his childhood days. It was here, "down home," as he loved to call it in later days, that this inquisitive, keen-eyed country boy learned the secret of nature.

"Down on the Lumbee river
Where the eddies ripple cool,"

he roamed with "sunburnt boys" and his dog Tige to his heart's content. In his poem called "Sunburnt Boys" are these lines:

"I know your haunts: each gnarly bole
That guards the waterside,
Each tuft of flags and rushes where
The river reptiles hide."

These, however, were not the only haunts he knew, for he early learned the voice and home and habits of every animal in the woods. And, more important still, when

"Time had borne
His craft to currents new,"

he never forgot these old haunts of childhood's innocent joy and brimming happiness. Such was the childhood of John Charles McNeill. Happy, happy, care-free, childhood days! What a dream of happiness it must have seemed when he turned the leaves of life backward!

Having grown to young manhood amid such surroundings as these, we went to Wake Forest College in the fall of 1893 to enter the Freshman class at this institution. He remained here six years, reading law after his graduation. He led his class and was editor of the Wake Forest Student, besides having other honors bestowed on his deserving shoulders. "He often declared," says the

Charlotte Observer of October 17, "that he arrived at the campus with only a few cents in his pockets, and worked his way through college."

Although he had prepared himself for the bar, McNeill began his career as a professor in Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, where, for the year 1899-1900, he was elected to fill the chair of English, during the absence of the regular instructor. His work here was noteworthy, but at the end of the term he returned to Laurinburg and opened a law office. Later he went to Lumberton to practice his profession. For the profession of law he soon found that, by nature, he was ill fitted. The preparation of briefs and delving into legal documents were irksome tasks to this lover of fields and meadows, of the woods and swamps. It was in his idle moments that he began to write, first for local papers, but the delicacy of his lyric touch was not to be overlooked. The Observer gives this account of his recognition and subsequent decision to write: "One of the editors of The Century Magazine encouraged Mr. McNeill to quit law and write. In one of his dreamy 'down home' moods he had written a beautiful little poem on some simple subject taken from his experiences on Lumber river and sent it to The Century for its 'In Lighter Vein Column,' and it was accepted with thanks and a handsome check. One after another of these followed until Mr. McNeill became a regular contributor to The Century."

About three years ago he quit law altogether and accepted a position with the Charlotte Observer. It was here that his writings began to attract the attention of the State, and it was during the three years that most of his work was done. Much might be said of his reportorial work, which was well and brilliantly done. He was usually sent out over the State to report special occasions, as an important trial, a college commencement, or some other similar occurrence. In this kind of work,

when the reporter is taxed to his utmost, Mr. McNeill showed that he was steel of the true temper. He gained the reputation of being one of the most accurate reporters in the State. Besides the regular line work Mr. McNeill wrote a column of prose and poems that was as eagerly looked for as was the "Idle Comments" column of Avery. Sometimes he would fill his column with the "Tales of a Traveler," which was a description of the country over which he traveled, and the relations of every day incidents in the life of one who goes about over the country. His observing eye and graphic style made this a very readable column.

Mr. McNeill, it is said, was a fine story teller, and indeed he often shows this trait in his column of prose. He had a keen sense of humor and the column is often filled with humorous anecdotes. One of the best of these is that of Squire Simmons, the mountaineer magistrate. Two boys are seining in a river, naked, when a dude negro comes up and offers them a quarter if they will carry him across the stream on their backs. At first the boys indignantly refuse, but on second consideration decide to accept the negro's proposition. One is to carry him half way and is then to be relieved by the other. The negro gets astride the first boy's shoulders, who wades out into the middle of the stream and calls his friend to come and relieve him.

"After awhile," answers the other boy. "Let me finish mending this net."

"No," bellows his companion, "this nigger is heavy. I can't stand here long under him."

"Drop him then. I'll come as soon as I can."

So the boy deposited the negro in mid-stream, who, having escaped to dry land, ran and told his daddy. His daddy went to Squire Simmons for a warrant.

This, according to the account of Mr. McNeill, is how the warrant read: "They gyethered my son John, toted

him in the river, cussed him, throwed him in, and told him to wade, damn him, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided against the peace and dignity of the State."

Notwithstanding his keen sense of humor and his seeing eye, Mr. McNeill was never at his best, even in his prose, till he began to talk of the woods. "We people," he says, "have forgotten how to enjoy solitude." On another occasion he writes: "I wonder was it summer or fall that Daniel Boone, driven by heat, or lured by maple leaves, shouldered his flintlock and plunged into the wilderness! If it was summer he was driven. If it was autumn, he was invited." And again, referring to the glory and beauty of the autumn, we read the following in another issue: "The bob-whites are now calling across the corn to one another. That delicious smell of harvest is in the air. The country-side is hushed from labor, the cattle wade up to their bellies in meadow grass, and there is everywhere a massive sense of plenty and leisure. The bullbat from the dazzling sky and the locust from the leaves serenade each other, and there is a sheep bell somewhere." All through the prose work one finds just such touches as those quoted. Fall was the season of the year that he loved. The simple wood birds and flowers were his favorites—see how he describes the song of the wood thrush: "Then, as men say who have heard both, the nightingale is not in his class, for then, across the wide, solemn sanctuary of the swamp, he replies to his mate—or to another singer at least—and fills in the pauses. His brief song is as if he were trying the stops of his flute—and yet it is full of dignity and composure."

But let us pass on to the poetry of Mr. McNeill, for it is by his "Songs, Merry and Sad," that the future will remember him. Mr. McNeill's merits as a poet we need

not discuss. He was a true singer and as he says in his "Home Songs:"

"The little loves and sorrows are my song,
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires."

Here again, as in his prose, he did his best work when he was telling of the places and people and happenings "Away Down Home." He believed in learning the secrets of nature by a communion with nature itself. In his "Protest" we find some lines which tell their own story:

"Oh, I am weary, weary, weary
Of Pan and oaten quills
And little songs that, from the dictionary,
Learn lore of streams and hills."

In his poem "Away Down Home" one sees the real poet.

"'Twill not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lane with buttercups
Away down home."

This stanza is representative. The whole poem is a song telling of the glories of "away down home." The river frogs, the terrapins, the mocking-bird, the crow, are the themes which this man of the woods loves to use. Even the doodle-bug gives him a theme on which to write a poem, two stanzas of which we quote:

"Under a log that's propped up so's to make a sheltered place,
The doodle bug he delves his hole and propagates his race.
He delves it in the doodle dust, and makes it very cavy,
That every ant that stumbles in may be his meat and gravy.
'Here I draw a tickle straw, Linkum Tinkum tire.
Come up, doodle, doodle bug. Your house is all on fire.'"

Here Mr. McNeill pictures the child in all its eager curiosity as it calls up the doodle bug from its cone-shaped hole in the sand. We omit several verses in

which the poet wonders why the doodle was created. In the last verse we find the true poet's answer to this question:

"Perhaps who made the roses sweet and made the blue sky fair,
That weary hearts might find surcease of toil and care,
Designed this dusky delver, this petty beast of prey,
That childhood might be happier with one more game to play.
'Doodle bug, oodle ug, irky, icky, ire,
Come up to the surface, lad, your house is all on fire.'"

How often in our childhood days have you and I played that game. Stop and think a moment—does it not make you want to be a child again and sing this song with Mr. McNeill?

"Oh, let the childheart never die in me,
The wonder heart be sated,
But let the world, when I go forth to see,
Be each day new created."

These four lines tell what John Charles McNeill was better than can pages of another's writing, for they come from the heart of a man who never ceased to wonder at nature and her work.

Another phase of Mr. McNeill's poetry is his love songs, some of which remind one of the cavalier poets. Perhaps the reader's own experience will help him appreciate "Love's Fashion" or the difference between the girl you love and the one you—kiss. Perhaps again, the reader wishes, like the poet in his "Sonnet to Love," "That love were subject unto law!" Another poem that reminds one of Poe is "Requiescat," the first and last stanzas of which we quote:

"They spoke sweet words above her bier
Of some all-happy shore,
Where no pain comes to cause a tear,
Ever and evermore;
They made a garden of her grave,
Where many a fair vine creeps,
And to her tomb this comfort gave:
'She is not dead; she sleeps.'

* * * * * *

"I know so little! It is strange
A flower should be cut down
Ere, with its mates it suffered change
To autumn's gradual brown.
But this I know: should I grow old
Beyond the years of men,
I shall not ever, ever hold
My arms for her again."

We will have to pass over his dialect poems. Mr. McNeill was a deep student of human nature and an especial adept in negro human nature. His dialect also was good. In our quotations from his poems we have tried to select those passages which reveal the man rather than his best poems. Of course, in many cases these were the same, but many of his best poems have not been touched. One cannot forget those lines to Ransom, the "Vision," "The Two Pictures," "Before Bedtime," or the picture of "Old Jim Swink," or those beautiful lines "To Sleep."

Of John Charles McNeill, the man, little can be said in this article. He was just what he seemed, just what one would have thought him to be from reading his writings. One of his co-workers in life, a reporter on the Observer staff, writes the following in the report of his death:

"Personally there was no better fellow than John Charles McNeill. He was a child. The meanest dog had his friendship. The most interesting days of his life were spent at the old home on the banks of the Lumber river with his mongrel Tige. To have heard him talk of his dog one would have believed that Tige was almost human. Everybody in the Observer building loved Mr. McNeill. He and Willie Farrell, the errand boy, would play for hours like two school children."

John Charles McNeill, like Avery, Prentice, and Lanier, was called when his work had just begun. Just three short years of earnest work were allowed him. The

State has lost a brilliant son, the South an articulate voice. One of the tragedies of this world is that

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

We do not believe, however, that this is true of Carolina's late bard. The people of this State appreciate and honor this singer who closed his lips so soon. Among the rocks of this old earth there have been found but few nuggets of pure gold. But he who would cast aside the gold ore and have only the nugget is a fool and a weakling.

THE TIME OF THANKSGIVING.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

The pine has dropped its ripened cones
  On scented needles brown,
The maple, shaking in the wind,
  Has rained its gold leaves down.

And all things make their offerings
  In dewy hush of morn,
The nut and berry in the wood,
  Fair leaves and garnered corn.

So let a mighty hymn go up,
  With thanks borne in its rhyme,
And chant a song of glorious praise
  To Lord of Harvest-time.

AN OLD FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ISABEL PINNIX.

During the year seventeen hundred and forty-six, the bonnie land of Scotland was in a state of great turmoil. Prince Charles, of the Stuart line, who by the help of the Highlanders was striving to become King of England, met a crushing defeat at the hand of King George of the House of Hanover. Subsequently shiploads of the oppressed Highlanders emigrated to the continent and to America.

It was sometime before this date that our story begins. There were three brothers, George, Duncan, and Hector McNeil, living in the Highland country of Scotland near Edinburgh. The name McNeil was one of the best and oldest in the land and was synonymous with chivalry, knighthood, and all the sturdy qualities of Scotland. Lord James McNeil, the father of these brothers, married a sister of the Duke of Argyle. Lord James and his noble wife being dead, the eldest son, George, inherited the vast estate and the younger members of the family were to be provided for and educated by him. That the eldest son should gain the heritage was in accord with an old Scottish rule. To us, in this day, it seems strange that heredity could make any difference between children of the same parents as to closeness in the ruling head.

The beautiful Lady Elizabeth McDonald, of the highest lineage and rank, was at that time one of the reigning belles of the Highlands. It came about that both the heir and his youngest brother, Duncan, fell deeply in love with the fair Elizabeth. The elder realizing that his brother, for whom he had the greatest fondness, loved her and wished to make her his wife, refrained from pleading his case further. Thus it was, that Duncan wooed and won his "bonnie lassie." This union was

blessed by a little daughter, who was given her mother's name. After a few years of uninterrupted happiness, the father and mother were stricken with some malady which proved fatal and a babe of two summers was left in the care of her Uncle George, who had always been a dear and beloved relative.

George McNeil was now one of the bravest and most highly esteemed citizens of Edinburgh. He had never married, but had possession of the most magnificent McNeil castle, which still stands today on the summit of a hill, overlooking the city. To the traveller this is one of the most picturesque places of all Scotland. It was into this home of wealth and grandeur that little Elizabeth was taken, where she received all the affections and attention that a fond uncle could bestow. She was a bright, loving, and beautiful child, whom each member of the household loved.

In the meanwhile, Hector, the second of the McNeil brothers, had married and established a home nearby the castle. He was a man of equally brave and daring nature as his kinsman, but he had always had a yearning for vast fortune. Even from the death of his father, whose estate went to his brother, a strong jealousy had arisen in him, and he was continually striving to gain possession of the heritage. In course of time this jealousy of Hector McNeil grew to be almost a hatred, which led him to contrive plans by which he might in some way get revenge. The fear that the inheritance might go to his niece and not to him was incessantly preying on his peace of mind.

One day upon seeing a band of gypsies who were camping here and there in the mountains of Scotland it occurred to the wicked uncle that he might bribe them and thereby secure their services in stealing his brother's adopted child. Thus it was planned and carried out, for the little girl of five years was suddenly kidnapped from

the castle, leaving no trace of her whereabouts. Search after search was made, but the lost child could not be found. Her Uncle George was heart-broken and he could think of nothing save the recovery of her whom he loved with a fatherly affection. After several months had elapsed and many untiring searches were made, he learned that she had been stolen by gypsies and had been carried to America. Immediately detectives were sent to the new country, but their efforts were rewarded with little more than disappointment—she was still sadly lost. At last Sir George himself in sorrow and solitude came to this country to continue the search. Every possible clue was followed out, however slight it might be, but of no avail. Despair was fast supplanting hope.

Not content to give up his niece as lost forever he continued his search. He could not bear the thought of returning to his native country without her. So he had made America his home for almost twelve years, hoping that the vicissitudes of life in a new country might in a measure alleviate his sorrows and lighten the burden of a heart laden with irrepressible grief.

One spring morning, he was aimlessly walking along on a street in one of the tenement sections of New York City, when suddenly he descried an old Scotch plaid cloak, which with a number of other garments was airing on an upstairs balcony. He stopped suddenly and thought! Was it merely the sight of the Scotch plaid which caused him to pause, or was it that there was awakened in his mind the remembrance of a little child snugly cloaked in such a garment playing around the old home in far off Scotland? In an instant, he turned and entered the piazza to the humble home. The door bell was answered by a tall, pretty girl of about seventeen years, in whom he immediately discerned a striking resemblance to the beautiful Elizabeth McDonald. Al-

most in the same instant he recognized her as being his lost niece whom he was about to give up as lost forever.

After her uncle's story was poured out in all its detail, she saw again her vision of wealth and rank and grandeur rise up before her; it was a dream come true; she was again a happy child amid the hills of Scotland. She in turn told her story of struggle and poverty; how the gypsies had placed her in a poverty stricken family in one of the suburban sections of the city, where she had remained for several years until she was old enough to seek employment. Thus it came about that she was at this time acting as a servant girl in a respectable but poor home. She was overjoyed at seeing her dear relative and gladly consented to again live with him. They decided, however, to make America their home and today many of the descendants of the heroine of this tradition are living in North Carolina and in other parts of the United States.

Each day adown from Time's wide-spreading tree,
  There silent falls a little yellow leaf,
And wafted by the breeze that sets it free,
  It sinks so like a sigh of sweet relief.

And a leaf lies brown upon the ground,
  And often in the evening's stilly hour,
My footsteps 'mong them make a mournful sound—
  I wonder at the music and its power!

DUTY.

If the world of men has need of me,
As they have needed others too,
I will not shun its wide highway,
But thread its thronging numbers through.
But were there not another heart
To beat so close against mine own,
And were there not another hand
To clasp—I could not go alone!

The vistas of the years to come
Are stretching misty, dim, unknown;
And I should fear the silence there
And fill the night with sigh and moan,
Were you not with me day and night,
My Love, my Comfort, Help, and Stay!
And if the world has need of me,
Then even now I'm on the way.

TO JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

BY C. C. BARNHARDT.

O man of field and woods—of Nature Land,
From Lumber's lowland like a star you came,
No mystic rhyming songs to sing or claim;
But singing of the flowers and the sands,
The love of home, the love of friends the same.
And as a Son of Nature, full, complete
Today thy name, immortal ever stands
A monument for future lyres to greet.
Behold! thou Son of Nature, thou'rt not gone;
Thy days are o'er, and thou beneath the sod,
But by thy words, the seeds which thou hast sown,
We shall be led through Nature nearer God.
Thou Son of Nature, may thy lyrics tell
In helping man—the truths of Nature spell.

MARK TWAIN AT OXFORD.

BY L. JORDAN CARTER.

Among the happenings of the current year both at home and abroad there has been nothing more gratifying to the American people than England's cordial, almost affectionate, welcome to Mark Twain. We love to know that our countryman has so captivated the hearts of this kindred people that upon his landing on English soil the nation, king and all, stopped to salute him as he passed. He was greeted, not with a formal courtesy, but with a cordiality and a hearty shake of the hand, which would remind one of the reunion of an aged man with the friends and playmates of his childhood. He was the central figure on several important occasions, among which were the garden party at Windsor, where he chatted some ten or fifteen minutes with the king and queen; the Pilgrims' Reception; and, most notable of all, the occasion of his receiving the degree of Doctor of Letters at Oxford University. But these splendid incidents—the flash and glitter of England's traditional ceremony and the splendor of nobility and the graces of kings and queens—all of which were lavishly heaped upon him, were by no means all, perhaps not the most, that interested and gratified the heart of Mark Twain. He received many letters and other manifestations from the common people, not so splendid in the circles of English society, nor perhaps quite so able to appreciate a great man of letters in all the aspects of his significance; yet they had felt Mark Twain, they loved him and were glad of an opportunity to tell him so. The readers of books in all England, rich or poor, prince or what not, had affection to bestow upon this great American.

But after all there is nothing about these things at which we can wonder. The people of all times and con-

ditions have loved, honored, even worshipped the hero. Mark Twain is indeed a hero, it seems to me. He never bore the banner of a victorious army over the country of a subjugated people; but what of that? He has told tales to the lonely; with good natured laughter he has cheered many a forlorn heart and lightened the burden of many a heavy laden wayfarer; and has bent down with many a weeping mother to scatter flowers over a new made grave. A hundred times a hero then.

His appearance at the Sheldonian Theatre to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters from Oxford University was the occasion of much interest and enthusiasm in the English people, as well as of great delight to his own countrymen. There were other prominent men there to receive honorary degrees, all of whom were greeted with cheers, but of all the recipients of degrees, Mark Twain created the liveliest enthusiasm. When he stood up for presentation to the Chancellor, the house was almost like pandemonium broken loose. During the Chancellor's address of sonorous Latin, shouts of laughter and bursts of applause from the assembly made it all but impossible for Mark to hear the words of the speaker. Questions from the galleries like: "Have you got that jumping frog with you, Mark?" or "What have you done with the Ascot Cup, Mark?" kept the assembly in a continual uproar. Perhaps it made little difference to Mark Twain whether he heard the deep sounding Latin phrases; for in all probability since he left the village school at Hannibal some fifty odd years ago, he has been too busy studying the heart and life of the American people to have acquired a conversational familiarity with the Latin language. An eye witness to this occasion says that Mark seemed woefully bored during it all, for the fact that he was condemned to silence. So many things that he might have said locked dumb in the dignified process of becoming a Doctor of Letters—

unfortunate we would say. Of all men, Mark Twain should be allowed to speak; and doubtless more people are willing to grant to him that privilege than to any other living American.

So Mark Twain was the target of every shot. Held there in the iron clutches of English propriety, he must have felt released from indescribable persecution when the ceremony was over and he was again free to say what he pleased—and I might add, what pleased other people. When the presentations were over the new doctors filed out of the theatre and made straightway for All Soul's College, where they were to lunch. But Mark's progress in the streets was slow. People singled him out, crowded around him and in a vast cheering multitude escorted him to the college gates. That same afternoon at the garden party Mark Twain was the goal of every eye. It was Mark whom the people wanted to meet and shake hands with. No matter where he went it was the same—every eye on the author of "Huckleberry Finn," "The Jumping Frog," et cetera.

The next day was also one of ovation. That day the Oxford Pageant took place. As Mark himself has *attempted* to tell of this resurrection of the Middle Ages, I shall not compete with him, and instead will quote his own account, which appeared in the October number of the North American Review:

"Most Americans who have been to Oxford will remember what a dream of the Middle Ages it is, with its crooked lanes, its gray and stately piles of ancient architecture and its meditation-breeding air of repose and dignity and unkinship with the noise and fret and hurry and bustle of these modern days. As a dream of the Middle Ages Oxford was not perfect until Pageant Day arrived and furnished certain details which had been for generations lacking. These details began to appear at mid-afternoon on the 27th. At that time singles,

couples, groups, and squadrons of the three thousand costumed characters who were to take part in the Pageant, began to ooze and drip through house doors, all over the old town, and wend toward the meadows outside the walls. Soon the lanes were thronged with costumes which Oxford had from time to time seen and been familiar with in bygone centuries—fashions of dress which marked off centuries as by dates and milestoned them back, and back, and back, until history faded into legend and tradition when Arthur was a fact and the Round Table a reality.

* * * * * * * * * *

"The make up of illustrious historic personages seemed perfect both as to portraiture and costume; one had no trouble in recognizing them. Also, I was apparently quite easily recognizable myself. The first corner I turned brought me suddenly face to face with Henry VIII, a person whom I had been implacably disliking for sixty years; but when he put out his hand with royal courtliness and grace and said, 'Welcome, well-beloved stranger, to my century and the hospitalities of my nation,' my old prejudices vanished and I forgave him. I think now that Henry VIII was over-abused, and that most of us, if we had been situated as he was, domestically, would not have been able to get along with as limited a graveyard as he forced himself to put up with. I feel now that he was one of the nicest men in history. Personal contact with a king is more effective in removing baleful prejudices than is any amount of argument drawn from tales and histories. If I had a child, I would name it Henry the Eighth, regardless of sex.

"Do you remember Charles the First?—and his broad slouch hat with the plume in it?—and his slender, tall figure? . . . I encountered him at the next corner and knew him in a moment . . . He bent his body and

gave his hat a sweep that pitched its plume within an inch of the ground and gave me a welcome that went to my heart. This king has been much maligned . . . He did some things in his time which might better have been left undone and which cast a shadow upon his name—we all know that, we all concede it—but our error has been in regarding them as crimes and calling them by that name; whereas I perceive now that they were only indiscretions. At every few steps I met persons of deathless name whom I never encountered before outside of pictures and statuary and history, and these were most thrilling and charming encounters. I had hand shakes with Henry the Second, who had not been in Oxford streets for nearly eight hundred years; and with the fair Rosamond, whom I now believe to have been chaste and blameless, although I had thought differently about it before; and Shakspere, one of the pleasantest foreigners I have ever got acquainted with; and with Roger Bacon; and with Queen Elizabeth, who talked five minutes and never swore once—a fact which gave me a new and good opinion of her and moved me to forgive her for beheading the Scottish Mary, if she really did it, which I now doubt; and with the quaintly and anciently clad young king Harold Harefoot, of near nine hundred years ago, who came flying by on a bicycle and smoking a pipe, but at once checked up and got off to shake with me; and also I met a bishop who had lost his way because this was the first time he had been inside the walls of Oxford for as much as twelve hundred years, or thereabouts. By this time I had grown so used to the obliterated ages and their best known people that if I had met Adam I should not have been either surprised or embarrassed; and if he had come in a racing automobile and a cloud of dust, with nothing on but his fig leaf, it would have seemed to me all right and harmonious."

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

BY E. W. KNIGHT.

In the large student body of ——— College there could not be found two fellows who were better friends than Joe Carty and Frank Paine. Two college men never enjoyed a more congenial companionship, had more genuine and innocent fun, and understood each other more thoroughly than they did. They had entered college at the same time and taken up their work together; but the former, having had a longer and more thorough preparation, was admitted to advanced standing, while Frank entered the Freshman class. But this fact did not in the least estrange or keep them apart, or even prevent their early cultivation of a friendship and companionship which assumed such wonderful and admirable proportions before the end of their third year, when Joe graduated. They had met on their way to college in a very singular manner, and their being thus brought into peculiar touch with each other accounted in a large measure for the beginning of a life-long friendship. The influence of that occasion, augmented by that of some simple little incidents which occurred during the first few weeks of their academic career, began to grow and soon there had been formed between them an attachment comparable, in a certain sense, to the beautiful legendary friendship of Damon and Pythias.

Viewed in the light of actual circumstances, however, incident to their entrance to college, such would hardly seem credible, especially to those who do not understand the laws which usually operate in such cases. First of all, on entering college they were assigned to different dormitories, were sent to different boarding houses, and began the pursuit of entirely different courses. Frank, being somewhat inclined to a literary career, selected as his the course which would entitle him to elect as much

Greek, Latin, and English as possible; while Joe, having, as he afterwards expressed it, a natural antipathy to moonshine, chose a course of more scientific nature.

The natures and dispositions of these two young hopefuls, however, were by no means altogether unlike, but instead their characteristics were very similar and even akin, which is perhaps responsible for the fact that in less than six weeks' time after the opening of college, they were not only daily companions, but had secured adjoining rooms in the same hall, were boarding at the same place, and were almost constantly visiting at each other's apartments. Indeed, they found much of sympathy and of fellowship in each other, even though their academic inclinations were in a way dissimilar. To light their cigars, throw their feet on a table, look out on a quiet night and talk, "away from the world with its deceits, insincerities and duplicities, leading quiet peaceful lives, doing good to one another," was a sort of thing in which each delighted, and a companionship which had a peculiar fascination for both. Although such an attachment was very pronounced, yet it never conduced to the cultivation of selfishness nor absolute exclusion in the matter of their companions. They were known in a short while after entering college by practically all the students; none of whom were more popular, more fully enjoyed the confidence of the college community, and were more highly esteemed than Joe Carty and Frank Paine. They were chums, but fortunately unlike those of female boarding schools, of whom it is said that superfluous osculations and caresses, characteristics belonging entirely to womanish delicacy, are frequent occurrences. But, with a "so long," or what was more often the case, "kick on my door in the morning," Joe and Frank separated almost every night at a late hour, after having enjoyed a companionship

with which only a few fortunate college students are familiar.

There was one respect, however, in which they differed, which difference, while it served as a contrast in this particular respect, never in any way enfeebled their friendship, but rather seemed to strengthen it. If Joe Carty ever wasted a moment's time while in college in a sentimental way, or ever actually had a sentimental thought, Frank Paine, who knew him better than any one else did, never knew of it and never accused him of such an inconsistency. The opposite, however, has to be said of Frank, for which foolishness, as Joe viewed it, he was denominated by appellations quite uncomplimentary by his companion, and, had it not been for the genuine familiarity and absolute frankness between them, offense could easily have been the consequence of some of these remarks.

Under such circumstances, then, Joe and Frank became very confidential, and it was only a short time before Joe knew the original of the photograph so carefully kept on his companion's dresser almost as well as if he had really met and known the girl personally; and the coming to Frank's door every week of a letter directed in a feminine hand conveyed a meaning to Joe's mind not altogether unintelligible, even though it might have meant more at another time.

Sometimes during Joe's more matter-of-fact moments, Frank's dreamy mood, and his frequent quotations of poetry, for which pastime he had a strong predilection, were almost repulsive to his companion. When one was in the extreme of his characteristic mood, the other took a peculiar delight in affecting sarcasm, though it was not always as much affectation as was perhaps interpreted. Joe excelled in this always, for it did not take him long to throw off the terminology which so often characterized the vocabulary of his sentimental friend.

So skilful was Joe in playing such a game that patience on Frank's part sometimes ceased to be a virtue for a time, especially when Joe persisted in quoting him in a ridiculous manner.

Late one night after Joe had prepared his calculus and physics for the next day, he made his way toward the apartments of his boon companion, for the purpose of a long chat. Receiving no response from his rap on the door he opened it and went in, only to find Frank in one of his characteristic moods and positions—feet on desk, cigar in his mouth, and his eyes staring steadfastly on the blank wall before him. Before him Joe observed a book of poems and an opened letter, which Frank had evidently been reading. It took only a moment, however, for Frank to realize that his sanctum sanctorum had been invaded.

"Come in, Joe," he said. "I didn't hear you at the door," he said apologetically.

"Guess not," said Joe, "I came through the window."

It took Frank only a moment to see the joke, and the next thing he was repaying his friend by giving him an idea of the "sublime bliss that accompanies the reading for the third time of a long sweet letter from the future Mrs. Paine." Turning the tables so soon was somewhat a surprise for Joe, and it caught him unprepared.

"Frank," said Joe earnestly, "how long do you propose to be such a blamed fool? Already you are a veritable monument to stupidity and unmitigated foolishness in such crazy matters, and it seems quite reasonable to predict that your name will soon be a synonym for insanity."

"If that's insanity, Josephus, my boy, I want to spend the remainder of my days on this mundane sphere in an asylum for lunatics."

"Yes, there you are," quickly responded Joe, "throw-

ing away in worthless dreaming the inestimable gift of time, every second of which you must give an account of. How shocking it seems to see the precious hours of a young man's life—priceless moments which will never come back to him again—being wasted as you waste yours, in mere dreaming, fruitless dreaming!"

Frank saw that it was his chance for fun, and he lost no time in it. "Don't trouble, Joe," said he. "When I have shuffled off this mortal coil, and this 'muddy vesture of decay,' and have crossed over into that 'undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns—' "

"What the devil troubles you, Frank, anyway?" broke in Joe, as if all his patience had gone. "What makes you such a loon?"

"Dux femina facti," said Frank, half laughing.

"Good reason for a fool, but why aren't you a man?"

"Dux femina facti," again said Frank.

"Didn't your friend, Bill Shakspere, whom you delight so much to quote," began Joe doubtfully, "say 'there's a tide in the affairs of men when they should put away childish things?' "

This was too much for Frank, and the reception accorded his companion's quotation, not being interpreted by Joe as being very complimentary, only added to the latter's impatience.

"Needn't be such a fool, now. I know what I know; either Shakspere or Paul is responsible for such language. But never mind about that; get up and let's go down town to get something to eat. I'm as hungry as they usually get."

Such a proposition was met heartily and with enthusiasm and in a few minutes the two were walking down the street toward the city café not very many blocks from the college. It was a beautiful night. The moon had almost gone down and was beginning to leave the

earth quiet and alone with the stars. For a long time there was silence. Joe evidently had his mind on some problem in mathematics, if indeed he was thinking of anything other than the good things to be found at the restaurant. Frank watched the far-off stars that seemed so cold, so clear, and thought of the mighty mysteries they were perhaps talking about in voices too deep for human ears to understand. The time was conducive to all the sentiment of which a young lover is capable, and it was Frank's time again to speak in extravagant terms about the loveliness, the gentleness, and the softness of the night, a thing he so often did under such circumstances. " 'In such a night as this,' " began he, " 'Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls, and sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents, where Cressid lay that night.' "

"In such a night as this," said Joe, with as much feeling as he was able to affect, "Joe Carty meknows walked the T—— streets, and longed to reach a Greek café, where oysters stewed that night."

Apparently unconscious of his companion's pathos, Frank continued: " 'In such a night stood Dido with a willow in her hand upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love to come again to Carthage.' "

"In such a night went Carty, a simpleton by his side, and thanked his stars the blamed old fool would soon depart from college."

"Why, Joe," spoke up Frank, quickly, "your remarks are calculated not only to wound me, but to add injury to insult."

"Not so intended, Frankie," said Joe, carelessly. "I didn't know you could see or hear me. Hath a moon-struck fool eyes or ears?"

"Joe," said Frank, with feeling in his voice, "I swear by you. You have been the friend I have taken most

into my confidence since I came to college. You understand me; and all my peculiarities and eccentricities you have endured with Pauline fortitude. Perhaps you have been too indulgent in this regard. But, Joe, you know I'm in love—if such a statement conveys any meaning to your mind—and with one of the divinest girls who breathes the atmosphere of this wide world. Now, then, the thing that not only puzzles but even pains me, is how you can afford to treat me, my affections, and what means so much to me, as you do. Were it not for a sort of notion, or perhaps hope, that what you have said this evening was only jest, I should not only feel wounded, but grieved almost irreparably."

"You are eminently correct in your surmise, Frankie; it's only a joke with me, you know. And yet, there's more truth than poetry in it. You know my attitude to such affairs, but if I have ever caused you pain, I beg forgiveness. I do not censure you for being in love. On the other hand, I feel like standing with uncovered head in the presence of one who, like you, is actuated more by his admirations and more lofty sentiments, than by disgusts and prejudices. But my story you know already too well, and I trust that for my disposition so adverse to such things you do not hold me absolutely responsible. A retrospective glance even now almost startles me, and it is in order that bygones may be bygones that I do now as I do. I was not always thus; but once 'all my books were woman's looks, and folly was all they taught me.' A childhood love, a youthful hope,—these were joy and inspiration to me. But to an unfortunate and accursed fellow, doomed by a hereditary fate, the world offers its bitterest potions, and he drinks. The passing away from my life of that which was once beautiful, with its own excuse for being, has left me sordid and sour. And now the only sources of joy and inspiration left for me

are to be found in your companionship and the concentration of thoughts which the pursuit of my work requires. But when I think of how different it might be, I feel 'as one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted.' Hereby hangs my tale."

Frank was very much affected by his friend's story, and quickly saw an opportunity to encourage him, and during the remainder of the night, and even until they reached their rooms, forgetful of himself entirely, Frank did his best to revive Joe's spirits. When they separated, at a late hour, Joe was brighter from something Frank had said; Frank was happier because Joe had begun to see things differently; and both were confident that the evening had been mutually pleasant and profitable.

* * * * * * * * * *

Several years had passed and a new student body filled the historic halls of —— College. It was near the time for the beginning of the annual commencement—a much more prominent occasion now than when Joe Carty and Frank Paine were students. In the private office of a prominent electrical engineer, the chief clerk was receiving a week's instructions from the proprietor. He called a stenographer and dictated to her a number of letters and telegrams, among them was one reading as follows:

Prof. F. J. Paine, —— College:
Will be with you Friday. Mrs. Carty accompanies me.

J. C. C.

Then asking a clerk to 'phone his wife that he was on his way home, Joe Carty put on his hat and left his office for a week's vacation and a visit to the scene of his college days.

Of the large number of alumni visiting their alma mater on that commencement occasion, none could possibly have been happier than Joe Carty and Frank Paine. From the time he left the train at the station until he

had said farewell to the campus a week later, Joe Carty was a boy again, and Frank Paine almost forgot that he was a college professor. Both were reminded very vividly of their former days, talking about them almost constantly. They visited the old dormitories in which they once lived, and made frequent allusions to incidents which took place in this place and that. It all seemed strange to them, for there had been so many changes since their college days. They were happy, and Joe was willing to acknowledge that there was a great deal of truth in Frank's hobby Latin quotation, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," as well as some other things he quoted while they were in college.

"Things are still changing, you see, Joe," said Frank one day, just after dinner, while they were on the porch of Prof. Paine's elegant home on Faculty Avenue. "But there has been one change which I consider greatest of all, but about which you have never given me any satisfactory explanation. You remember I wrote you congratulating you on the new and higher relation into which you had so recently entered, and asked you to tell me all about it; but you never did. Now it's your time. How about it?"

"Well, Frank, you know I never was much on quotations of any kind, and Latin quotations especially, but I can very well use an old one of yours now, which you always gave me as the reason for all your good conduct. For everything that I have accomplished during the years we have been out of college I have this explanation: what you said to me at the café that night, and 'dux femina facti.' I am more convinced than ever that a disappointment in a little love affair when you are very young does not always affect the price of electric lights in your old age."

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BY L. G. WHITE.

One of the most interesting topics in the researches of our colonial history is the Virginia aristocracy and its influence on our colonial government. We today cannot well conceive of its magnificence and stately grandeur, for there is no form of modern society that can be compared with it, and we wonder in profound astonishment that such a society could have existed in our early colonial period. Yet, aristocracy in Virginia was no thing of chance or choosing, but was the natural outgrowth of the economic and social conditions existing in the colony. Land was plentiful and fruitful, and slaves were in abundance to till the soil and perform all drudgery. Again, the Virginia settlers were descendants of the best blood of England, enriched still more by the great Cavalier immigration, and they naturally inherited the social ideas and customs of their proud forefathers. This same cavalier element can be easily traced today in Virginia, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a native of that State boast of belonging to the F. F. V., a title now having but little significance.

The old Virginia planter was the best type of this aristocracy, which has long since lost its glory and magnificence. He lived in a lordly manner, surrounding himself with every luxury and splendor, which must have even surpassed the great manors of feudal times, and which are the envy of our modern millionaires. He and his family occupied a spacious and palatial mansion, usually situated on some commanding eminence amid great old oaks and lofty elms, overlooking thousands of acres of rich and cultivated fields, stretching from the water front to a far away wood of stately pines, while around him and in the distance stood the farmhouses,

the residence of the overseer, and the numerous shanties of his slaves.

Thus he virtually formed a village community of his own, a semblance somewhat of the mediæval village surrounding the manor-house of a feudal lord. All work, both in the field and in the house, was done by slaves under the watchful eye of an overseer, thereby freeing the planter or gentleman from such cares and leaving him leisure in which to enjoy life and entertain guests.

Right here we may see the difference between New England and the South, between the thrift of the Yankee and the easy-going, almost stagnant qualities of the early Southerner; and, by comprehending the distinction in the two modes of living, we may readily account for New England's outstripping the South in everything but the oratory and politics of the early eighteenth century. But as I have just hinted, the arrangement of society in the South permitted the gentlemen to devote more time to colonial affairs and to politics; and, as we know, our present great government stands in large measure as a living monument to the work and statesmanship of the Virginia aristocracy. While the names of Washington, Jefferson and Madison,—and they came from the most aristocratic families of Virginia—are inseparable with the history of our country.

This aristocracy is well typified in the person of William Byrd, who represents the very flower of Virginia life, a man until quite recently rather obscure. He was by far the most accomplished and the wittiest Virginian of colonial times, and his name should brighten the pages of every literary as well as political history of our country. I do not doubt that but few of my readers ever heard of this gentleman of the Old Dominion, such is the attitude of Southern people towards proclaiming to the world their men of worth and so indifferent are they

towards immortalizing either in history or literature their heroes and men of action.

William Byrd, of Westover, was born of an aristocratic family in 1674, his father, William Byrd, owning immense tracts of land in both Virginia and North Carolina, and being quite the wealthiest planter in colonial Virginia. The father gave every attention to his promising young son, and early sent him to England to receive his education under the careful tutoring of Sir Robert Southwell.

Sir Robert seems to have had a liking for young William, for he educated him together with his own son, Edward, and carried them both to Holland, where the assistance of Sir William Petty was obtained. But William soon grew tired of Holland and received his father's permission to be taken away, and, after visiting the Court of France, accordingly returned to London in 1690. Here he entered the Middle Temple as a student of law, and was duly called to the bar, but he remained only a short time after this in England, and returned to America to follow the life and inherit the position and wealth of his father.

In 1704 the senior Byrd died, leaving his immense fields, wealth, and social standing to William Byrd, Jr., who quickly sprang into the political and public position of his father. He was made the receiver-general of the king's revenues, and was recommended by the Board of Trade to the king as follows: "Byrd is a native of Virginia, son of one of the most eminent of His Majesty's subjects in those parts, is a person of good character, unblamable conduct, and known loyalty to His Majesty and his government, and has had the advantage of a liberal education and knowledge in the laws of England and may be very fit to serve His Majesty as he desires." Besides holding this important office, he was a member of the Council of Virginia thirty-seven years.

At last becoming its president, he went to England as the special agent of his government. He was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had among his friends in England the most prominent nobility. He founded both Richmond and Petersburg, and in many other ways proved of practical worth to his colony.

This man, busied with manifold engagements, and living the life of a lord, surrounded with every gayety and splendor and presiding over twenty-five thousand acres of land, would seem little likely to devote any time to literary work. Yet, as we know, his life was not a profitless one, and his mind was so versatile and fertile that, with the encouragement of certain stirring incidents in his life, he found time to pen off hastily three good pieces of writing, in which is shown his wit, character, and geniality, for he was undoubtedly the most courteous and gracious of men. However, if we once consider the advantages offered him to lead a literary life, we are not surprised at the result. He received the best training possible in England and Holland, and what was the most striking fact of all, he is said, with Dr. J. S. Bassett as authority, to have possessed the most copious library of any individual in America.

In 1729 he was appointed by the governor with three other commissioners on an expedition to fix the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, and he kept a journal of facts and incidents gathered on the adventure, which he later wrote into the "History of the Dividing Line." The work is full of wit and humor, and the style all grace and clearness.

This witty and quite amusing piece of writing is especially interesting to North Carolinians as showing the nature and life of their forefathers, and the conditions under which their State first existed. He makes all manner of fun of the early settlers and chides them

for their laziness and unthriftiness whenever a chance is offered him to do so. He describes the life of a Marooner on the south shore of Currituck Inlet as typifying the average settler. "His habitation was a bower, covered with bark, after the Indian fashion, which in that mild situation protected him pretty well from the weather. Like the raven, he neither ploughed nor sowed, but subsisted chiefly upon oysters, which his hand-maid made a shift to gather from the adjacent rocks. Sometimes, too, for change of diet, he sent her to drive up the neighbour's cows, to moisten their mouths with a little milk. But as for raiment he depended mostly upon his length of beard, and she upon her length of hair, part of which she brought decently forward, and the rest dangled behind . . . like one of Herodotus' East Indian pigmies."

He comments on their occupation as that of "raising hogs, which is managed with the least trouble, and affords the diet they are most fond of. The truth of it is, the inhabitants of N. Carolina devour so much swine's flesh that it fills them full of gross humours. . . . . Thus, considering the foul and pernicious effects of eating swine's flesh in a hot country, it was wisely forbidden and made an abomination to the Jews, who lived much in the same latitude with Carolina."

We find a rather amusing description of the religious tendencies of those Carolinians who fell under the critical observation of Mr. Byrd; tendencies, we would say, in striking contrast to those of the present. Mr. Byrd writes: "Nor is it less strange that some wolf in sheep's clothing arrives not from New England to lead astray a flock that has no shepherd. People uninstructed in any religion are ready to embrace the first that offers. 'Tis natural for helpless man to adore his Maker in some form or other, and were there any exceptions to this rule, I should expect it to be among the Hottentots of

the Cape of Good Hope and of North Carolina." Mr. Byrd also gives a rather humorous account of the Carolinians' indifference to God and man: "One thing may be said for the inhabitants of that province, that they are not troubled with any religious fumes, and have the least superstition of any people living. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great advantage, were they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week, that their disregard of the seventh day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to servants or cattle."

On the whole we should say that Mr. Byrd was not given to excessive flattery of his neighbors. Fortunately the North Carolinians of these latter days have so cultivated the virtue of self-esteem that they are not willing to accept Mr. Byrd's characterization of their ancestors; otherwise they would in all probability shamefacedly change their names and migrate to a land of better traditions.

Byrd writes again: "Surely there is no place in the world where the inhabitants live with less labor than in North Carolina. It approaches nearer to the description of lubberland than any other, by the great felicity of the climate, the easiness of raising provisions, and the slothfulness of the people." And again he writes: "The men, for their part, just like Indians, impose all the work upon the poor women. They make their wives rise out of their beds early in the morning, at the same time that they lie and snore, till the sun has run one-third of his course, and dispersed all the unwholesome damps. Then, after stretching and yawning for half an hour, they light their pipes, and, under the protection of a cloud of smoke, venture out into the open air; tho', if it happens to be never so little cold, they quickly return

shivering into the chimney corner. When the weather is mild, they stand leaning with both their arms upon the corn-field fence, and gravely consider whether they had best go and take a small heat at the hough; but generally find reasons to put it off till another time."

On the expedition the commissioners had occasion to visit Edenton, the oldest town in the colony as well as the capital, and Byrd gives us a unique description of the place. "This town is situated on the north side of Albemarle Sound, which is there about five miles over. A dirty slush runs all along the back of it, which in the summer is a foul annoyance, and furnishes abundance of that Carolina plague, mosquitoes. There may be forty or fifty houses, most of them small and built without expense. A citizen here is counted extravagant if he has ambition enough to aspire to a brick chimney. Justice herself is but indifferently lodged, the court-house having much the air of a common tobacco-house. I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan world, where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue, nor any other place of public worship of any sect or religion whatsoever."

Byrd's other two writings, "A Journey to the Land of Eden," and "A Progress to the Mines," are less important, but they are written in a grace of style and clear forcibleness, such as to prove them of literary worth. They, too, are characterized by his wit and geniality, and easily place him in the front of the early colonial writers in the South.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE ART OF WRITING.

How often we hear it said that there is no inducement for students to write for college publications. It is too true that writing offers no chance for an intercollegiate contest, as do some of the other phases of college life, and at Trinity no prizes, medals, or anything of that sort are offered to the writer.

However, if one thinks seriously of the matter, it must be seen that the work is its own reward. We are becoming more and more impatient with the old idea that writing is done by a genius at some moment of divine inspiration. The more we study writers and their methods and productions the more we are induced to look on writing as did Pope, who said in one of his famous couplets:

> "Ease in writing comes from art—not chance,
> As they move easiest who have learned to dance."

Of course the great writers have been geniuses in the art of writing, and we would not underrate this. To be sure, there are some writers who have an easy flow of words without having practiced much in the art of writing. These, however, are the exceptions rather than the rule, and we were speaking to the average student about the average writer. A study of the methods of some of the greatest English writers will show that the

point of view we have taken is the correct one. For example, take the works of Thomas Carlyle, the great English prose writer. His volume of work was the result of a prodigious amount of human energy. Everything he wrote was like the fighting of a great battle. In America, Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote and rewrote manuscript, only to see it consumed in a flame of his own kindling. But can one say that Hawthorne worked in vain? The skill which this pactice, if we may call it that, gave him guided in later years the pen of one of the greatest American story writers. Then again, read if you will what Edgar Allan Poe has to say along this line. In his "Philosophy of Composition" we find the following: "Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations,—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demon traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint, and the black patches, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *historio.*"

In the essay just quoted from, Poe gives to the world the *modus operandi* by which "The Raven" was put together. It was far from being an "ecstatic intuition" and was not composed "by a species of fine frenzy," but was carefully worked out step by step.

Did space permit, we might stretch these examples

over many pages, but we hardly think this necessary. From these examples we think we may conclude that the man who succeeds as a writer is the man who really wants to write and is willing to pay the price. In conclusion, let us urge the students of the college to write for the college publications. They furnish the only open field in which you can "practice" and thereby learn the "art of writing." W.

A STEP FORWARD.

It is pleasant indeed to learn of the step Trinity has recently taken in admitting teachers of Durham County to courses of instruction free of charge. They are also admitted to the library, on payment of a nominal fee. This, we feel, will certainly be of benefit to the teachers, and it is also a healthy sign for the college.

For many years those most interested in the progress of the college have felt that the greatest obstacle in the way of such progress was a lack of effort on the part of the college to bring itself in close vital touch with the masses of the people, as well as a failure on the part of the people to appreciate properly the spirit and the mission of Trinity College. By this step the college will inevitably be brought into more cordial relations with the public school teachers, men and women who are laboring for the development of society as few of us properly understand, and so into close touch with the people. Heretofore Trinity has seemed content with fixing a high standard of scholarship and of student character, now, we trust she is beginning to move out to make her influence felt more and more widely. This is a move in the right direction, and we hail the day when the college will rightly fulfil its mission to the people of the State and when it will be properly appreciated by them.

It has now been almost two years since The Trinity Chronicle first made its appearance. Its progress and its prosperity have been a source of constant pleasure to the college community and to our friends away from here. A clean, neat, up-to-date, spirited publication, it has met and amply filled the demand here for a first-class weekly. To say that it compares favorably with other papers of its kind is to put the thing mildly indeed. The editor and the management are to be congratulated on their success, and we trust that The Chronicle's career of usefulness has only well begun.

With this issue the department of "Wayside Wares" again appears. In this way we hope to add a little to the spice of life and to make our pages somewhat more attractive. Mr. K. Webster Parham has this department in charge, and we believe this assures its success.

Thanksgiving—Let the grateful soul look up and give praise unto Him in whom we have our being.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, . . . Sing forth the honor of his name . . . who daily loadeth us with benefits."—*The Psalms.*

ELISE MIMS, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

At a meeting of the State Historical and Literary Association which was held a few weeks ago in Raleigh, the Patterson Loving-cup was awarded to Dr. Kemp P. Battle. Few North Carolinians have more friends than Dr. Battle and this honor affords pleasure to them. He won the cup on his History of the University, the first volume of which is out, and which is to be completed in three volumes.

"Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan, is a new volume which promises to be exceedingly popular. Mr. Morgan gives us a very interesting life of our President, who is the first President with a long lineage since Washington, and he assures us that the American people are proud of the circumstance. "Unlike Abraham Lincoln, he was not born in a log cabin. A life of ease was his if he chose. Among all the youths born to wealth, Roosevelt alone has gained an important place in our democracy; he is the first city-born boy to reach the Presidency." Mr. Morgan sets forth the achievements of his hero as politician, as restrainer of trusts, as composer of industrial strife, as peacemaker among the nations, as family man at Oyster Bay and Pine Knot, as horseman, tennis-player, pedestrian, and giver of the glad hand at Washington.

"The Fruit of the Tree," by Edith Wharton, is des-

tined to have greater success than "The House of Mirth," which was the book of its year. The New York Times says of it: "After the cheap fluency, the forcible feebleness of the ordinary novel, to come upon this piece of frosty brilliance is like finding a diamond in a heap of rubbish."

"The Love Affairs of Literary Men" is a very interesting new book by Myrtle Reed, in which she briefly retells the stories of the lovers of the group of writers who are assured immortal places in English literature. Here we may read of the mysterious, double love affair of Swift with Stella and Vanessa, and of Cowper's, Shelley's, Keats', Pope's and Dr. Johnson's relations with the fair sex.

A new volume of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, entitled "Morning," is among the season's books and promises to bring delight to us all. Some of the poems are in dialect, others are "flights of fancy in English of the purest purity."

"The France of Today," by Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, is to be the most accurate and vivid account of the French life and present social conditions that we have had. Professor Wendell was the first American scholar to be a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and had exceptional opportunities for observation, of which he has made the most effective use.

Henry Van Dyke has a new book, "Days Off," which is a fresh and altogether delightful expression of life out of doors, and which will prove as popular as "Fisherman's Luck" and "Little Rivers." In the October number of the Ladies' Home Journal Dr. Van Dyke began his interesting papers on "Out of Doors in the Holy Land."

"With Wordsworth in England" is a selection of the poems and letters of Wordsworth, which have to do with English scenery and English life, edited and arranged by Anna Benneson McLean. This volume reveals the real Wordsworth, the poet, the naturalist, the man in those poems which have made him famous, and it serves as a guide to some of Wordsworth's well-beloved haunts.

Those readers who are unwilling to take their novels piecemeal, may now read "The Helpmate," by May Sinclair, in the form of a complete book. Its chapters have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and many readers have been satisfying their curiosity about it on the instalment plan. Although we may say at once that it is not a remarkable piece of fiction, it is certainly far above the average novel.

Sidney Lanier's poems, "The Hymns of the Marshes," will be published soon by the Messrs. Scribner in an illustrated edition. This book will contain "Sunrise," "Individuality," "Marsh Song," "At Sunset," and "The Marshes of Glynn," and the illustrations have been made from photographs which were taken especially for this purpose.

It is good news to hear that Kipling's verse, hitherto available only in four separate books, will be brought out this month in one volume by Doubleday, Page, and Company. Mr. Kipling has revised the collection and added poems not before included in any of his books.

Those of us who, in this Jamestown year, feel an unusual interest in Virginia, are in debt to Mr. R. H. Early, of Richmond, who has written "By-Ways of Virginia History." The book treats of such leading figures of the early times as Raleigh and Captain John Smith.

Another new book on Virginia has been written by Mr. Philip Alexander Bruce, and is entitled "Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century." This is perhaps a more substantial contribution to history than Mr. Early's book. It deals with the arrival in the earliest period of the "higher planting class," and how it became throughout the Virginia colonial history the dominant element.

Prof. Richard Holbrook, of Bryn Mawr, has discovered in Italy two unedited letters of Byron, one of them containing a mention of Allegra. He intends to publish them soon.

GILMER KORNER, JR., - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The October number of the University of Virginia Magazine is especially commendable. We are much impressed with the idea of the editor in making the magazine characteristic of the South and heartily recommend the spirit. Again the systematic plan laid out for the year's work is worthy of favorable criticism. A well defined outline of the year's work adds much to the interest of the reading matter and keeps this interest alive from issue to issue. "Some Charming Southern Towns" is a well written description of Charleston, S. C., and to a person acquainted with the city the author's mention of the street vendor's cry of "Shrimpee—ees" brings up never-to-be-forgotten recollections. "Even Our Friends in Adversity" is a well written story and illustrates very clearly the too common fault of ingratitude. "A Daughter of Erin" is highly dramatic and very readable. The poetry in this number is very good. On the whole this magazine is one of the best that comes to our table.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is a right attractive number. "The Weaving" and "Home" are both well written. "Boshen's Philosophy" is a good story and is a fine example to set before many communities known to us. The treatment of the subject in "Beowulf" is excellent. The subject is handled in an attractive style and makes interesting reading. Too often subjects of this kind are written up in a way entirely too dry to be

readable. "An Incident" and "The Closed Door" are both too hazy to afford interest. One reads such stories with an acute sense of disappointment. "A Tale of Two Stories" is a very clever piece of work.

To all who are interested in North Carolina literature the University Magazine should be especially attractive. The bibliography entitled "The Poetic Literature of North Carolina" is very valuable, and besides this shows a lot of hard work and careful study in its preparation. With the exception of the above mentioned, the magazine is devoted to fiction, and several good stories appear. In "The Complicity of Nero" one is strongly reminded of the hunting scene in Lever's "Charles O'Malley." "The Mysterious Mr. Raffles" is a right laughable story and "The Maid of Honor" is a love story of familiar type. As a dialect story, "Why Abe Swore Off" is a right good performance, though the negro dialect might be improved. The "Sketches" make very interesting reading. The poetry in this number is good, especially "The Retrospective Hour," which is highly praiseworthy. "Horace, Ode IX, Book III," is a right clever negro dialect poem.

The leading place in the Southwestern University Magazine is given this month to a poem entitled "The Brook." The rhythm is good and taken as a whole the poem is well composed and quite commendable. In attempting to treat a subject like the "Evolution of American Democracy" in four pages, we think the author has made a mistake. Then too, the style is too florid, the effect a little too Sophomoric. "The Story of the Boers" is quite interesting and instructive. This unfortunate people has long had a warm feeling of sympathy in the hearts of many of us, and, although their case has never been thoroughly understood by many, an

impulse of pity for their struggle has been felt. Such contributions to a college magazine are well worth while. We fully appreciate the spirit under which "An Excursion" was written. One has only to experience one to be forever satisfied to stay at home under similar conditions. "The Iron Shaft" is a fairly good love story with a highly dramatic ending.

We welcome the Converse Concept. The contributions, while some of them are right bright, tend to be too much on the short-story order. The "Commencement Debate—Affirmative Side," is an argument setting forth the greater importance of the American inventor in shaping American destiny than the American writer. "A Senior from the Standpoint of a Freshman" is characteristic and both the spirit and the rhetoric are easily recognizable by us who have younger sisters at college, while our mothers could not appreciate the "Letters of a Converse Freshman"—though we all know that all Freshmen letters are alike. "Jim" is a well written story of a faithful dog. It is very readable. "Unforgotten," and "A Summer Experience" are love sketches, as the titles would indicate, with usual sequel, without which there could be no love stories. The poetry in this number is fairly good.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Haverfordian, Clemson College Chronicle, Columbia University Quarterly, Red and White, Guilford Collegian, Lenoirian, Furman Echo, The Messenger, Emory and Henry Era, The Erskinian, Southern Collegian, N. C. Journal of Education, and the Wofford College Journal.

HERR WILHELM TENFELSHUND, - - - - - MANAGER.

This being the first appearance of this department in the last few years, I must ask my readers to bear with me in my endeavors to give them the "Ver' Bes'" of spice and ginger from college life here, and some of the best clippings which fall under my eye. Do not censure me too severely for the "sins of omission and commission." If I mistake not, one of my remote and honored predecessors published the constitution of our class. However, this famous document has been declared null and void and now one of the "Rebels" of '08 comes to try to hold himself up to the record of his class and still do the unexpected; that is, put something in these pages which will be interesting.

In looking over some clippings I found this short poem which the lamented John Charles McNeil wrote in one of his merrier moods:

IN THE KITCHEN.

Dough I'se nuffin but a sinner,
I is hard to beat;
When de white folks et deir dinner
I sets down to eat.

I don't wait to ax no blessin',
Honey, save yo' soul!
Turkey's dar en Turkey dressin'
En de gravy bowl.

I don't haf to make no livin'
  While Sal's up en gwine,
She's de cook, and my Thanksgivin'
  Is dat she is mine.

She's de gal to fix en figger
  How to fill de gaps;
She knows how to git dis nigger
  En es kids some scraps.

If you's weary, if you's languid,
  If you's sore distress'
Git a wife to feed yo' gang wid,
  Den set down en res'.

* * *

The following lines were found among the papers of the deceased Herr Mondsüchtiger Falkenjäger, of Blitzen University. To the authorship of this remarkable composition we have no clue:

On the Grampian Hills,
  The village smithy stands.
The smith, a mighty man, was wrecked
  On the pitiless Godwin Sands;
And by him sported on the green
  His little grandchild Wilhelmlue,
For the doctors had given him up, sir,
  The darling of our crew,
And the cheek of Argyle grew deadly pale;
'Let's rush for the signal rockets,
  Let's fire them quick,' he cried,
And the good old Abbot of Aberbrothock
  Plunged headlong into the tide.
Oh! who will stand on either hand
  And keep the bridge with me,
That sails the wintry sea?

I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe at bay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be queen of the May."

* * *

STILL IN BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND.

The campus belongs to US.

We carry also a complete line of perpetual-motion sand-raising apparatus. Office hours 7 p. m. to 1 a. m.

F. R. ESHMEN & CO.,
Section 11 inn Main Dormitory.

* * *

BALLADE OF YE SYNGYNGE WOMMEN.*

Oh hae ye heard the sair, sair tale,
Inne the kingdome of faire Tee Cee,
Of the wommen that soong and olde King Hacke
And his dire and dredful decree?

They maken hir melodye so swete,
That the Knights, as they swinked inne Halle,
Y-rennen to wyndow and glared atte Bower,
And cried hir delit withalle.

The goode olde Kinge, thanne goon he forth,
"Faire Ladyes," he sayed and spake,
"If eatyng of viands maketh knights to offend,
I eate no rare beef-steake!"

A ded hush fell on the sheene night,
And the kingdome of faire Tee Cee
Is still as the grave, and the Ladyes goon
All softe with tearful eye.

---

*This curious poem, condensed from the original, was recently discovered in the ruined archives of the Tannenwold Castle.

1845 **1907**

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

Newark, New Jersey

Offers Especially Attractive Policies to Students

The Mutual Benefit is known in Insurance Circles as

The Leading Annual Dividend Company

of the World

No Stockholders. Insurance Furnished at Cost. No Tontine or Deferred Dividend Accumulations to be Forfeited in Case of Death or Default in Premium Payments.

Conspicuous for *Economy* and *Large Returns to Policyholders in Proportion to Payments by Them.*

Premium Receipts Since Organization in 1845, - -	$295,128,536.22
Returned to Policyholders (Policy Claims, Dividends and Surrender Values), - - - - - - -	239,340,665.25
Accumulated for Policyholders' Future Benefit, -	105,589,918.10
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - - -	7,770,399.70

Insure Through a Student

Wm. V. McRae

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1907.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MAY WRENN.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when Washington Irving was in England, it was his good fortune to spend a Christmas in Bracebridge Hall. Realizing that modern refinement had made havoc among the hearty old holiday customs, he felt that he would like to let people know how Christmas was observed, in at least one large country manor. "If," he says, "I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and

make my reader more in good humour with his fellow beings and himself—surely, surely, I shall not have written entirely in vain."

With a spirit of this nature he wrote for "The Sketch Book," which was published in 1819, "Christmas," "The Stage Coach," "Christmas Eve," "Christmas Day," and "Christmas Dinner." At Bracebridge Hall he found, so he writes, the house dressed with holly and mistletoe, and in the big fireplace was the yule log. The servants in their apartments kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, bob apple and snap dragon, and the mistletoe was hung, to the peril of all pretty maidens. It was the policy of the Squire to "make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world," and to do this he encouraged all innocent games and often joined in with them. After supper the evening was spent in singing and dancing.

As the author lay musing Christmas morning, he heard the sound of voices chanting:

> "Rejoice, our Saviour he is born
> On Christmas day in the morning."

These singers proved to be the waits who went from house to house. After family prayers, breakfast, which consisted of "true old English fare," as the Squire called it, was served, and then later on in the morning all went to church, for this day was considered a time for the pouring out of thanks and for rejoicing. The number of poor people who were heard to utter blessings on the Squire showed that "in the midst of his enjoyment the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christian virtue of charity." "I love," he said, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you."

But the Christmas dinner was the crowning event. After grace there was a pause, when suddenly the butler entered, bearing "a silver dish on which was an enormous pig's head decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table." The table was loaded with good cheer, the peacock pie forming part of the feast. When the cloth was removed the wassail bowl, whose contents had been prepared by the Squire, was brought in. The old gentleman, having first raised it to his lips with a "Merry Christmas," sent it round the board, pronouncing it "The ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts meet together."

In the hall great romps took place after dinner, and then the older ones of the company began to tell and listen to ghost stories and fairy tales. The young people, in the meantime, prepared a masque of "Ancient Christmas," and presented it, to the great joy of all present. This ended the merriment of this Christmas "and as the old Manor House almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long departed years."

Irving's Christmas stories had done much to foster the Christmas spirit in English homes, but the people in their eagerness for money, were again about to forget Christmas, when "A Christmas Carol" appeared. Dickens did much for England in pointing out the slums of the cities and the educational abuses, but his contribution to the Christmas spirit was perhaps of still more lasting benefit.

Jeffrey wrote to Charles Dickens, the author of the "Carol:" "Blessings on your kind heart. You should be very happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings and prompted more positive acts of beneficence

than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessions on Christmas since Christmas 1842."

In the lecture on "Charity and Humour," which Thackeray gave in New York in 1852, he said: "As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thought, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? These are creations of Mr. Dickens which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into society of very good men and women. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens' 'Christmas Carol'? I believe it occasioned hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef."

Not only did such men as Thackeray and Jeffrey feel this, but from all classes of people Dickens received letters telling him how the "Carol" had meant so much in their homes, that it had come to be read aloud, and had a separate place on the shelf.

The most popular stories of that time were nursery tales and ghost stories. Dickens saw a way to give them a higher form by using the charm of the ghost, goblin, and fairy fancies of his childhood to teach the desired

social and manly virtues. The "Christmas Carol" is a typical illustration. The story in brief is as follows:

Scrooge, sitting on Christmas eve in his counting house, is disturbed by his nephew's cry, "A merry Christmas, Uncle," while he himself sees no good in Christmas. When he reaches home he is visited by the ghost of Jacob Morley, his former partner, who tells him that he will be visited by three spirits, and that unless this happens he cannot shun the path of his old partner. The first spirit is the Ghost of Christmas Past, who shows him how his happiness was much thought of by his parents and friends in his childhood. The second spirit, Ghost of Christmas Present, shows him how Christmas was being observed at the house of his clerk, Bob Cratchit, and also at his nephew's home. The last of the spirits, Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, points out a group of business men talking about the death of Scrooge in a very indifferent manner, and in contrast, shows how much the death of Tiny Tim, the crippled child of Bob Cratchit, means to those who knew him. When Scrooge finally comes to himself and realizes that all these phantoms have vanished and that he still has time to reform, he is very happy, and begins at once to do things for the happiness of others.

Let us notice the different views of Christmas shown by Scrooge and his nephew. "What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," says Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes around with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and burned with a stake of holly through his heart."

His nephew on the other hand says: "I have always

thought of Christmas time when it has come around—apart from veneration due its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on their journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good: and I say, God bless it."

What a picture we have in the home-coming of Martha Cratchit, when her father, jestingly is told that she is not coming, exclaims: "Not coming—not coming upon Christmas Day!" Tiny Tim, the cripple's "God bless us every one," shows the faith of a child, and to the millocracy of the time, he was typical of what could be of worth even in a crippled child. The ghost shows himself to be acquainted with the evils of the time, when he warns Scrooge by telling him that in the sight of heaven he may be more worthless and less fit to live than thousands like this poor Bob Cratchit's child.

Indeed, there was a message in the "Carol" for every one, as Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," says: "It told the selfish man to rid himself of selfishness; the just man to make himself generous; and the good natured man to enlarge the sphere of his good nature. Its cheery voice of faith and hope, ringing from one end of the island to the other, carried pleasant warning alike to all, that if the duties of Christmas were wanting, no good could come of its outward observances; that it must shine upon the cold hearth and warm it, and into the sorrowful heart and comfort it; that it must be kindness, benevolence, charity, mercy, and for-

bearance, or its plum pudding would turn to bile, and its roast beef be indigestible."

An article by Charles Dickens on "My Grandfather at Christmas Time," shows not only that Dickens wrote about "good fun and fellowship—with a love for the true meaning of the season," but that he did all in his power to make others happy. "Many Merry Christmases, many Happy New Years, unbroken friendship, great accumulations, affections on earth, and heaven at last for all," was the message he sent Mr. Forster in 1846, and this seems to have been the keynote of his life. His dinner toast was short and always the same: "Here's to us all! God bless us!" "There can be no better memory," says his grandson, "of my grandfather than that which pictures him seated at his Christmas dinner, surrounded by his family and friends; the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas."

"Somebody's Luggage" does not seem to us in this day and time to be much of a Christmas story, but it was written principally to make people laugh, and the writer makes one feel that the "bit of fun is perfect." In "The Cricket on the Hearth" we have a fairy tale of a home in which the cricket is made a household god; being silent in the wrong and chirping again when all goes well.

As Scrooge was visited by the ghost of Jacob Morley, his old partner, on Christmas eve, so the chemist, Mr. Redlaw, in "The Haunted House," on another Christmas eve, was disturbed by a ghost, which proved to be a phantom of his own likeness. The chemist soon finds that he has made a bad bargain with the ghost in being allowed to forget all the past troubles of his life, for now he also has forgotten all the pleasant things; and not only must he suffer this, but all those who come in contact with him lose their faculty of remembering. The wife of the custodian of the college, who sees so much of good in every-

thing, by her example shows to the professor that life is really easier than wisdom is apt to think. Dickens himself said of this story that the point he wished to make was "that bad and good are inextricably linked in remembrance and that you could not choose the enjoyment of recollecting only the good."

In "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodging" and "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," we have possibly the most successful Christmas stories of the sixties. Major Jemmy Jackman and his friend, the "poor elderly lodging-house keeper of the Strand, with her miserable cares and rivalries and worries," were talked about as though they had lived in London for years. And what a true picture of life Major Jackman gives in describing little Jemmy at Christmas time, after having spent his first months away from home at school, when he says: "Jemmy was never silent for five minutes; he talked when we were walking, he talked when we sat by the fire again, he talked incessantly at dinner."

In all these Christmas volumes we see that Dickens was trying to show that whatever of evil there is within us we should try to subdue, and by warm and gentle sympathies to redeem what is bad or unreclaimed in others. Carried to "countless firesides, with new enjoyment of the season, better apprehension of its claims and obligations, they mingled grave and glad thoughts—; they comforted the generous, rebuked the sordid, cured folly by kindly ridicule and comic humour, and saying to their readers 'Thus you have done, but it were better thus,' may for some have realized the philosopher's famous experience, and by a single fortunate thought revised the whole manner of a life."

"A Chrstmas Tree" reminds us more of Irving's Christmas stories than any other of Dickens' stories. The joy of home-coming he expresses in charming words when he says: "And I do come home Christmas. We

all do, or all should. We all come home for a short holiday—the longer the better—from the great boarding school, where we are forever working at our arithmetical slates, to take and to give a rest. As to going a-visiting, where can we not go, if we will; where have we not been, when we would, starting our fancy from our Christmas tree?"

After so vividly picturing the Christmas tree, he recalls the images which he associates with the Christmas tree and Christmas music: "An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on a bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the open roof of a chamber where he sits; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a seashore teaching a great multitude; again with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again dying upon a cross watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake and only one voice heard, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Again, the author continues as the Christmas tree vanishes: "I hear a whisper going on through the leaves, 'This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This in remembrance of me!'"

CHRISTMAS LEAVE-TAKING.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

Whistling and singing, laughter and fun,
A rush on the stair, a rush in the hall,
A joyous bedlam everywhere,
Echoing from wall to wall—
And it's "Where do you spend your Christmas, John?"
It's "When do you leave, old man?"
Or, "Keep your eye on the misletoe stunt,
And kiss her if you can!"

And—"I wonder if this'll suit her, Bill,
I did the best I knew,
But this buying of presents is too much for me,
I wish that I were through!"
Oh, the Marys are hard to suit, my boy,
And the Janes are hard to please,
You're exchanging this, you're trying that,
As busy as summer bees!

Then here goes a trunk and there goes a trunk,
And suit-cases stuffed and tight,
And a hundred bundles in their arms,
Done up in red and white—
Oh, the college man's a fearful thing,
All fierce and wise and wild,
But I think you'll find when Christmas comes,
That he's pretty much of a child.

FIFTY YEARS OF AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BY LASSAPHINE REEVES.

The Atlantic Monthly, after a most remarkable career of fifty years, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with the November number of this year. This fact is an important event in our literary history, for since its beginning in November, 1857, it has been associated with almost every name eminent in our later New England letters, and has been an authoritative exponent of all that is best in American life. Its success has been all the more phenomenal in that it has maintained the highest standard during a time when so much that is worthless in literature has crowded the pages of too many of our magazines, and when magazines that have stood for higher things have failed after a short life.

Throughout its existence the Atlantic has remained true to the standard adopted by its projectors: "It will be the organ of no party or clique, but will honestly endeavor to be the exponent of what its conductors believe to be the American ideal. It will deal frankly with persons and with parties, endeavoring always to keep in view that moral element which transcends all persons and parties and which alone makes the basis of a true and lasting national prosperity."

This magazine, which more than anything else represents the literature of the New England renaissance, was first published in the fall of 1857, at Boston, though at least four years before plans had been originated for launching such a periodical, contributors engaged, and but for the failure of a publisher the enterprise would have succeeded. The leading spirit in this undertaking was Mr. Francis H. Underwood, "the editor who was never the editor," and he had no little part in its early success. There were few prominent writers in America who had not dreamed of projecting plans for a magazine.

Many attempts had been made, but, in the majority of cases, only to end in failure after a few months. Therefore it was with grave distrust that many of Underwood's friends considered his proposal for establishing a literary magazine. Wendell Phillips, in replying to Underwood in a letter dated August 4, 1853, writes: "I believe the plan has been tried thrice within my time (I mean my anti-slavery life) and has each time failed. I cannot think, therefore, there is much chance for the periodical sketched in your excellent letter."

Though Underwood failed in 1853 in his new venture, still he did not lose sight of his project, and, having gained the consent to engage in the work from Holmes, Longfellow and others, his former plans were rapidly pushed forward. He won the distrustful publisher, Mr. Moses D. Phillips, over to him, who, as the head of the business, took the leading place. At an early date, May 5, 1857, Phillips called together the men on whom he most depended to give the enterprise distinction and gave them a dinner at the Parker House. We have an interesting account of this dinner, in a letter to his niece: "I must tell you about a little dinner party I gave about two weeks ago. It would be proper, perhaps, to state that the origin of it was a desire to confer with my literary friends on a somewhat extensive literary project, the particulars of which I shall reserve until you come. But to the party: My invitations included only R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Mr. Motley (the 'Dutch Republic' man), O. W. Holmes, Mr. Cabot, and Mr. Underwood, our literary man. Imagine your uncle as the head of such a table, with such guests. The above named were the only ones invited, and they were all present. We sat down at three p. m. and arose at eight. The time occupied was longer by about four hours and thirty minutes than I am in the habit of consuming in that kind of occupation, but it was the richest

time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. Leaving myself and 'literary man' out of the group, I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult to reduplicate that number of such conceded scholarship in the whole country beside."

There was another writer not present at this dinner whose coöperation was very desirable, as her commanding reputation could at once be counted on to give distinction to any magazine with which she was connected. This was Mrs. Stowe. She heartily approved their plans and promised her cordial support.

As a result of these preliminary plans, Lowell was elected editor and Underwood was sent to England in June to get contributions from authors there. About the same time Lowell wrote to Charles Eliot Norton, who was then in England, and asked him to bring home desirable manuscripts from that country. Norton secured several manuscripts and returned to America. At the port in New York he turned his luggage over to the driver of the hotel wagon and went to his room. When his trunks came the one containing the manuscripts was missing. Express offices were searched, inquiries made at hotels, and advertisements for its recovery published in the newspapers; but all to no purpose, for they were never heard of again.

No doubt Underwood thought his plans were bound to miscarry the second time, but this loss proved to be a blessing in disguise; for it not only saved the editor the embarrassment of refusing what, without doubt, would have been unsatisfactory material, but it made the magazine distinctly American by forcing it to depend on its own literary resources.

It was with strong resolution and genuine inspiration that Lowell entered upon the discharge of his duties as a literary editor. About three weeks after the dinner at

the Parker House he wrote to Norton: "We are going to start a new magazine here in October. . . The magazine is to be free without being fanatical, and we hope to unite in it all available talent of all shades of opinions. The magazine is to have opinions of its own and not afraid to speak them, but I think we shall be scholarly and gentlemanlike." This unbiased attitude toward all persons and questions has been retained by the Atlantic's editors, and free expression of opinions has always been one of its characteristic features. Talented men and women, regardless of section or tenets, have received a cordial welcome by the Atlantic. Its catholicity is well set forth in an interesting editorial in the Outlook of November 16, 1907: "Miss Murfree arrived in due season, and the mountains of Tennessee became visible from the Atlantic seaboard; Dr. Mitchell revived the colonial tradition of Philadelphia as a place of light and leading; Bret Harte came in from the Pacific coast full of strange oaths and accompanied by men and women of uncommon picturesqueness . . . ; Charles Warren, who ought to have written more, brought the balmy airs and delicious lassitude of the South Pacific; Mark Twain, educated by the enormous salaries of Mississippi pilots, extracted from the Atlantic the unprecedented price of twenty dollars a page . . . ; John Hay, who was to lift American diplomacy to a great height of disinterested statesmanship, contributed the fascinating chapters of 'Castilian Days;' Maurice Thompson, the advance guard of the innumerable hosts of Indiana poets, gave his fresh touch to the pages of the Atlantic."

Miss Murfree masqueraded as a man and adopted the name of Charles Egbert Craddock. There are many now who know the author only by this name. She contributed to the Atlantic for three or four years during the editorship of William Dean Howells, but he never suspected her for any but Charles Egbert Craddock, and it

was not until after his resignation that he knew the writer to be Miss Murfree. Afterwards she came to Boston, and Aldrich, who had succeeded Howells, arranged a dinner party at which Howells and Holmes and Lawrence Barrett were to meet Craddock. Great was their astonishment when they found themselves in that delicately feminine presence.

As I have stated before, the Atlantic was from the first identified with our best American writers. It will not be uninteresting to run over the table of contents of the first number. It was customary at that time for the author to leave his contribution unsigned, so I have supplied the names of the more important men in giving the list. First came a biographical sketch of Douglas Jerrold by James Hannay; then "Florentine Mosaics," a continued article by Motley; "Santa Filomena," a poem and tribute to Florence Nightingale, by Longfellow; "Sally Parson's Duty;" "The Manchester Exhibition;" "The Romany Girl," "The Cartist's Complaint," "Days," and "Brahma," four poems by Emerson. "Brahma" called forth a good deal of comment at the time. Mr. Trowbridge said it was "more talked about and puzzled over and parodied than any other poem of sixteen lines published within my recollection." Next came the first chapters of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" by Holmes, who had given the magazine its name. This was followed with "Illusions," an essay by Emerson; "The Gift of Tritemius," a poem by Whittier; "The Mourning Veil;" "Pendlam: A Modern Reformer;" "British India;" "Akin by Marriage;" "The Origin of Didatic Poetry," a poem by Lowell; "The Financial Flurry;" "Sonnet;" and "The Round Table," which was intended for the editor's corner, but was discontinued in the succeeding numbers. Last of all came Literary Notices and an article on music.

These and other writers contributed their best work

to the Atlantic. In preparation for the first number Lowell wrote to a friend: "I am resolved that nothing shall go in which I have not first read. I wish to have nothing go in that will merely *do,* but I fear I can't keep so high a standard. It is astonishing how much there is that keeps just short of the line of good and drops into the limbo of the indifferent." Nevertheless, he and the succeeding editors have kept so high a standard that few, if any, American magazines have equalled it and none has surpassed it.

Let us look for a short time at these editors, who have helped to make the Atlantic such a signal success. From 1857 to 1862, Lowell was editor, "a man whose genius and originality was at once the praise and wonder of his countrymen." With genuine love of good letters and a great zeal for reform he, perhaps above all others, was suited for the work of editorship at this time. After him came James T. Fields, who was editor till 1870. He had been connected with the Atlantic as publisher before he became editor, and his literary enthusiasm and appreciation of all eminent men of letters made him one of the most influential literary men of his time. Perhaps no one had greater or better influence on the literature of New England. He was succeeded by William Dean Howells, who has been closely associated with our best magazines and has made a considerable reputation as a novelist. He has long been conceded to be a leader, if not the founder of the late school of fiction. In 1881 Howells resigned and Thomas Bailey Aldrich became editor. He was poet, novelist, and journalist, and had been a frequent contributor to Putnam's Magazine, the Knickerbocker, and the New York Evening Mirror. In 1856 he was a member of the staff of the New York Home Journal, and was editor of Every Saturday so long as it was published, 1870-1874. For several years he had written almost exclusively for the Atlantic, having been

a welcomed contributor while Lowell was its editor. After a successful editorship of nine years, he was succeeded by Horace E. Scudder. Scudder also had been a journalist and had edited "The Riverside Magazine for Young People" during the four years of its existence. He had been associated with the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and had edited for them the series of "American Commonwealths," "American Poems," and "American Prose." His "Life of Lowell," in two volumes, is an interesting and accurate account of our most versatile American author. Scudder was followed by Mr. Walter Hines Page, who was editor from 1896 to 1899. Prior to his connection with the Atlantic he edited The Forum four years, and since the establishment of The World's Work in 1900, he has been editor of that magazine. In 1899 Mr. Bliss Perry assumed the duties of editorship, and is the Atlantic's present editor. From 1886 to 1893 he occupied the chair of English at Williams College, and was Professor of English at Princeton the six succeeding years. He is now Professor of English at Harvard University, thus holding the two important positions that Lowell held while editor.

It is of special significance to us that one of the editors—Mr. Walter Page—is a North Carolinian. In the November number of the Atlantic Monthly he has a contribution, "The Writer and the University," which shows his noble conception of the great opportunities offered to true literary men. In it he makes a strong and earnest plea for professional schools for the training of men and women who intend making literature a profession. He writes: "They ought to do a great deal better than teachers or preachers, because they both teach and preach to all people all the time, and not merely on Sundays or during the period of school age." He thinks the average quality of writing is higher than a generation ago, and that with a three years' course in such a school for pro-

fessional writers, the golden age of periodical literature is still to be in the not far distant future, and that "the American magazine is just now finding its power and its opportunity, and shaping its character to definite ends. It has become the most influential form of current literature, and the chance it offers for strong men is just beginning to be understood."

And is it not true that, in the near future, there may be strong men who will give as much distinction and fame to its pages as did Emerson and Lowell and Whittier and Longfellow and Holmes?

IMPRESSIONS.

BY B.

I love the falling leaves,
The wind that grieves.
But best I love
The bright sunlight,
The azure sky,
The birds that cry
Far, far, very high
As they fly
To a warmer cove.
The frost field fair,
The fresh crispy air,—
All things give
Sweetness to life.
Oh soul, there is sadness,
And yet there is gladness,
And I would live!

STORY OF A YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

BY W. A. STANBURY.

Farmer Holcomb lived one mile from the village of Maysville in a broken valley just east of the mountains of Southwestern Virginia. His house was situated on an eminence overlooking a good well-tilled farm. Splendid old oaks partly hid the house from view as one passed the road some little distance away, but one could not fail to get the impression of thrift and hustle as well as a sense of quiet, old-time Southern independence, as he looked on that scene.

At the time of our story it was spring, with all that spring means in such a place. The air was fragrant with apple-blossoms, the fields were growing green again, the brook was running merrily away through the meadow where violets grew along its banks; and Will Holcomb, the eighteen-year-old son of the good farmer, thought he had never heard the bees hum so dreamily or the birds sing so joyously. As he leaned over the fence and looked out across the world so much alive with the joy of waking and growing beautiful again, all the wild pulsations of youth surged through his being, and he felt himself swept irresistibly out into the great world of ambition and achievement. He was not tired of the old farm. A sigh of sadness passed over his lips as he thought of leaving the beloved haunts and associations of his boyhood. He loved the old home and its peace, he loved the old school near the village, he loved the old country church, he loved the boys and girls he had always known, and he loved—well, it made no difference if he did. He wanted to get out and carve his own fortune. He did not want to go to college as his father had planned he should do, in fact he did not like study anyway. Besides, his brother Jim was cross and hard to get along with, and Will made up his mind to leave one day soon. Still,

strong-hearted youth that he was, he had to brush away a tear when he thought of leaving his mother and little sister Nell.

One week from that day found the Holcomb family sad because one of the number was gone away, and Will was in the great busy city of Cincinnati. He was almost stupified by the noise and rush of the city, and the sense of loneliness that came over him can be imagined only by those who have found themselves in like circumstances. It was late in the afternoon of the third day since he left home, and most of his money was gone. For two days he had looked for a job, but they wanted experts, and Will knew how to do nothing well except to work on the farm. That was not worth much in Cincinnati. Yet his courage did not fail him for the strength of his native mountains helped him to plod resolutely on. Just before the day was over he called to see Thedford, Brown & Co., whose advertisement he had seen in the evening paper. Yes, they wanted a boy to sweep and dust the counters and put boxes back on the shelves, but they did not suppose work like that would suit him. But Will had reached the point where he was ready to do anything honorable, if only there was money in it.

He took his job next morning and did the best he could with it. That night he wrote home and told them he had found work and would soon be in good circumstances. At the end of a week the chief clerk asked him if he thought he could hold down a job behind the counter. Will of course took the offer with the corresponding raise in wages, and felt confident that success was not far in the future.

But fortune was not to smile long. Will had been in the store just one month when the clerks were all horrified one morning to learn that the safe had been robbed the night before. A thorough investigation was made, but no trace of the robber could be found. The safe had

not been blown open, someone had worked the combination. It surely must have been one of the clerks, so thought Mr. Brown, the manager. He called them all together and talked the matter over, but all was mystery. One man's face was pale and he fingered his watch chain nervously, but the other clerks did not notice it and Mr. Brown thought it was because of the great interest he was taking in the firm's affairs, for he was second head clerk.

It was given up as impossible to find out who the thief was, and the storm was about blown over. But one day this second head clerk, Richard Allen, with a sort of suspicious look in his eyes, asked the chief clerk what he thought of this new fellow Holcomb. He replied that he did not know, but he supposed Holcomb was all right; he had a rather honest look about him. Allen then remarked that he was pretty sure Holcomb knew the safe combination, and that it would not hurt to investigate. So it came about that suspicion settled on Will Holcomb.

Will was arrested and sent to prison to await his trial. What was he to do? He was innocent, surely he would not be found guilty; still, he could not dare to write home about his disgrace. He would soon be vindicated in court and they would never know anything about his trouble. Besides, they could do nothing to aid him, so he thought. So he wrote home as usual, saying that he was well, and told them nothing of his being in prison under the charge of theft.

Finally the day of trial came around. The evidence was all circumstantial, but the firm had left the case largely to the care of Allen, and he had everything arranged so as to prove quite conclusively that Will Holcomb took the money from Thedford, Brown & Co.'s safe. When the jury returned Will's heart began to beat faster. Then a silence came over the room, and he held his breath. "Guilty"—that was what the jury said.

Will's heart sank, his head began to whirl, and, as the sentence, "two years in the State prison," fell upon his ears, he dropped back in his seat unable to support himself longer. The good old judge brushed a mist from his eyes and the lawyers breathed a sigh of pity. But despair settled like thick gloom over Will's poor broken heart. Charged with crime, found guilty, doomed to suffer, and yet innocent! Ruin stared him in the face, nay, already held him in its deathlike grasp. Bitter, scalding tears ran down his cheeks, only a faint outshadowing of the terrible feeling of desolation within.

They led him back to the prison. Those damp loathsome walls were to hold him in a few days more and then he would be carried away to another place more hated still. The sting of disgrace pierced to the very bottom of his soul, and two years of it—it stretched out before him like a blank, barren waste. He was like a forsaken, shipwrecked man, stranded on a lonely, unknown shore, on one side of whom lay an angry, limitless ocean with no friendly sail in sight; while on the other side stretched the blistering sands of a desert broken only by a single oasis, the leaves of its trees withering, its waters bitter as those of Marah.

Perhaps the deepest pain Will felt was when he thought of those at home, those upon whom he had unwittingly brought disgrace. And what added to his bitterness was that he knew that they loved him, and would sympathize and try to help if they only knew. If they had hated him, he could have aroused a sort of grim defiance and despised his fortune only in order to show them what he could endure and yet be a man. But they loved him and yet knew nothing of his terrible misfortune, and Will could not let them know about it. He decided to deceive them by making them think him dead. On the day of his departure for the State prison he telegraphed his father that he was leaving Cincinnati for

the far West, and that he would write as soon as he reached his destination. They waited at home for news from him, but in vain.

Of his mother's tears and anxious hours, of his father's sleepless nights, of little Nell's eager childish questions about Will, we shall say nothing, for they are things too deep, too touching, too sacred to deal with here. And we shall let those long painful months in the damp cold prison, those days and nights of soul-rending grief and dark despair, rest likewise under a mantle of silence, for who could relate their story as they really were?

One day in September Will Holcomb walked out of the Ohio State prison. So different was he from the bright hopeful youth of two and a half years before that no one would have recognized him. The day was a splendid one, summer and autumn blended into one perfectly beautiful scene of brownish fields, of birds and flowers and fading leaves. But Will stepped out again into the world a sad, disappointed, ruined, desperate man. The world no longer thought of him as a man, it hated him. He had suffered terribly and had suffered for the villainy of another, yet men looked upon him as a criminal. It was no use trying to be a man now, he might as well give up the bright hopes he had had, and devote himself to the task of living out his miserable life—for he hoped for nothing but misery; he might have committed suicide, had it not been for the hope of revenge that now and then shot a look of anger across his countenance.

What was he to do? He knew not. Beg? He was still too proud for that. Work? He had not courage enough. He would set out over the country. Perhaps he would get to feeling more like himself, and something might come his way. At least a chance of some kind to work, enough to keep him alive, might present itself. So

Will started out he knew not whither, and soon the poor fellow was a common tramp. He roamed from state to state, beat his way on the trains, begged when he was hungry and had no money, stole when he could get nothing by begging, living, it may be imagined, as wretched a life as ever a man did. Three long, cheerless years he spent in this sort of aimless wandering, growing more and more bitter in his hatred of the world, more and more weary of all there is in life.

One day near the middle of December, late in the afternoon, he found himself within the bounds of his native State. Somehow the good name of Virginia sounded sweet to him. Somehow it brought a little sense of relief, a little sense of peace just to be once more among the hills and valleys of Old Virginia. That night he slept in a barn, as he usually did when it was his good fortune to find one he could steal into. Some way the hay felt restful to him, and he slept as he had not for many, many months. That night he dreamed of the old house among the oaks, of the quiet cosy rooms, of the joyous faces around the old fireside. It was Christmas time and every heart was brimful of holiday cheer. They sang a Christmas hymn and ate the Christmas dinner, and all was just as it had been in those happy years before he had gone away. He was a boy again and teased little Nell, and told his mother the stories of youth's bright dreams. Then he awoke. The cold gray of the dawn told him it was time for him to move on, lest he be discovered in his stolen quarters. But somehow he could not forget the dream. He could never go home in that plight, and still something seemed to guide his steps that way.

So day by day he drifted nearer and nearer his boyhood home, and day by day his thoughts were more and more of the happy days of long ago. He was beginning to forget the wrongs he had suffered, courage was be-

ginning to rise, and hope to dawn for the future. But it was yet the twilight. He was only conscious of a few faint glimmerings of light, nothing definite outlined itself before his vision.

On Christmas eve, a little after dark, Will came to a point from which his old home could be seen. It was one of those cold, snowy evenings in winter that chill one to the very heart. The snow lay in patches over the hills round about. The mountains in the west were solid sheets of white, the little brook in the meadow could not be heard, for its murmur was muffled under the ice. The moon was far in the west near the setting, yet it was light enough that Will could see that the old home stood amid the oaks and that the old farm looked much as it had in those bygone years.

As he stood in a corner of the old rail fence looking toward the house, the memories of a happy youth flooded his mind. Then came the day when he went away, and then—he became conscious of the sharp cutting, merciless winter wind, as he thought of his ruin and of the blasting of all his youthful aspirations, of the blighting of his manhood.

Then, shivering with the cold, he drew nearer the house. The light was burning brightly in the dining-room, and good old Aunt Emma was bringing in the evening meal. How natural it all looked! Was he dreaming again or was it real? He hardly knew. Then he walked around to the other side of the yard. The parlor was lighted, and a great wood fire burned cheerily on the hearth. Soon the door to the hall opened and the family all walked in. There was his father looking much the same, except for his gray hairs. His brother was quite a man now, a large, fine-looking fellow with the strength of the hills in his frame. And his mother —she looked old and worn; saddened, weighed down with much sorrow since he had seen her. Then a tall,

rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, wavy-haired girl of medium height came in. She went straight to the piano. Could Will believe his eyes? Was that really Nell? And then, as he looked at his mother with her sad sweet face, and at Nell so full of life and joy, a great lump filled his throat, and tears, the first he had shed in long months, filled his eyes. Nell struck the keys of the piano, and he brushed his tears away. Then they sang that Christmas hymn so familiar to Will in his boyhood:

"Come, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fear and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee."

As they sang it seemed his heart would break. The past, with its joys and its bitterness, swept across his vision, and left him standing there in the chill night alone. There was that home in its gentleness and sweetness and purity. Here he stood, a disgraced, wretched, embittered, ruined son. Gloom settled down upon him again, and he staggered away into the night. The wind sighed and shrieked among the bare trees, but it was not so cold and biting as the wave of despair that broke over his soul. The night was dark and lonely, but it was not so dark and desolate as the barren, unlit waste of his life.

Aimless, driven by his misery, he tramped through the snow, going he could not tell where. In about an hour, it seemed an age to him, he stood before a house near the village. It wore a familiar air, yes, here he had spent many happy hours. Here had lived Helen, the gentle girl that he loved in those other days. Months, possibly years it had been, since he had thought of her. Like a sweet angel-vision she came back to his memory. And on this most wretched Christmas eve of his life, he loved her still, and yet that deathlike, awful ache in his breast as he thought of what he was! He crept near a window. The blind was slightly open, and a little ray of light

trembled out into the darkness. There! There she stood, saddened, a little older, but more lovable than ever. O, the wild pulsings of poor Will's heart as he looked upon her face again! But, "Lost!" This was the word he muttered to himself. He saw her turn, she picked up an old, faded picture, and walked nearer the light. It was one he had given her just before he left. And a sad longing and disappointment filled her face as she looked at it. Then she sat down at the piano, and striking the keys very softly, she sang in a low, sweet voice, that simple little love song she had sung for him the last time he saw her before he went away, "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers." Will stood as one entranced. Suddenly she came to the window and cast one long wistful look out into the darkness. Will thought she looked at him, and a shiver ran through his body. She still remembered him then, and cared? Was there yet one in the world who would not despise him? He would then go away and make a man of himself and come again and claim Helen as his own.

Just then footsteps were heard. Will crouched beside a clump of rose bushes to hide himself. The door bell rang. Helen went to the door and was followed back into the room by a man. It was Will's old rival, George Wilson. Anyone could see they were lovers, and—yes, she was wearing the engagement ring.

Sick with this new disappointment, Will turned away and tears of pain and of sorrow for his own unworthiness blinded his eyes. Soon he stood in a field near the old school. The wind was rising higher, the snow was flying, the cold was terrible. The peaceful little valley became the scene of a storm. The wind shrieked and howled, and the biting blast drove fearful shivers through Will's frame. Yet, troubled and terrible as the night was, it was not so rent and storm-beaten as this man's soul. He sought shelter in a nearby barn. As he escaped from the

raging storm, a sense of comfort and still a little manhood stole over him. She still loved him, he was sure of that. But she was soon to wed another and in truth he was not worthy of her. And yet he might become worthy.

The dawn of Christmas day found Will Holcomb several miles from Maysville, tramping courageously back into the world where he might again become a man. In a little more than a week Helen received a note that told her that Will would come back some day and enjoined upon her the strictest secrecy with regard to him. And George Wilson wondered why she insisted on a postponement of their wedding day; later he knew why it never came.

* * * * * * * * * *

Two years from that time, on Christmas eve just at dark, a strange, well-dressed gentleman got off the train at the Maysville station. Nobody knew him, and many wondered who he might be. A little boy stepped up to him and said, "Evening paper, sir?" The gentleman took one just to please the boy, for he had refused to buy one on the train. In the dim light of the station he glanced at the headlines. One large heading read, "The Thedford, Brown & Co. Safe Mystery Cleared Up. Awful Mistake Made. Innocent Youth Suffered. Richard Allen Found to Be the Guilty One."

Will, for it was he, read no more, but with a smile of satisfaction, yet of sadness, started at once for home.

The stars shone brightly as he walked up the old road, and the crisp cool air made him feel like a boy again. He walked up into the yard and knocked on the door. . . .

When the good old farmer had wiped his eyes and cleared his voice, he said, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." His mother only

clasped him to her heart, she could not speak. Just then the piano sounded very gently, and the low sweet voice of Helen floated out into the hall, for she knew and was there that night. She was softly chanting:

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE'S "ODES AND EPODES;" ODE V., BOOK I.

BY EDWIN M'INTOSH.

Who is the boy so young and slender,
With love as sweet and pure and tender
As the wafted breath of a fresh-blown flower,
That burdens the breeze that blows through your bower?

Ah, poor lad, how little he guesses
That in the tangles of Phyrrha's tresses
Is deftly woven a treacherous net,
Nor is he the first for whom it was set.

Alas for the love that is today,
That tomorrow's mood doth drive away,
And leaves the heart a ruffled wind-blown sea,
That yesterday was all tranquility.

Ah, my boy, love her while yet you may;
Be happy and fancy-free today;
For tomorrow comes with the maxim old,
That all that glitters is indeed not gold.

My tablet hangs on the sacred wall,
And there bears witness for me to all,
That long since have I ceased to sail love's sea,
For whoever I loved was false to me.

THE PERVERSENESS OF ETHEL.

BY WALLACE CARSON.

The Christmas exams, always looked forward to with mixed feelings of pleasure and fear, had at last arrived and now we were in the midst of them. Jim Brent and I had been cramming chemistry all the evening. At last with a sigh of relief we finished the last chapter, laid aside our books, and sank deeper into our comfortable chairs before the warm coal fire, with the contentment that comes when one feels that he is "fixed" for any kind of an examination his professor may put up.

"Must be pretty late," said Jim, "what time is it?"

"Half past twelve," I answered, after fishing out my watch. "Let's go to bed."

"What would be the use?" Jim replied. "Think I could go to sleep on top of those four bottles of coca cola? Didn't you drink four, too?"

"Yes," I answered, "I didn't mean that I was sleepy. Thought I would just go to bed from force of habit, you know. I'm good for two hours yet. Say, Jim, do you suppose that Annie and Ethel are up, too, 'boning' on some of their exams, over yonder on the other hill?" And I blew a cloud of thick tobacco smoke up in the air, leaned back and watched a modest and thoughtful little face that always appeared there. The blue eyes smiled quietly, and the lips kept their half-serious, half-mocking expression, and—but in the dissolving cloud the face had faded away.

"No, I reckon not," said Jim, "unless they are taking part in some midnight feast, and I don't suppose they would do that during exams. Anything new between you and Ethel?"

"Not a thing," I answered. "Matters are at a standstill with us. Do you know, Jim, I never will understand how I lost my reason long enough to think I could

rush two girls in the same college. Why in this world I asked Katherine to wear one of my fraternity pins and expected Ethel to continue wearing the other is beyond me. And of course you know I did it more in fun than anything else, for I care nothing for Katharine, except as a friend. And Katherine vowed to me that she would not breathe a word to Ethel of what I told her. But, my goodness, I reckon I hadn't more than got out of the gate after calling on her that afternoon before she was in Ethel's room telling her the whole miserable story."

"Put not your faith in femininity," oracularly came from Jim.

"Oh, yes, I know all that," I cried, "but what simply kills me is that I was fool enough really to believe Katherine would not tell her. If the Lord and Ethel—but mostly Ethel, will just forgive me this time, I will never, never do it again."

"It is pretty bad," said Jim, "especially after rushing Ethel ever since you two have been in college, to break up in your Senior year. Then, too, it breaks up the 'Little Four,' and that is where Annie and I come in. We four have been such jolly good friends for the last three years that it would be a shame for our little club to fall to pieces in our Senior year, when we should, if ever, mean most to each other, for after next June we shall doubtless never come together again. Did Ethel say absolutely that it was all off and that explanations were not in order?"

"Did she? Well, I reckon," I remarked, rising and going over to my desk and pulling out a letter. "Here's the hope-inspiring little message she sent me when she learned that I had offered Katherine my fraternity pin. You will observe there is no sign of a salutation. Here goes:

"'This is to let you know that I am sending you by registered mail your fraternity pin, which, I assure you, it has been a pleasure to wear. Of course you understand my reasons for taking this step. Everything is off between us and explanations on your part are unnecessary.

Sincerely, ETHEL FRANKLIN.'"

"It's to the point all right," said Jim. "What did you do when you received it?

"What did I do!" I exclaimed, "why, I came very near fainting first; then I made some remarks about the ability of girls in general and one in particular to keep a secret, and finally wound up by writing Ethel a special delivery letter asking her to let me call and explain matters. But, what was the use, she never even answered it," and I savagely blew out another cloud of smoke and stared defiantly at the serious face looking at me with half-mocking, half-reproachful eyes.

"Cheer up, old boy," said Jim, "I have a little game on that will give you the opportunity you want to make those explanations."

"You have?" said I, sitting up and taking notice. "Will you please elucidate at once?"

"Not so fast, plenty of time," continued Jim. "You mustn't get excited here on the eve of a Senior examination. But my plan is this—Margaret, my sister, you know, has asked Annie and Ethel to spend the holidays with her down at our home and this afternoon she told me they had consented. Now, my plan is for you to go home with me and spend your Christmas vacation. Do you see the point, and will you go?"

"Jim," I exclaimed, and I saw visions ahead of me, "you are the best fellow I have seen in a cycle of years and I suppose I have seen a million. Will I accept? Well, just watch me. I see where the 'Little Four' will be once more a perfectly harmonious organization."

* * * * * * * * * *

The steady exhaust of the little gasoline engine pump-

ing up into the tower the day's water supply awakened me and I lazily turned over and saw that the sun was shining in at my east window.

"What a life this must be!" I thought to myself as I waited for the servant to bring up a pitcher of warm water before rising. "To live here in this great old colonial home with every convenience of a city, but with the crowd and the noise and the dust eliminated. And what a happy medium they have here; the best of the old and the best of the new. This old house, with its great rambling rooms and its tall white columns, the oaks and pine trees, the flower garden and the negro servants, is the best out of the old order; while that little gasoline engine down there and all it stands for is a type of the new progress and of science. Surely this is one of the chosen places and my hosts the chosen people. And then"—but at this point my reflections were interrupted by a negro servant appearing with a pitcher of warm water and announcing that breakfast would be served in thirty minutes, so I rolled out and dressed.

It was Sunday morning. For eight short happy days we visitors had enjoyed such hospitality as is nowhere possible except on these Southern plantations, revelling in every amusement and pleasure that the country afforded. Riding, driving, and hunting in the day, with music, conversation, and parties at night, had made the time pass all too quickly, for at least one of the 'Little Four.' Tomorrow would mark the last day of my visit, so Ethel had promised to drive with me this morning. As it was to be our last I was determined to make the best possible use of it. Either I would reinstate myself in her good graces or give up forever the unequal contest.

About ten o'clock our buggy was driven around to the front by one of the negroes and, with merry good-byes and a "good luck" from Jim, we were off. The morning

was fine and crisp, the air bracing and the sun gave promise of a day that would be pleasant and warm. Soon the house was lost to view behind the trees and only the cotton fields stretched endlessly away to the horizon. What a picture it made, this bright sunny morning, and it almost seemed as if we, too, were a part of it all—the horse, the buggy, and the beautiful girl by my side. She unquestionably made the picture more nearly perfect, for to me she was the very spirit of it all—this sunny Southland. Her soft, half-wavy chestnut hair, the serious lips and the smiling eyes that ever and anon glanced quickly at me, certainly made a picture in itself. But what mattered this, she was but a friend to me now and the picture she unconsciously made was mine no longer. Ethel had willingly listened to me justify my conduct with Katharine, but what of that? I was no farther along now than on the night Jim had invited me to visit him.

"What a glorious morning for a drive," I said, "and as this is to be our last ride together, I think the day very fitting. May I hope you will enjoy the morning as much as I?"

"Oh, of course I will enjoy it; you know I dearly love to take long drives, to see the fields and woods and houses along the road and to wonder what lies just beyond the next hill and then the next and the next, until you reach the end. Have you ever tried that? It is delightfully interesting."

"Is that all you look forward to this time?" I said, reproachfully. "I had hoped for better things from you, this time, at least. Now don't you think that to please me you might have said that you were going to enjoy riding with me?"

"You would not want me to say anything that was not absolutely true, even to please you, would you?" and she looked at me archly.

"No, I would not," I boldly replied. "That is just the point. Say what is true and I sincerely believe you will acknowledge that the drive will be a pleasant one, because I am with you, eh?"

"Don't be so sure, Mr. Irving. You will certainly not make our drive pleasant to me if you are going to talk that way," and the frown on her face almost overcame the smiling eyes.

"I implore your pardon, Ethel," I said contritely. "Of course I had no reason in the world to say that and, hereby retract the statement, word for word. I was wrong, too, and hard as it is to me to realize it, in the end I suppose I must acknowledge that you are no longer anything but a friend. You have listened to my explanations about the fraternity pin and Katherine. I have tried to show you it was in a spirit of fun that I asked her to wear it, and she knows as well as I that I care nothing for her and you know, too, that you are the one woman to me. I can only explain your attitude in this matter by believing that you have changed totally in your regard for me, and that you are no longer the little girl I once could claim as my own. Ethel, I give you up, reluctantly you know, but for all time. Tomorrow I return home. In all probability I shall not see very much of you this winter, for I shall be very busy and do not intend to go out very much. That it will be hard I know—but I shall bother you no longer with a subject that is distasteful to you. Do you see that holly on the left? And notice the berries, how red they are; how typical of the Christmas season it is!"

"What will you be so busy doing this winter?" said Ethel, paying no attention to my remark about the holly, and I felt that I had gained a point. I didn't know myself what I was going to be so busy doing during the winter; that had only been thrown in for effect; but I hastened to assure her that the many college activities

in which I had a part would require the major portion of my time, and seizing the opportunity she had given me, I proceeded to play my last and highest trump.

"Ethel," I began, "we have known each other so long and have been such good—ah, friends that I feel that I owe it to you under the present circumstances to tell you how much genuine pleasure there has been to me in knowing you, listening to you talk, and sometimes in just looking at you. When I have been with you a peculiar feeling of utter contentment has always stolen over me, making the hours spent with you the happiest that I shall ever look back on. At such times I have thought that to be with you always, to come to you at the close of each day and have forever the blessing of your presence in my home would be the fulfilment of my brightest dreams. In the hope of some day attaining this goal I suppose I have refused to look steadily into the future and see the folly of my quest, but lately, that is, since our unfortunate little difference, I have been thinking of it and now, as Kipling made the Walrus say, 'The time has come to talk of many things.' In a little while we shall have finished college and then the question looms up—what next? As I have often told you before, there are two courses open to me, both of which have their attractions. One is my intention of continuing my education after finishing Clifton, and eventually becoming a teacher, for to me that has always seemed the noblest and best of the professions. I have dreamed, and it was a pleasant dream of life on a college campus in the refining atmosphere of books and learning, among congenial friends and surroundings, how good it would be to work all morning in the classroom, if I could look forward to—say a tennis game with you in the afternoon or a quiet evening with you on the other side of the reading lamp. That life has its attractions, but it all hinges upon a certain 'if' that depends on you for a

solution. The other course is one offered me by my Uncle Henry in Nulato, Alaska. I don't believe I have ever told you of him before, for he went there years ago, in the first rush to the Klondike gold fields, and has been there ever since. He gradually drifted down the Yukon river until he reached Nulato. There he was fortunate, for he 'struck it rich,' being among the first to discover gold that far north, and now he has a paying mine of his own and interests in a number of others. He has never been home since going there, for he has always been busy with the mining, but sometimes he writes me—I am named for him and he always thought something of me—that he gets very lonely up there all alone and longs to see again the faces of those near and dear to him. He wants me, when I finish college, to come to Alaska, live with him, and go into the business with him. It is a fine opportunity and means an excellent beginning in life if I take it up, but of course it would alter all my present plans.

"There is a fascination to that life that appeals to me and has made me think twice before putting it aside. I have always loved outdoor life, hunting, camping and living close to nature, and there it would be an outdoor paradise. But always the hope that some day you would come to me for all time has made me hesitate and almost decide to remain here and continue my education. However, late events have shown me the hopelessness of my quest, and because it would be a barren life down here without you, I have decided to write my uncle that next summer I will join him in Nulato. I can never care for another woman as I do for you, and perhaps up there in the cold and the frost the warmth of my love will be chilled and I can learn to live without you and forget."

The sun had climbed high into the sky, driving before it the chill of the early morning air, and now it was very pleasant in the warm sunshine. Not a sound broke

the stillness of the peaceful morning except the slow grinding of the buggy wheels in the sand. Far ahead, a long fringe of trees marked where the river flowed and soon we would be at the bridge. Ethel had been silent all during my long discourse, ever and again glancing quickly up into my face as if searching for something there. Now in the serious eyes there was a troubled expression, and I could see that she was lost in thought. Finally we neared the bridge and, as I had thought of turning back here, I said, "Ethel, here is the bridge. Where shall I take you now, back home or further across the river?"

Slowly, very slowly, she turned to me, and the expression of doubt melted away in her eyes, while there came a soft new glow into them, that I had never seen there before, and there was a wonderful tenderness in the lips as they parted in a smile that made her face fairly radiant, as she leaned over ever so close to me and said in the little voice that is all her very own, "Henry, dear, you can take me to Nulato."

A PICTURE.

BY B.

The Christmas chimes
From far-off times
Ring in my ear
With notes of cheer.
They ring their notes of glad yule-tide,
The great fire-places open wide,
The yule-log burning slow,
The roasting apples sputtering in a row,
In the bright hearth glow
In the long ago.

FALSTAFF: THE DECAYED MAN OF GENIUS.

BY L.

To be able to comprehend fully the reasons for the failure of such a life as that of Sir John Falstaff, requires a deeper insight into human nature in general and a more careful study of the character under consideration, as well as a more accurate knowledge of the real essentials of a successful life than the present writer can profess to have. Yet, there are many facts that make evidence, even to the casual reader that such a failure is inevitable.

The first time that we make the acquaintance of the fat old knight is in the scene with the prince and Poins, just prior to the robbery at Gadshill. At once we get a glimpse into the character of the old rogue and his companions, and are inclined to feel repugnance toward them at the very moment in which we laugh at the cleverness and brilliant wit which are so characteristic of Sir John particularly.

We immediately perceive that morally the man has absolutely no virtue to recommend him to our favor, for he has broken and continues to break every law which is recognized as pertaining to men of decent, respectable character. He is entirely given over to his sensuous life, has no energy, is devoid of ambition, cares for nothing so much as a cup of sack and a cold capon. His physical appearance is a true index to the character of the man, for we read that he is "a huge hill of flesh," "as gross as a mountain," "a tun of man."

He has no sense of right and wrong, or at least if by any possible chance he may realize any such significance, he very effectually prevents his actions from being in the smallest degree influenced by it. He has absolutely no feeling of honor or shame, and no real affection, with the possible exception of that which he entertains for the prince; and even that, we are inclined

to believe, grows out of his desire for self-preservation and for an opportunity to gratify his evil propensities with impunity.

He and his thievish companions have not even the grace to be faithful and true to each other, but each in turn seeks to advance himself in the favor of the prince by throwing suspicion on the character of another. He never does anything without a reason, whether it be to undertake a fight or to speak the truth, which for him is a task even more difficult. These reasons, we will remember, are invariably personal and pertain to his own material benefit alone.

His wit is, of course, the one redeeming trait in his character and that itself is of such a type as to reveal the profligacy of the man. Notwithstanding the fact that Falstaff is always equal to the occasion with a jest to parry every imputation which may be cast upon him, no one is deceived as to his real qualities and moral depravity. Even he himself sometimes gives evidence of feeling some twinge of conscience and of regret for his condition. This, however, he quickly shakes off, presenting to public view only a dauntless, brilliant exterior, apparently undisturbed by any such troublesome appendage as a conscience.

Falstaff is a failure in the art of making steadfast friends. In no particular instance perhaps does he really exert himself to get a dominant influence over a person except in the case of a prince. He knows that his future welfare as well as his present security depends largely upon the attitude of the prince toward him; and, too, we like to think that here, at least, Falstaff feels a sincere affection, though he knows that he is influencing the young prince to his detriment. So we are rather inclined to pity the poor old outcast when the one being in whom he has so great confidence and from whom he expects so much finally denounces and banishes him; yet we can

but realize that the disaster is due to his own faults and ignorance of the motives actuating the prince.

At the outset, Falstaff impresses us as being above all things free from the influence of sordid cares and conventionalities which restrain other men of his rank in society, and yet we find that he is quick to claim his gentle birth and rank. We feel that though he is morally a failure, yet in the line of happiness and pleasure he is a supreme success. It would seem that his mirthful disposition and the gratification of his bodily wants are sufficient to render him perfectly contented.

But let us see if that be true. We have already stated that there were occasions when Falstaff realized in a slight degree the awfulness of his situation and the ultimate result of his wild career. Instead of being thereby impelled to change his course, he put the thought from him and lived all the more recklessly in order to get as much as possible from this life. This determination is revealed in his jests concerning his contract with Satan for the ownership of his soul.

"But when death comes to his bedside and says, 'To-day,' the old lifelong indifference vanishes like a dream and he who once spared neither heaven nor hell in his jests may now be heard calling in agony upon God to avert the doom that he had never doubted would one day be his." Realizing then, that he had such a knowledge before him, we see his life in a different light and understand now that "Falstaff was gay rather than happy," and that his whole previous life was merely the preparation for the last awful scene of it.

So from every standpoint it seems that as a character of real life Falstaff is a huge failure, though as a literary production he is one of the marvellous creations of all time. Every element of his nature is such as to predict and foreordain for him a disastrous end, and we cannot be surprised when such a fate overtakes him.

IN PACE REQUIESCAT.

BY R. BROWNING AND M. G. WILSON.

Now the calm of the night
And the moon's tender light
Take me back through the years
To her sad face so white
And the gleam of her tears,—
In her wealth of dark tresses a pure jasmine flower.
O the bitter-sweet pain of that last parting hour!

Once again the light breeze
'Neath the silent old trees
And that one last caress
As on reverent knees
Her soft hand I press,—
Never shrine was more holy than her garden bower
Nor an incense so rare as the breath of that flower.

Ah, the rapturous bliss
Of her pure angel-kiss!
And the thrill of her breath,—
Nay, no heaven but this,
Could I wake her from death,—
Yet how tender my dreams in a still twilight hour
As I place on her green grave the sweet jasmine flower.

CHARACTER SKETCHES HERE AND THERE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

"MR. STEPHEN ALEXANDER DAVIS."

BY G. M. D.

In my town—Roanoke Rapids, N. C.,—there is quite a character, who insists upon being called "Mr. Stephen Alexander Davis," but is better known as "Steve."

Steve is a white man, small and wizened, has a high forehead which overhangs deeply sunken eyes fringed by bristling lashes, wears his hair cut close to the scalp, and usually has a quarter-inch growth of sandy whiskers, which cover well his face and neck. Such is Steve's general appearance, and one seeing him for the first time immediately asks: "Who is he, and what about him?"

The first part of this question is very hard indeed to answer. No one seems to know just who Steve is, or where he came from, except that he dropped in one night, having come, as he says, from Tarboro on the rods of a freight car. At any rate, whoever he is, he seems to have fallen in love with the town, for he has been there several years, now.

Steve works in one of the cotton mills for a living—his work is taking full spools from certain machines, and supplying their places with empty ones, for which he is the proud recipient of seventy-five cents per day—but he lives to discuss religion, drink liquor, and preach. He is a good worker, and the foreman in whose department he is employed says he takes great pride in his work, and can be depended upon. Anyone seeing Steve behind his spool truck in the mill, will notice a vague dreamy expression in his eyes, and a slight nervousness in all his movements, but he does not attract unusual attention until Saturday afternoon; then he holds supreme sway.

From the time that Steve receives his envelope with his week's wages enclosed until he reaches the dispensary, he is crazy, absolutely wild. When he has at length

reached that desired destination, he buys a quart of the best his means will afford, has it put into two pint bottles, sticks a bottle into each hip pocket, and saunters out a changed man. He then sets out for Rosemary, a little community a mile away, "touching" one of his bottles every quarter-mile, or thereabout. By the time he reaches Rosemary he is in good preaching trim, and immediately begins his discourse to an audience usually awaiting him. He never reads his Bible before his hearers, he has no occasion to; his whole discourse is Scripture—and accurately quoted. If the weather is not too cold, his coat is laid aside, and both bottles are plainly seen, and with every gesture those who are nearest him can hear the "fiery fluid slosh." Steve doesn't think about this, however, he is lost in his subject. He preaches until his message is delivered; if, in the meantime, any or all of his hearers choose to leave, their departure is unnoticed. He never mentions money; he has never asked for a collection.

In my mind's eye I can see Steve now as he preached to a crowd of excursionists. It was about seven o'clock one bright June morning. The occasion was the annual Sunday school excursion to Virginia Beach. We were all waiting for the train to back in from Weldon, six miles distant, when it seemed to occur to Steve all at once that the occasion was a good one for a sermon. Steve was not going to Virginia Beach, he had another plan for his holiday. A crocus sack slung over his shoulder contained his jug, and he purposed to go over to Weldon on the train, get his jug filled with, as he expressed it, some of that "Harper likker," walk back, and spend the remainder of the day in general jubilee. It was Saturday; Steve had received his week's wages; dispensary goods now warmed his interior; his audience was before him; what more was needed? Only time. Steve seemed suddenly to realize that this would be his

only chance that day, so, without further ado, he made preparation for his discourse. I can see him now as he set his sack and jug down on the end of a cross-tie, laid his old slouch hat beside them, and began his homily, walking back and forth all the while. His crowd, numbering at least two hundred, was lined up on either bank of the railroad, and up and down the roadbed walked Steve, fervently preaching. He preached on in this way until the train came. He then got aboard with us, and went down to Weldon. When the train stopped, in plain sight of all those whom he had a few minutes before exhorted to "flee from the wrath to come," with his jug on his back, Steve struck a bee-line for the "Palace Saloon," and a farewell wave of his hand as he entered the door was the last we saw of him that day.

You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that upon entering the Rosemary Chapel on the following morning (Sunday) with the pastor, the first man I saw was Steve—but you see you don't know him. This was nothing unusual. Steve goes to church "fully tanked up" every Sunday morning; sits in the amen corner, but is perfectly harmless, and has never interrupted the speaker, although he punctuates the sermon very frequently and at regular intervals with loud and fervent "amens." On Monday morning he goes back to his work, and does not attract especial attention—unless he decides to discuss some grave political question—until the following Saturday, when he will deliver his weekly sermon.

Steve is familiar with his Bible, loves little children, is gentle and kind, and has never been known to hurt a living thing. He seems to have once had a certain degree of intellectual training, and is constantly voicing in a crude way some fundamental truth. Whether drink has touched his brain, we do not know, but certain it is that he is something more than an ordinary idiot.

ALFRED TRICE, THE WAIF.

BY S. F. P.

Though one may be hard-hearted, though one may travel from place to place and see the murdered man lying in his own lifeblood, though one may stand and see the trap fall from under the doomed man as he speaks his final words, though even one may go so far as to see the great wheels of one of our enormous locomotives crush the life out of a pure, innocent little child, and yet not murmur; there are but few who can stand and see, without feeling something within them which says perhaps he is better off, the small, black form of a poor, little, innocent waif, who has frozen to death, in a box in some secluded corner, as they remember the often-tossed nickels, at the request of "Whitefolks, gimme a nickel, please, sir."

The above thought struck me, as I was standing over the frozen body of a poor little colored waif early one morning, while on my way to work. He had been an orphan, ragged, penniless, and without the love of a mother and father. I could not help being impressed by the fact that though many of the early risers, who chanced to come that way were in a hurry, none dared to pass without coming and taking a glance at the remains of one whom they had seen upon the streets daily; at one whose daily smile was to them a source of inspiration; at one whose daily life was taken up in, "Cap, gimme a nickel, please, sir," and "Cap, whar's dat wood you want me to tote in?" Such a one was Alfred Trice, a poor little crippled, half-dressed, innocent, negro lad.

He has passed away, but his life and character are remembered by us all. From the mayor of the town to the street cleaner, he was known to all. His smile was to everyone inviting. His appearance was to everyone attractive. The butcher knew him, as he appeared early

each morning, for his pet dog Rip's breakfast from among the scraps and bones. The baker knew him by his hourly calls for errands. The quick-lunch man recognized him only by his frequent nickels passed over the counter for sandwiches. The town sports knew him as "Cripple Al," and there was hardly one in town who had not tossed a stray nickel or penny at him, in return having the pleasure of seeing him duck his head in some hole of cold, muddy water, standing on his head, or some similar performance.

Whether it was for running errands, carrying in wood, holding a horse, shining a pair of shoes, picking up a dropped article, or anything else, Alfred Trice was always present with his hat off, ready to receive any stray nickel which might be lying around. And though he was as black as the ace of spades, though he would borrow an apple as the confectioner's back was turned, though he would dig his way to the bottom of a trash-barrel if he thought there was a peanut there, he was loved by all who knew him.

And who would say, in the cool morning breeze, over his little body frozen to death, that the Almighty from whom all pardons come will not be lenient to this little black waif? Who will say that though his little black lips are closed in an everlasting silence, and that though we shall never see him face to face again in this world, we shall not meet him in a greater world beyond, where the poor little "Crippled Al" will have as much show as the wealthiest of men?

THE "BLUE MOON.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

A ten cent magazine bought I,
Mayhap a year ago;
And found therein a tale of love,
Of passion and of woe.

"The Blue Moon" was its caption and
So laid it on my mind,
That naught would I but that I must
Essay this tale to find.

In Munsey's then I sought this tale
And sought it longingly,—
Alas, alas, my eye found naught,
But "Back to Egg-O-See."

And haply as I scanned in haste,
The Red Book's pages choice,
Straightway found I that canine small,
That hears "His Master's Voice."

To Everybody's swift I turned,
No Blue Moon found I yet,
But literature like unto "Smoke
The Murad Cigarette."

Swift searched then the Argosy,
And oft my eye did meet,
With legends like unto this one,
"Have you tried Cream O' Wheat?"

And quick I turned me to McClure's,
And sought my lyric yet;
In vain, naught found I there but this,
"Shave always with Gillette."

And next I sought me Ainslee's out,
And prompt again fell martyr,

No azure Moon, but question bold,
D'ye wear the "Boston Garter?"

Full hastily the Blue Book then,
With patience born of heaven,
I searched and no Blue Moon found I,
But "Heinz's 57."

O Muses nine why should my Moon
And all the joy it means,
Persistently be lost instead
Of "Van Camp's Pork and Beans?"

O Cynthia, Goddess of the orb,
Think'st not it ill became us,
To lose my Moon 'stead of the stuff
"That Made Milwaukee Famous?"

CHRISTMAS.

BY SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

My mamma says that in the lands
Where heathen kings do rule,
They do not have to dress up nice
And go to Sunday-school.

They never wear such starchy clothes,
Nor shoes so tight and new,
Nor hateful catechisms learn—
I wish I were a heathen too!

But mamma says when Christmas comes,
And winds blow cold and wild,
The heathens have no Santa Claus—
I'm glad I'm not a heathen child!

THE OLD BRICK HOUSE.

BY W. T. BROTHERS.

Having for half an hour plodded my way through cornfields under the beating rays of a summer sun, I had no reluctancy in accepting the relief from the scorching heat offered by the thick branching limbs of a stately old oak that stands in front of what is known as Blackbeard's castle, or more commonly, as the Old Brick House. As I sat there enjoying the hospitable shade of this primeval tree I began to ponder upon some of the many legends and horrible stories I had so often heard regarding this old castle, which stands in a remarkable state of preservation as a monument to old Teach, better known as Blackbeard—the dreaded pirate of the colonial period of this country.

The old building is situated in the eastern part of North Carolina, about three miles above Elizabeth City; the gentle waters of the Pasquotank on the east slowly winding its way down to the Albemarle Sound, while a broad expanse of open land stretches, like a plain, away to the westward, giving it a background with but little of the romantic appearance. Still an indescribable weirdness seems to hover over the old house and the few trees that are still standing like aged sentinels around it. Its exterior presents nothing especially unusual—simply a one-story brick house with a deep basement. The wall of the basement about six feet above the surface of the earth and more, perhaps, beneath is built of rough huge stones. Upon this solid foundation of stone masonry is a one-story wall composed of red brick which Blackbeard either brought from England or captured on some of his piratical expeditions. But the most noticeable thing about the old building, perhaps, is the fact that a house of its size has only one door and two windows. From the east side of the house there is a hedge of evergreen,

running down to the bank of the river, and under this hedge is an underground subway or tunnel that leads into the otherwise non-enterable basement. Through this tunnel of the most substantial masonry, Blackbeard is said to have always entered with prisoners or piratical booty.

If to these few remarks be added the fact that the old place has remained unoccupied by any human occupants, even tramps preferring the open air to its shelter, since Blackbeard's time, the reader may be able to get some vague conception of the old haunt that has remained the nucleus of hundreds of weird and bloody stories. Stories which one generation after another has found delight in relating to the succeeding one.

Frequently, I had heard that people in passing the old house had been horrified by a great pandemonium of unearthly shrieks and screams, coming as they thought from the victims of the old pirate, whose cruel nature still found pleasure in torturing their wretched souls. Some claimed that it was once a common sight about sunset to see the blood, like the blazing lava of a volcano, gushing forth from the decapitated body of old Blackbeard, as it would happen to pass in view before a window. Others declared that in earlier days it was an ordinary thing of a night to see the front room of the old castle brilliantly lit up, while Teach, with blue and black ribbon twisted in his long black beard, sat surrounded by a half dozen or more of his beautiful captive girls.

As thus one story after another came trooping through my mind, instead of becoming frightened as is usually characteristic of me under such conditions, I became curious to examine the interior of this old house, from which all the furniture and the like had long before been removed; so that it now stood entirely void of any trace of human occupancy. In a moment or two I found

myself examining the blotches of blood upon the walls and floor of the room just mentioned, which, with the wear of the years, had become somewhat dim, yet none the less real. If faded it was still the substance, at least, of a once warm-flowing blood that had glowed in velvety cheeks, or surged through the iron veins of some noble, sturdy old seaman.

My curiosity being not yet satiated, I opened a door that led through a partition, which I afterwards found was composed of two brick walls about two feet apart, serving to divide the house equally into two parts. As I passed through the door, hot faintish currents struck against my face. Whether these gusts of steamy air were due to my collision with some of the spooks of the place or not I will leave for you to determine. After recovering myself from their sickening effects, I began to make a minute survey of every nook and corner in the room, into which one window, nearly overlaid with ivy, cast a dim ghostly light. Soon my eyes were attracted by a large panel in the wall of the partition, which indeed seemed to breathe in me a romantic feeling. I fancied that this panel, if not the real one that contained Poe's black cat, was at least its prototype. Removing it at last with considerable difficulty, due in part to my excitement, I hesitated a little before looking into the awful cavity, but my curiosity forced me on. Striking a match I began tremblingly to peer into dark Erebus with the full expectation of seeing a dozen or more skeletons rise up from their dusk and stand inquiringly before my eyes, but no such view presented itself. Only in my imagination did I even hear the pitiful mew of Poe's weird creation. Not a mouse or rat was seen or heard—doubtless they had long since been frightened away by the awful silence and gloom that everywhere pervades the old haunt. Instead of any of these things, I unfortunately discovered lying on the floor of the dun-

geon, some distance from the panel, a bright sphere-like lump, about the size of an ordinary dinner pot. I at once imagined that this could contain nothing else than the long sought for treasures of the old pirate.

If the reader has thus far followed my disconnected narrative with indifference and unbelief, he may be pardoned, but the rest of my story I would have him follow with complete credulity and sanctimonious seriousness, lest he frivolously, by his own unbelief, bring upon himself sometime such an awful experience as I shall now briefly try to relate.

As I said, unfortunately I discovered lying between the walls of the partition what I supposed to be a hidden treasure, and as you or anyone else would have done, I determined upon possessing it. Drawing myself up through the panel, I gave a strong swing toward the desired object, and struck within a few feet of it. As I stepped nearer the ball, it began to expand and revolve, and to grow brighter and brighter until it glowed like the inside of a furnace. Disregarding the fact that the light and heat was becoming rather uncomfortable, I would now have swung myself out with three times the energy I had used in coming in, but my limbs refused to move and I stood motionless and voiceless. The ball, however, continued to expand, finally assuming the shape of an enormous eye, but ever emitting more and more its glowing heat. I remembered having heard certain superstitious people speak of seeing unearthly things at night with eyes as big as saucers, but surely never before was mortal confronted and held by the piercing glare of an eye, whose periphery equaled that of a small sized hogshead. Fixing its infernal glow upon my eyes, it began gradually to sink through the floor, while I began by some magnetic force to be drawn after it, until all my muscles and will power being completely

overcome by this tremendous magnetism, I unconsciously fell headlong into its wake.

How long I remained in this unconscious condition I have never exactly found out, but I am sure not more than fifteen or sixteen hours. Through what gloomy space I fell, and by what stygian streams the great eye of fire drew me, the reader may conjecture for himself. I shall simply continue to relate, as best I may in a few words, the rest of my conscious experience while in this haunted place.

Unreal as it may seem I did become conscious again, and found myself lying on a damp stone floor with darkness visible everywhere, and so thick that breathing was almost an impossibility. Let no one attempt to imagine the fearful thoughts that ran rampant through my mind until I knew not whether I was myself or my ghost. Feeling certain that I had fallen to the bottom pit of Hades, yet I was afraid to move an inch lest, perchance, there still might be even a lower region into which I would run the risk of tumbling.

Thus I lay shuddering, and thinking thoughts no mortal ever dared think before, when a glorious and mysterious light broke upon me, and I saw a beautiful girl with a white garment wrapped about her, and a jeweled chain sparkling from her neck, extending her soft delicate hand toward me. For a few moments I hesitated to accept the proffered hand. She, seeing my embarrassment, reached down and taking me by my hand, said with the most musical voice that ever fell upon human ear, "You must follow me. I will assist you out of this dark chamber of death."

Having risen to my feet, my heavenly rescuer gently released my hand, and began to remove a bolt from a door at our right. In the meantime, I was making a hasty survey of the stone walls of the little closet-like room in which we were located, and indulging my curi-

osity over the small dark-reddish stalactites that hung glittering from the ceiling, about twelve feet above. She, seeing my curiosity, remarked, "We shall have to pass through several rooms, and you will see many ghastly sights, but do not be frightened, and by all means ask no questions, otherwise my efforts to assist you from this place will be in vain." So saying, she opened the door and I followed her into the adjoining apartment, when, may heaven forbid that I shall ever behold such a sight again, a dozen or more long, gaunt skeletons, the embodiment of all the horror of the word, sat at what seemed a table suspended in the air, with plates, knives and forks upon it. They did not look up at us at all, but continued to work their jawbones and skeleton arms in a motion as if really partaking of a delicious repast.

My guide led straight ahead into another room; entering which it seemed that I could hear a wild, weird music, but from whence it came I knew not. Turning to me, this lovely being said, "Wait here only a few moments and I will join you again." But before the sentence was completed, she disappeared like vapor, before my eyes, and I was swallowed up in unutterable darkness again, while the strange music continued. Presently the darkness, as it had the first time, began to be dispelled and my companion reappeared, holding a wand in her hand. Passing through the door into a third room, I discovered the source of the music that had been falling upon my ears. In the middle of the room a girl, more beautiful, if possible, than my guide, and a skeleton were dancing together to the music that flowed wildly from the peculiar stringed instruments of a half dozen skeletons, who sat in the opposite corner of the room. Behind this band of musical infernals sat, upon a raised pedestal, their chief, a skeleton similar to the others, but with a large head that absolutely beggars description. In the middle of this head was a huge eye,

which, as it turned upon me, began to roll in its socket, and to expand until it popped out and revolved like a wheel in space before me. My guardian, stepping forth, waved her wand and the eye immediately contracted and recoiled back into its socket.

The dancing and the music in the meantime had ceased, and we were left free to pursue our course. Passing from this scene we came into a narrow passage, from the walls of which a stone here and there had fallen out and lay, a stumbling block, upon the floor. As we continued on, my leader going ahead, her form seemed to cast a less brilliant light; at every step her outline became more and more dim until it finally disappeared completely, and I beheld in its stead once more the beautiful light of the morning sun as it glittered upon the smooth water of the Pasquotank.

Regarding the interior of the Old Brick House I have never felt any more curiosity.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CONVERSATION OF THE USUAL TYPE.

We believe there are few, if indeed any, who will not experience a feeling of regret on thinking of the topics of most of the conversation that goes on around the campus. College men are men who are supposed at least to live in a sort of intellectual atmosphere; whose minds are expected to be occupied with things above ordinary gossip. We think that the ordinary man of the world, especially if he be a man of literary or academic interests, would suffer decided disillusionment, if he should happen to find himself in a crowd of men such as often gathers in the college halls and in our rooms. Most of the discussion he would hear would be concerning the latest thing in football or baseball circles; about the three-base hit that Bill Jones made last ball season; of how some fellow cleverly worked a professor; of the last musical comedy that was in town, or of the difference in quality between White Rolls and Piedmont cigarettes.

Now, we believe in a certain amount of good lively gossip, and we do not want to find fault too much, for no one would be so foolish as to attempt to make a lot of spirited college youths into an aggregation of "dryasdusts." We believe in fun and plenty of it, and in all sorts of wholesome diversion and plenty of that, but we

think it is certain that there is too little intellectual comradeship among the student body. Why should there not be reading clubs and current topics clubs, especially a club where the best in current literature may be intelligently discussed? Or, if we do not desire organized clubs, why not try to cultivate a little more taste for things really educational by wider reading and more general conversation of a higher type? Why not rise now and then above the flow of common gossip and contribute at least a little to the cultivation of a truly intellectual spirit in our midst? We do not hope to revolutionize the course of things in a few days or by a few words on the subject, but it does seem that we are sadly thoughtless in respect to the things we talk about and seem to be most interested in.

In this connection we note with pleasure the work of the Science Club. This is an organization that most of us seem to look upon as indeed an affair of secondary importance, and a majority of the students, it would be safe to say, have never attended a meeting and know next to nothing of what sort of things are discussed among its members. It seems that there could be few things more interesting to the man who expects to be educated all round than to know something at least of what science is doing for modern life. Many of us would be astounded to know what progress is really being made and no one will for one moment deny that we ought to know; and yet we allow this easy means of getting a fair knowledge of mechanical and scientific development to pass unnoticed, while we entertain ourselves smoking and carrying on purposeless talk about things of the utmost insignificance. We need "the seeing eye and the hearing ear"—and a good solid thought or two occasionally.

And then, even the sort of talking we do is in sadly mutilated English. A race that has so beautiful and

expressive a language as we English-speaking people have, ought to feel most deeply humiliated at hearing our unpardonable vulgarisms and our execrable outragings of syntax. It is so easy to drift with the crowd and let the standard of our speech be fixed by those who think not and care not—but are there not some who feel at once the reasonableness of our lament?

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Christmas joy is almost here; we already begin to feel it. Christmas, the time of home-going—may it bring to each of us its fullness of simplest, sweetest pleasures; and, too, may our memories go back to that first Christmas night and linger there awhile.

"Christmas, the dearest holiday of the heart, is the one day when we do the simple human things,—the loving kindnesses which we ought to be doing every day in the year. For one twenty-four hours at Christmas we live as we pray, and practice the tender virtues, the only virtues in which we are to be examined at the Last Day; we visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the afflicted. We seem to realize for a bright, fleet period that sharing, not hoarding, is the law of life—that joy is a duty, a thing to be lived in one's own life and to be passed on and made possible in other lives."—*Edwin Markham.*

ELISE MIMS, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

On the 17th of this month the celebration of the centenary of Whittier's birth will take place and the Riverside Press brings forth a unique little volume, "John Greenleaf Whittier," for the occasion. Bliss Perry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, furnishes an introductory sketch of the poet's life, which is a "masterly miniature in 32 pages." Our attention is chiefly directed to the influences which formed the man and shaped his poetry. The greater part of the book contains twenty of Whittier's poems selected for their bearing on his life, his country boyhood, the political and social stress of his mid-career, and the devout resting and waiting of his later life.

In the Atlantic Monthly for December, Mr. Perry has an article, "Whittier for Today," in which he brings out the loyalty of the poet to his country. He tells us that Whittier inherited a love of freedom as an abstract notion, "the faith in which my father stood," and a corresponding hatred of kingcraft and priestcraft. To him the battle of American Slavery was "but one phase of the long humanitarian campaign against world wide injustice," and through his poetry the better aspirations of the century were brought into contact with the American conscience. Whittier's opinions on slavery and on international peace were unmistakably right and time has done much to justify his faith. "Controversy made

him a poet, but his abiding claim upon the remembrance of his countrymen may yet be found to be in the wistful tenderness, the childlike simplicity with which he turned to the other world."

Charles Eliot Norton, "the soldier in the army of letters," finds himself more and more highly honored each year, and on Saturday, November 16, his 80th birthday was celebrated. Friendly greetings by voice and by letter and a beautifully engrossed address from the Ruskin Society made the day the crown of his years. This commemoration gives us the occasion for surveying a career which has been unique in American life. As a teacher and as a critic his services have been great. He has been the companion of the élite of two generations; with Emerson, Longfellow, Carlyle, Lowell, Ruskin, and Curtis—and with his juniors from Mr. Howells and Mr. James down to the young undergraduates of today. By shunning publicity Professor Norton has shed his influence on thousands and has won the respect and admiration of all.

The December number of the Outlook has some very interesting articles in it, among which are three under one subject, "Literature or Life." The first is by Edward Everett Hale, the second by J. T. Trowbridge, and the last by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. These men were asked by the Outlook to express their views on the question—"Is it not possible that in periods of such intense activity the daily story of fact may take the place, to a certain extent, of the serial story of imagination? Is it not possible that there may be at times a rivalry, in this sense, between literature and life?" Charles S. Olcott has an intensely interesting article, "Real Life in George Eliot's Novels," with numerous illustrations of "South Farm," George Eliot's birthplace, and of the different scenes in all her novels.

A new story about Eben Holden, by Irving Bacheller, shows him as grown old in body, but with no abatement of wit. A summer day spent in fishing brings out his old humorous philosophy and a Christmas day adds a subtle touch of pathos. "Eben Holden's Last Day a-Fishing," was full of memories and good stories. He scouted the idea that death is a curse. It is a blessing. "My body don't fit my spirit—that's what's the matter. Got to go an' have my measure took and throw away the old suit—suthin' stouter-wove and han'somer and more durable—suthin' fit for a man. I'm goin' to hev it; call that a curse?"

"'Mam Linda" is a story of the South under present conditions. The author, Will N. Harben, manages the love story well, and the whole picture of social and political manners in Georgia impresses one as true to life.

F. Marion Crawford has a charming Christmas story which came from the press very recently, and which is called "The Little City of Hope." It is a story of the old time Christmas flavor and sentiment and contributes much to the cheering of the heart.

Longfellow's sonnets have long been recognized as being the finest body of sonnets in American literature, and we have a collection of them arranged and edited by Mr. Ferris Greenslet. All of the Personal Sonnets, those inspired by natural beauty and those dealing with the life of letters, are included.

"The Hanging of the Crane," by Longfellow, has never been given so delightful a setting as in the present holiday edition. There are twelve exquisite illustrations in color from paintings by Arthur I. Keller and these reflect perfectly the sentiment of the lines and give an added interest from having as a background the Craigie

House at Cambridge, "where the poet hung his own crane in 1843."

"Hiawatha" the great epic of the American Indian, has also been issued in an edition illustrated by Frederic Remington, who is considered the greatest living artist of Indian life.

"The Boys of the Old Glee Club" is a new poem by James Whitcomb Riley, and is the first poem of length in recent years from the pen of the most famous living American poet. It tells the dramatic story of "the boys" who sang in the old glee club of a hoosier town. The homely humorous speech of the narrator and the warm humanity will give the poem an abiding place in the hearts of the nation.

"Uncle Remus's Magazine" is a publication with an individuality. Its tone is characteristic and each number shows an advance in the high quality of its contents. Of course Joel Chandler Harris—the original and only Uncle Remus,—is the editor and it is a good thing for the rest of us that Uncle Remus and his comrades have decided to spread themselves abroad month by month in this new periodical. The December number is full of interesting stories and poems, by the editor and others. The most striking story is "Miss Little Sally," by Mr. Harris. In "Uncle Remus Addresses the Wind" we have some very amusing lines:

"It's gitten' close to Chris'mus,
Wid de chillun feelin' spry,
An' here you come wid yo' rippit
A-blowin' san' in der eye,
An' tryin' 'ter drive ol' Santy
'Way off ter de Bye an' Bye,
An' leave de empty stockin's
A-hangin' high and dry!
Des stop an' tell me, please, sah,
Whar wuz you last July?
De 9 er last July?

* * * * * *

"Brer Wind, please stop an' lissen—
An' heed my Chris'mus cry,
Quit cuttin' up yo' capers
Under de wide blue sky!
You hear dem chillun singin'?
Well, you better min' yo' eye,
Des save yo' strenk fer summer
An' don't fergit fer ter try
An' wake us up and cool us
Sometime in hot July—
De 9 er next July!"

GILMER KORNER, JR., - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Junior class number of The William Jewell Student is full of sound reading matter, being enlivened by only two short stories—albeit these two short stories, "Things Are Not Always What They Seem," and "Fifty Year's Gatherin's," are very good. In "The Crescent City: Its Historical Importance," the writer has set himself to the very laudable task of setting forth some very important facts about our famous old Southern city. When "The Mecklenburg Declaration" was reached we paused, for this is a subject dear to every "Tar Heel." The writer has dealt "roundly" with us, for which we are grateful. He neither affirms nor denies, and while we are forced to the admission that our 20th of May Declaration is as yet not accurately proved, yet we are still at work and will be until we have either firmly established its authority or found it unquestionably false. "Class Spirit" is worthy admonition, which almost any college may take to itself. The title of "The Need of a Parcels Post in the United States" explains itself. This article is a careful treatment of the favorable side of this question, and we heartily concur in the writer's opinion of the need of the parcels post. "Turning the Stream" deals with the question of immigration and is well worthy of consideration. "Opportunity" is an optimistic outlook on the young-man-of-today's future. "The Strong Men Believe in Cause and Effect" is a forceful treatment of the principle of cause and effect. The

poetry of the number is very good. We note the consistency of The Student in dealing with the proverbial "little nonsense." It is wholly devoid of humor.

The September issue of the Wake Forest Student has only reached us since our last issue, but we turn back to commend this number most strongly. To a student of North Carolina history this is of special interest and value. "The Development of Baptist Coöperation in North Carolina" outlines the way in which the various early divisions of the Baptists were united in the early part of the last century. The minutes of the North Carolina Senecal Meeting and of the Baptist Society for Foreign Missions are of historical value and show much research work and a careful consideration of the subject. As a historical number The Student is quite praiseworthy.

We are glad at last to welcome the College Message to our table. We always extend the glad hand to the representative of our sister college. The creative work in this issue is very good indeed, for both "The Dream Girl" and "Mollie's Bide-a-Wee" are quite clever and show a good creative imagination. The latter story is of a girl who set out in life to follow a passionless ideal, and in doing so mistakes the feelings of her own heart. She is "like a sister" to the fellow who loves her, but refuses to become anything else to him. But the God of Chance showed her that very night the true condition of her feelings by a terrible accident in which the life of Joe was almost lost. And while he is still helpless he sees the now awakened "love-light" in the eyes of his beloved. "The Dream Girl" is also the story of the pursuit of an "ideal," which the hero saw on a train. In this case also it almost took the life of a loved one to reconcile unkind fate in the form of the uncompromising father of the "ideal."

"Ralph Waldo Emerson" and "Washington Irving" are short biographical sketches, resembling very much daily classwork themes. They would be of more literary value if the subjects were treated more exhaustively. "Two Pictures" is a poem of the fine sentiment which lingers in the heart of all mankind for the old childhood home. The "Prophecy of the Class '07" follows closely the ordinary type of such productions and of course is only of local interest. The number as a whole is a local one, but we note the editorial comment thereon and would say that this is quite excusable, for it is of considerable interest.

We welcome with pleasure the following: Converse Concept, William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Acorn, Davidson College Magazine, Guilford Collegian, State Normal Magazine, University of Virginia Magazine, Red and White, The Mercerian, The Erskinian, Southwestern University Magazine, Furman Echo, The Haverfordian, Wake Forest Student, Emory Phœnix, Ouachita Ripples, The Buff and Blue, The X-Ray, The Carolinian (University of South Carolina), The Andrew College Journal, The Clemson College Chronicle, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Vanderbilt Observer.

1845 **1907**

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

Newark, New Jersey

Offers Especially Attractive Policies to Students

The Mutual Benefit is known in Insurance Circles as

The Leading Annual Dividend Company

of the World

No Stockholders. Insurance Furnished at Cost. No Tontine or Deferred Dividend Accumulations to be Forfeited in Case of Death or Default in Premium Payments.

Conspicuous for *Economy* and *Large Returns to Policyholders in Proportion to Payments by Them.*

Premium Receipts Since Organization in 1845, - -	$295,128,536.22
Returned to Policyholders (Policy Claims, Dividends and Surrender Values), - - - - - - -	239,340,665.25
Accumulated for Policyholders' Future Benefit, -	105,589,918.10
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - -	7,770,399.70

Insure Through a Student

Wm. V. McRae

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1908.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER,
MAY WRENN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BEDFORD BROWN—II., 1859-1868.

The second installment of the political correspondence of Hon. Bedford Brown is here given, the first having been published in Series VI of the Historical Papers. It is intended to supplement these letters in a future number by a study of Mr. Brown's political career.

WM. K. BOYD.

Matt W. Ransom to Brown.

Raleigh,
Jany 17th 1859.

My dear Sir,

In returning you the letters which you have done me the honor to permit to read, I can not refrain from expressing the high gratification which your kindness has afforded me. I find it difficult to explain the many emotions of pleasure which I felt on reading those beautiful sentiments of friendship and esteem which have been left you by the first men of this age, and I can not deny the fact that as a North Carolinian I was proud of the place which one of her favorite sons held in the judgment and affections of his noble peers, and I was yet prouder that I had been distinguished by you as one worthy to be trusted with and disposed to appreciate these cherished treasures. Among the many happy incidents of my intercourse with you nothing has given me so pure a pleasure as this simple evidence of regard, and it is not a form, when I assure you, that I shall always remember it with a gratitude as sincere as it will be full of pleasant appreciation.

The generation of great men with whom it was your fortune to be associated with in the National Councils is fast passing away and it is the second duty of those to whom they left the best lessons of patriotism to preserve with filial tenderness every memorial of their wisdom and virtue. It will be a gratification to me to possess something connected with the illustrious worthies whose confidence you enjoyed and I have taken the liberty, which I know you would pardon, of keeping copies of the letters. I desire to have something by me to show that one, who must be pardoned for saying that he is one of the nearest relatives of Macon and has always been honored by the attachment of Edwards, had the

happiness and the worth to secure the confidence, if not the admiration of their true and ever valued friend, and their able and faithful co-laborer in the great cause of the "Rights of the States."

I trust, Sir, that it will be some gratification to you to know that with the younger men of the generation you hold (retain) the same unblemished fame and excite the same attachment and cordial association which you enjoyed with King and Dallas in what I pray may not prove the best days of the Republic.

It is with a deep and ardent wish to see you long in the service of your beloved State and I hope that it may be my good fortune to retain and heighten the esteem which I now feel you honor me with.

I am with highest regard

Your friend,

M. W. Ransom.

Hon. Bedford Brown.

Senate Chamber.

D. S. Dickinson to Brown.

Binghamton

June 6, 1860

My dear Govr

Your esteemed favor of the 30th has just reached me, and I hasten to acknowledge your kindness in writing me. But for a heavy press of calls and correspondence, I should have acknowledged the high sense I entertained of your generous partiality for me at Charleston, though I could only have said what I say now, and what I said to friends who assured me of your friendship, that I could only return you the warm tribute of a grateful heart:—an honor which will be remembered and appreciated, whether in the quiet walk of retirement or in the public employment.

We have fallen, my Dear Sir, upon evil times, and it will require our best energies to rise above the influences that threaten us. It does not become me to speak of rival candidates, and I will not. True, it is the first time in the history of the country, when the minority and doubtful states have insisted upon forcing a single candidate out of a large number, upon majority states to the point of disruption.

For myself I have not sought the place and will not decline it. It is conceded by all intelligent men, I believe, that I could carry the state without question if nominated, and which, acting under leadership which they find it difficult to cast off suddenly, a majority of our delegation have thus far voted against me. I know it is the sentiment of the democracy and other conservative sentiment, that I should be nominated, and I believe, released from the associations which leadership imposes, a decided majority of the delegation prefer me. I am thrice repaid for all the pains and penalties of public life in which you can so deeply sympathize in the generous public sentiments which greet me on every hand and from distant states of the confederacy.

We can save the party, the country and the constitution but we shall have no child's play. We must adopt no machinery—enter upon no experiments. The country demands and must have a well known man—known in the council of the nation. Not merely one who can make a speech or write a letter but one who has been tested and has given some evidence beyond that of sun shine (pattern) of fairness and fitness. If I am not such an one, I pray do not let me be nominated; for no other one can be elected and none other should be.

In case of a scramble in the convention at Baltimore, —a thing I fear too probable, the nominee put forth by the Southern States, should be carefully chosen. *He.*

with Bell and Lincoln would most probably go with the House, and if an old line conservative democrat, would most likely be chosen. Hastily but

Sincerely Yrs

D. S. Dickinson

Hon Bedford Brown.

A. Ward to Brown.

Sing Sing N. Y. June 7 60.

My dear friend

I am in the receipt of your favr of the 30th ultimo and hasten to say to you that I concur in opinion with you in every thing you have so ably and eloquently said. It will not do to have Douglas and yet I fear he and his friends will insist on a nomination and if he does not succeed at Baltimore he will be put in nomination by his northwestern friends.

I am sorry to say that a majority of our delegates are of the old freesoil stamp and I fear they will continue to cast their votes for Douglas altho I have heard that Mr. Corning of Albany says there will be a change in their vote. If Dickinson is put in nomination we will carry this State for him. I have sent your letter to him. He is a grateful man and will fully appreciate your kind feelings. I will, if in health, hope to meet you in Baltimore.

I am with sentiments of esteem and respect

Your sincere and devoted friend

A. Ward.

Hon Bedford Brown.

Van Buren to Theodore Miller.

Lindenwald,
June 11, 1860.

My dear Mr. Miller

Did you make the acquaintance of Bedford Brown of N. Carolina, at Charleston? If you did not let me advise you to do so without fail at Baltimore. He is without exception one of the best and truest specimens of the old Republican school now left in the country, an old and constant friend of Genl Jackson and my own, one on whom as much as any other man, we relied for support of our respective administrations in the Senate of the U. States. He has been Gov of his State, and represented it for two terms in the Senate;* I never knew him to be a candidate for office nor the time when we had any reason to believe that he would accept one or we would have been most happy to offer it to him. I at least would think the country fortunate to get such a man for the office of President or Vice President. Mr. Wright loved him as a brother and thought as much of his talents and his unsurpassed integrity as I have always done.

Please say to him that the responsibility of his not receiving a reply to his letter to my son John rests with me and the money he shall have in good time. I however caused it to be (read) to Messrs. (Aager) and company by Smith and them to understand the character of its writer. Present me kindly to him and also Mr. Edwards of the same State if he is with you. Accept my best wishes for a safe deliverance and believe me as ever

Your friend
M. VanBuren.

Theodore Miller Esq.

---

*Van Buren makes a mistake. Mr. Brown was never Governor of North Carolina. He was twice elected to the United States Senate.—W. K. B.

J. Spear Smith to Brown.

Baltimore 25th Jany: 1861

I have just received your speech of December last and have read it with infinite satisfaction. In these days of dereliction from duty, it affords me sincere pleasure to know that one whom I have long held in the highest estimation, still clings to those principles which have made us a potential member of the family of nations.

You say you "are certain that an immense, an overwhelming majority of the people of the slave-holding states, desired most anxiously a safe and honorable settlement of these differences in the Union—if possible."

I hope this is so and coming from so well informed a statesman I ought to give it full credence. But, when I look around and see how coldly the Southern members of Congress, with few exceptions, receive the various propositions of adjustment, I cannot help feeling painful doubts. It seems to me that, these gentlemen are perfectly indifferent, whether any of these propositions be doomed to failure, or to success. They must not however fairly represent the opinions of their constituents, and from what we have witnessed, I greatly fear that the opinions of the people cannot be fully and fairly obtained for any purpose however grave. They are blinded in a whirlwind of passion, excitement, and enthusiasm. With no one to fight they are preparing like the poor knight of La Manchon, to fight even windmills And thus lashed up into the fury of fanaticism, they go and vote headlong, for their own destruction, designing stimulations ministering to, and driving them on in their impetuosity.

I have become so distrustful of all men and all parties that my thoughts wander into a more gloomy path than yours. These lead me to think, that this fearful disunion has been long, and maturely planned. Its plot-

ters are able, artful, and indefatigable. They looked far ahead to their good, never lost sight of it, and turned every incident to good account, for its attainment. Hating the Union, they yet pretended to love it so as not too abruptly, to shock the sentiment of the people. In the meantime, they availed themselves of every opportunity for uprooting that sentiment by inflaming the popular mind with indignation at every taunt or threat of the North. Idle words of passion, of fanaticism, or of stump oratory, were blasoned forth as subversive of slavery. Bad and infamous as was such language, it was entitled only, to scorn and defiance. Scorn, for their unfriendliness, defiance for their impotency.

These plotters are too intelligent, not to know that the personal liberty bills, when unconstitutional, were a nullity, and subject for the Sword of Justice and not for that of the soldier. They knew the Supreme Court would decide them so to be, and the instances, in which the Federal Law had failed to restore the fugitive, were few or none, whilst the restorations were numerous. It is true, there have been occasional mobs, but where is the country in which there are no outbreaks of this sort?

They knew too, that no Southern right has once been violated by the Federal Government—that in every foot of territory adapted to slave labour, there it would go, and no earthly power could prevent it—that the constitution could not be so altered as to endanger the slave interest—that it is a physical impossibility, as there is not public domain enough, to create such a number of free states, as by a two thirds vote to bear down, the fifteen slave states.

Now with these obvious truths before us, what other construction can I give to the course of these men, but that of a fixed determination to break up the Union? It may be asked, why? The best answer for them, is insanity. Though one might without any great ill nature

trace it to motives of the worst character, but I cannot think of presenting to you, so hideous a tableau.

You may be assured that Maryland will hold her present position, until every effort has failed to accomplish a proper settlement. Most of the Border States seem to demand something of the Govt, tho in my humble opinion the constitution of the U. S. gives the largest guarantee for all our rights. To this great protective instrument, they should firmly adhere. If hereafter, an attempt should be made to interfere with the transfer of slave property into a territory, adapted to it, it will be time enough to sever the ties that bind us together. So likewise in regard to slavery in the District of Columbia, to the interior traffic, or the fugitives.

Still, I think something should be done if for no other reason to afford the desired satisfaction—to calm the apprehensions of women and children, and to restore those fraternal relations, so indispensable to a happy union of so many states.

With the greatest respect, I am My Dear Sir, your obtd. svt. and friend

J Spear Smith

Hon: Bedford Brown.

L. I. Brown to Bedford Brown.*

U. S. Steamer San Jacinto
Off the Congo, W. Coast of Africa
At Sea, Feb 13th 1861.

My dear Uncle,

Supposing that my father has from time to time kept you advised respecting myself, since leaving America, I have been induced to allow quite too long

*This letter is a personal one. It is, however, published on account of its historic associations. It will be remembered that a few months after this letter was written, on November 8, 1861, the *San Jacinto* overhauled the British mail steamer *Trent*, one day out from Havana, and took from her Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Confederate Commissioners to Great Britain and France.

a time to elapse without carrying out a desire which I have often felt—to write to you. Not that I suppose I can say anything respecting this remote and benighted country that will interest you—but because duty and inclination prompt me to do so—and because I feel well assured that you will be gratified to hear from me. I have often had the gratification to hear from you through letters which I have received from Washington and elsewhere,—and have also not unfrequently seen your name in the newspapers that have been forwarded to me, as taking part in the recent National canvass and through all of these sources of intelligence I have been glad to hear that you were in the enjoyment of good health. As respects myself, I feel thankful that, notwithstanding the many trials and anxieties incident to the discharge of my then and now responsible duties, as well as the natural feeling of regret that I have experienced from being so long and far away from all that is dear to me, I have generally enjoyed reasonably good health. I have endeavored to avoid, as much as possible the sun and shore which is very important in this hot climate. We are now in the heated term of midsummer, —and the weather is not only very warm but there seems to (be) a want of vitality about it that is very oppressing to me and to all on board the ship. We are anxiously looking forward to the arrival of every mail in the hope that we may have something relative to our order being sent out by the Navy Department for our return home. We have been venturing to hope and shall trust that Mr. Lancy has sent the order and that they are now enroute for this station. But should this not be the case, it is feared that the successor of Mr. T. will in the press of other matters overlook us, and in that way be kept out here for an indefinite period. I do not know what you would be able to do in the matter, and indeed in view of your great kindness to me heretofore

and on so many occasions, I feel reluctant to tax you on the subject. I know however, that you will excuse me for laying the matter before you so that you will be able (to) exercise your judgment with regard to it.

I suppose you have long since been made acquainted through the newspapers of the result of our cruising during the past six months and deem it unnecessary to give you particulars of the same, but will only say that the San Jacinto has made two captures, the first on the 8th Aug and the latter on 1st Oct, both vessels having on board full cargoes of slaves amounting in the aggregate to something over twelve hundred. I will be entitled to prize money from the capture of these vessels which I suppose will amount to some five hundred dollars in the aggregate.

Letters and papers which I received by the last mail, give sad and deplorable accounts respecting our troubles at home. I trust however, that the next mail will bring us accounts of a better feeling prevailing. Though it must be confessed that to us matters look gloomy enough at present and there is a great deal of alarm felt throughout the Squadron for the *safety of the Union. We hope however for the best.* I am getting on very well in the discharge of my official duties. Every thing is in perfect order, and I always take a good voucher for every cent I pay out. I pay strict attention to every branch of my business and feel assured that everything *must come out exactly right.*

I receive letters from my dear wife regularly every month. She spends most of her time with her sister in Annapolis and seems to be in good health and spirits. She spends most of her time in reading historical works and the general improvement of her mind. She is very economical and does not seem to care at all about *dress* and *fashion.* Her devotion to me cannot be surpassed,

and every day of my life, my dear uncle, but tends to confirm me in the conviction that I have made a *wise* and *most judicious choice* of a wife.

Remember me most affectionately to dear Aunt Mary and my cousins, and sincerely hoping, dear Uncle, to see you soon, I remain most affectionately

Your Nephew
L. I. Brown.

Please remember me affectionately to my uncles when you see them.

W. N. Edwards to Brown.

Poplar Mount, near Ridgeway N C 22 Nov 65

My dear Brown

I cannot tell you how often I thought of you during the late canvass and how sincerely I wished you success. When I reflected how many prejudices and passions were enlisted every where and upon the distempered state of the public mind, I confess I have fears for the result. With the present condition of the country, with gloom and despondency prevailing (in) every bosom—the People poverty stricken (the whole South is a Pauper)—it is impossible to raise the public eye to a standpoint from which it can view and appreciate merit—and your defeat would not have excited wonder, however much I would have regretted it. We want a chastened public sentiment—disciplined by experience—but I will not go into this thesis. "Non sum qualis eram."—it costs me no little labor to write and more to *think*.

My purpose is to acknowledge your very kind letter, written at the close of the Convention—and to offer you more than all thanks for your more than kind concern in the matter of my application. I must beg yr attention again to it when you get to Washington—your presence I am sure will effect my release. I hear nothing yet

from it. I am still in the cold—and should old age bid me depart hence—the reflection that I was under the ban would not lighten the passage of my last moments.

The vote in this county and throughout my old District may be misconstrued to my prejudice—but I have not (for the first time in 50 years) failed to attend an election till the two last, nor have I disclosed my preference to a living soul. I thought that my situation impliedly imposed silence upon me as a duty. We have lived, my good friend, in the Harvest time of the Republic; the present generation are but Gleaners in the Field.

May every blessing and all happiness attend you

In great haste

Yr faithful and fast Friend

W. N. Edwards

P S Pray write me from Washington

Hon Bed Brown

Locust Hill

Caswell Co

R. J. Powell to Brown.

Washington D. C.
16th March 1867

My dear Sir:

Yours of the 10th ult enclosing $25 came duly to hand.

I have delayed responding because I could not say anything definite as to what Congress would do.

You have doubtless seen the military side of the 39th Congress. A supplemental bill providing machinery will doubtless be passed in a few days. Neither of these bills are what they should be, but I hope our loyal people will accept the Situation and in good faith do what is required of them.

Evil Councils have prevailed long enough. Those

who have had control of our State affairs for the last fifteen months and have utterly failed to take a single step in the right direction, but on the contrary have by their folly greatly contributed to bring these harsh measures upon us, should now be willing to stand aside and let others who can right the ship of state take command.

How strange, yea it is passing strange that those leaders who led our people into the great folly, which desolated our State and filled it with widows and orphans during the war and who for fifteen months of peace have had entire control and who have utterly failed to render any good service, should still insist upon being further trusted.

I would harm no one. But we confine madmen to prevent them from doing injury to themselves or others and I do hope that our people will set these political madmen aside and put forward men who can and will render good service to the State.

Very Respectfully and truly yours

R. J. Powell.

Hon. Bedford Brown
Locust Hill,
Caswell C. N. C.

W. N. Edwards to Brown.

Poplar Mount near Ridgeway, N. C.
12th May, 1868.

My dear Brown

I have long most earnestly desired and often resolved to write you: but the "Vis Martiæ" of old age holds the Will in complete subjection and has so crippled and benumbed my faculties that I cannot ever entertain *myself* by thinking, much less afford entertainment to a friend, and in the effort I now make I can do no more than offer you the sincere assurance

of my affectionate remembrance and unabated regard, esteem and best wishes. Every day admonishes that "non sum qualis eram" and that in extreme age one becomes rather the creature of sensation than of reasoning—that is, when he loses the power of thought and derives no amusement from its exercise he seeks gratification chiefly in feeding and tasting. I am now fourscore years old and months beyond—and that you may see the deep channels which the resistless tramp of time has made, I send you my Photograph—it is the mere shadow of what I once was—so true is it that coming events cast their shadows before. Nevertheless my Health is good—spirits not bad and but for the troubles of my country and affections of my countrymen could spend the remnant of life in tranquility and ease. I mix seldom with the outside world, determined at the outset to avoid the losses and crosses attendant upon the kind of labor we now have. I tenant out my land as best I can and rely upon the scant supplies thus furnished.

So much for myself. Now tell me of *yourself*. How are you and Livingston and all others in whom you take deep interest. How do you employ your time; permit a friend to be inquisitive. I see you are still up and doing —still ready for yr country. Love of country established upon principle has become a habit with you and its promptings are always heeded. I was glad to see you buckle on your armor in the late canvass and assist to drive back the hoard of evils that threatened to engulf us. Your example is worthy of imitation by the best sons of our good old state. It presents to the world the striking contrast between Intelligence and Virtue and the stolid ignorance and vice of the masses whom those who are engaged in wickedly plotting our Ruin would employ to effect their nefarious purpose. Statesmanship and honest public zeal are spurned and the sinks

of corruption and the lowest moral debasement are searched to place over us guardians and rulers fit only for the shades of Phebus.

I know not what is in the womb of the Future—nor can I devise what will be the character of its offspring. Time can only inform us, but I am certain, that, such is the feverish excitement of the public pulse and the perditious agitation of the public mind, unless conservative principles shall be reestablished, we shall be visited with anarchy, Chaos and serfdom. In such vile durance you and I and all good men would be excused for reasoning thus with life—

> "If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
> That none but Fools would keep."

I am truly glad to see that you are a Delegate to the Dem. convention in N. York the 4th July and pray you not to fail to attend. We want virtue and intelligence there. The next presidential election will, I think, be the severest trial through which our country has ever passed. I should be pleased to see but one issue in the Platform of the convention, the issue of "State Rights." It is so comprehensive as to embrace all others. Upon it the Sound People in N and S can rally and work together. These rights restored, our salvation is certain and Republican government will reassume its pristine purity and healthfulness of action. I have some preferences for the election of Hancock. He is great. He is a gentleman and statesman and othodox as a Politician—but this is more conjecture than matured opinion. I want you to go and choose for me. Call on your friend Buchanan on your way. He knows all about him. Would not his election bring Pa. back to us? We never lost our power in the Gov till Pa abandoned us. But I am tired and must stop this discursive talk.

Pray come and see me and make me feel like old times.

I like to look back on the scenes and friendships of old "Lang Syne" and recall the green fields of young life. If you will but come to see me we will bury for a season the dirt and filth of the present times and teach each other to practice, as best we can, the philosophy that teaches that

"What's gone, and what's past help, should be past grief."

Offer, if you please, my kindest regards to Livingston and remember me in kindness to my good Friend, Mr. Kerr; but above all accept with my best wishes the assurance that I am truly and sincerely

Yr fast Friend

W. N. Edwards.

To

Hon. Bedford Brown

Yanceyville

N. C.

JAMES ROBERT BENT HATHAWAY—A GLEANER IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

BY WILLIS SMITH.

James Robert Bent Hathaway was born on February 9, 1841, in the town of Edenton, North Carolina. He was the son of Burton W. and Sarah Ann Hathaway. He received his education at the Edenton Academy under the Rev. James T. Pickett, and later other excellent instructors. While yet a boy he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church and ever thereafter remained a consistent and active member of the same. At eighteen years of age his father died, leaving to him the management of his estate which, at that time, was of considerable extent, consisting chiefly of real estate and negroes. Thus we see that even before he had reached the threshold of manhood a great business responsibility was thrust upon him. It was possibly this responsibility which fitted him for his later usefulness in the business world.

On July 23, 1861, in Hertford, North Carolina, he was married to Margaret Z., the daughter of James V. and Mary C. Reed, and by her had two children; a son and a daughter. His son, Dr. B. W. Hathaway, is now a pominent citizen of Merry Hill, North Carolina. In 1864 he was mayor of the town of Edenton and engaged in the mercantile business. He was at this time a very prosperous man financially and otherwise. But the Civil War destroyed his business, freed his negroes, and left him with nothing. Later, in 1869 he again entered the mercantile business, but in 1875 his accumulated earnings were swept away by the results of the panic of 1873. In 1879 he began a banking business and was successful until 1895, when the financial stringency of 1893 forced him to give up his business. For several years prior to 1892 he was again mayor of Edenton. From

that time he held no other official position. During the three years following the closing of his banking business he had no steady occupation.

Thus indeed for a time did the cloud of despair seem to hover about him. But through it all he was the best example of his own idea of fortitude which he expressed several years before his death in the following words: "Fortitude is one of life's most useful lessons, certainly one of the most difficult to learn. It is taught so beautifully and impressively by the ferns as they bloom in the glens and dells of the forest; their leaves are brightest when the wind blows coldest and where the shadows fall the thickest."

But a more difficult and valuable work awaited him; that of the publication of an historical journal, The North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register. He was endowed for this work with a love for the history of the past; he was intensely interested in the work of reclaiming lost facts concerning the history of North Carolina. A letter from a lady in Georgia in 1898 started him in genealogical research. Being already in love with the past he grasped the opportunity offered, and thus he began the work that gave him recognition beyond his native town and State. With the recovery from the United States government of some French Spoilation claims he was furnished the means with which he could begin the publishing of historical and genealogical facts that he discovered in the old records of Chowan county. From the very beginning of this work the desire to find out and publish unknown genealogical facts grew upon him. Thus, he was led to labor with untiring zeal that he might accomplish the task to which he had devoted himself. Soon he extended his researches into other counties of North Carolina and some of those of Virginia. It was in this manner that he came to publish a magazine dealing with the history

of North Carolina, in which investigators in genealogy throughout the nation are interested.

The first number of this magazine was published in January, 1900; it was a quarterly and ten other numbers were published. Each issue contained valuable facts and information concerning the history of North Carolina that could be obtained nowhere else. From its pages could be secured a truthful and accurate account of many happenings of importance in North Carolina, and in many cases the complete genealogy of a family could be obtained, which would have been impossible in any other printed source. Among the items of interest published in this magazine is an Abstract of Land-grants, taken from the Secretary of State's office, at Raleigh, N. C., for Shaftesbury Precinct, Chowan Precinct and Chowan County. Some of these grants date as far back as the time of William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia in 1663, while there are others dating in the nineteenth century. There is also an Abstract of Wills, executed and probated prior to 1760. Not until after this date were wills recorded in the county in which the testator lived. Prior to this they were filed with the Secretary of the Colony and recorded by him. Another item of interest is an Abstract of Conveyances, compiled from the office of Register of Deeds, for Chowan county at Edenton. These records include deeds and conveyances of many of the eastern counties, and are of great value to the genealogical student, since the names of bargainer and bargainee are given, the date of conveyance, and other specifications that dealt with such transactions at that time. Fully remembering that posterity is ever interested in its ancestors and desiring to foster this interest, Mr. Hathaway included in his magazine an Abstract of Marriage Bonds. An original of one of these bonds is copied, showing to persons now living

that it required a bond of £500 ($2,500) to secure a marriage license by our ancestors.

Besides these, there are many other papers and articles of interest, such as an account of the first church built in North Carolina, of the Edenton Tea Party, articles of Peace with the Tuscarora Indians, and a register of officers of North Carolina troops in the Continental Line. Indeed it may be said that almost every fact of interest concerning the early history of North Carolina is spoken of in this publication.

That it would have been a success had the editor lived to carry on his work is assured by the fact that during the short time of its existence the Register secured for itself subscribers scattered over thirty States of the American Union, from Texas to New Hampshire, and from North Carolina to California. But under the conditions that he labored the publishing of this magazine was a great sacrifice for Mr. Hathaway. Each number left him with a deficit which he was compelled to make up. The North Carolina public did not at first recognize the valuable work that he was doing, and consequently he was left to make his way as best he could. In seeking to accomplish his task he was an arduous laborer, working each day as long as any clerk or register would keep his office open. It now appears that he considered his work both a pleasure and a duty, although he often went without the necessaries of life that he might be able to publish the magazine containing the fruits of his efforts. However, nothing could persuade him to give up his work, and he would neither ask nor accept assistance from friends. He wished to have as many subscribers and advertisers as possible, but was not willing to burden anyone except himself with the financial loss, for he felt that it was a project of his own to be supported by himself until the public at large came to his assistance as subscribers and advertisers.

That it was no money making scheme is clearly proven by the fact that at his death there was found a deficit of four hundred and fifty dollars. His son, writing of his father's work, said:

"Could my father have been persuaded to permit himself to be aided with clerical and financial aid, I feel sure that the enterprise could have been placed upon a substantial basis, and would have made a different showing. But the labor was too great for one man, and he paid the penalty of his devotion to the work by a breakdown in health which carried him to an untimely end."

Thus, having sacrificed his time, money and health he was called from life before his task was completed, and at Merry Hill, North Carolina, on the twenty-second day of September, 1904, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, James Robert Bent Hathaway departed this life and entered into eternal rest; age sixty-three years, seven months, and thirteen days.

When we look carefully over Mr. Hathaway's work we are impressed with his absolute devotion to his task. Another characteristic which cannot help but be noticed was his wonderful memory, which aided him so effectually in carrying on his work. At his death there was left considerable genealogical data, yet it was worthless because of the use he had made of his memory in collecting the missing parts. The purpose of the Register can best be told in the editor's own words, clipped from the first number:

"It will be our province to glean from the public records of the eastern counties of North Carolina, as well as those of adjoining counties of Virginia, the history of those who severed the ties of friendship, blood and home in the Old World to brave the perils of the deep and the greater perils of the wilderness to lay the foundations of the social fabric that has become the pride of every North Carolinian, and the admiration of

her sister states in the great constellation which forms the American Union. We shall tell of the birth of their children, the marriage of their sons and daughters, the successes and distinctions they achieved in life, silently cover with the mantle of charity their faults, and speak reverently and respectfully of the fall of the curtain in the last act of the drama of life, remembering that the foundation of our present civilization so well and solidly laid, is, and will ever continue to be the credit of those who laid them while posterity can alone claim the credit for the improvement and development of the rich legacy they bequeathed."

That his work is now appreciated is evidenced by the many eloquent tributes dedicated to him. Chief among these is that of Col. R. B. Creecy, editor of the Elizabeth City Economist, for many years recognized as the oldest active editor in the United States. I quote it in full:

"'Tis said that death loves a shining mark.' It might be said with more prosaic accuracy, that death is no respecter of persons. In its own appointed time it knocks impartially at all doors. To some the summons comes without premonition, to others warnings oft repeated portend the final roll-call. By the wise and virtuous the warnings are heeded and utilized in preparation for an event the most common and the most serious in the mysterious drama of life, in which each man plays his part and makes his exit.

"In this drama our deceased friend was of the wise who heeded the warnings and was purified by them for the final summons. He had 'sounded all the depths and shoals' of honor, and in all the varied vicissitudes of a prolonged pilgrimage he had proved himself a man, in adversity and in prosperity? He met them both with the serenity of a philosopher and the trust of an humble Christian, who looks in faith upon the benevolence of an over-ruling Providence.

"He had been a merchant, a politician, a banker, and in all an enterprising citizen. For a time, in all of them fortune had smiled upon him, but reverses came. But God knew best what was best for him and for the section, and the work for which he was intended.

"He was a born ethnologist. He studied the past with the plain and honest pupose of making us acquainted with our ancestry. That great and pious task was the glory of his useful old age. He was truly the "Old Mortality" of Albemarle. He rechiseled the fading lines of our forgotten grave-stones and introduced the present generation to its forgotten fathers. He revived the memory of the dead past. He brought back to us the ideals of our past glorious history. How well his work was done, all of us know who have read his truthful genealogy of the old families of Albemarle."

Believing thus, that the life of this man, who served well his time and generation, together with generations that are past and those that are to come will be remembered, let us say of his work:

"So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee."

THE ROSE OF SHARON BAPTIST CHURCH.

BY R. T. HOWERTON, JR.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the autumn of 1906 Mr. A. E. Lloyd, of Durham, presented to the museum of the Historical Society a large, old-fashioned lock, which, according to very reliable tradition, had once belonged to the door of Rose of Sharon Baptist Church, the oldest church in the vicinity of Durham. A little inquiry revealed the fact that the church was the antecedent of the First Baptist Church; the church records were also found: and from them the following study has been made by Mr. Howerton, of the Senior class.—WM. K. BOYD.]

The Rose of Sharon Baptist Church was probably an arm of the Shady Grove Church of Wake county. It was organized August 12, 1845, by a presbytery consisting of Rev. Jesse Howell, Wm. Dupre, and John Judd. The church was established at Piney Grove Schoolhouse, about one mile south of West Durham, and became a member of the Raleigh Association. As the only Baptist churches near here were Mt. Moriah, about eight miles southwest, and Cedar Fork, the same distance east, this was a favorable location for a church. But its schoolhouse was not in the center of the community, so a new location was desired. About 1850 it was decided to build a church at Prattsburg. Prattsburg was a settlement in the eastern part of Durham, and the church lot was in front of the Union Depot. Prattsburg then consisted of a store and a few houses owned by Mr. William Pratt. When the North Carolina Railroad was building, the railway authorities wanted to make it a station. Mr. Pratt wanted to charge for the land on which the depot was to be built. Dr. Bart Durham lived further up the road and offered the company two acres of land

if the station should be named Durham. The offer was accepted; the depot was built near the present site of the Southern freight depot; Prattsburg disappeared and Durham's Station has grown into the present city of Durham.

The railroad was built through the grove of the church yard and the trains frightened the horses so that it became necessary to secure another site for a church. The church was given four acres of land on what is now Cleveland street, and the contractor who built a church on this property received in exchange the old church and the lot near the railroad. The house was completed and the congregation moved in 1854.

Rev. Jesse Howell was the first pastor of this church, serving until 1859. It was customary for the pastor to resign at the close of the year to give the church an opportunity to elect another pastor if desired. This custom was abolished in 1876 and the pastor was elected for an indefinite length of time. However, the pastor and church agreed that three months' notice should be given when a change was desired. During Mr. Howell's pastorate two churches were organized, Mt. Herman Church (1848) in Orange county, and Berea Church (1858) about five miles from Durham on the Fayetteville road.

In 1859 Rev. J. C. Marcom was elected pastor and served until November, 1861, when Rev. Jesse Howell was elected and served until 1863.

Rev. O. Churchill was then elected to serve for 1864, but it was discovered that he belonged to the Red Strings, a secret order considered treasonable, and in July, 1864, he was asked not to attend church any more as pastor. The name Red Strings was derived from the Biblical account of Rahab, the harlot, who aided Joshua's spies while in Jericho. It was agreed that a red

string should be the token or sign by which she would be saved for her services when the city was attacked. So the people of Durham thought the Red Strings was a society which hid spies and gave them information, for which they would not be harmed if the Yankees invaded the South.

Rev. A. D. Blackwood was then chosen pastor and served until 1867, when Rev. Jesse Howell was again elected and served until 1871. In 1867, on the third Sunday of April, the Sunday-school was organized. After this part of the work was begun it was the means of organizing every other church except the North Durham Church, organized in 1907; in this instance a church and Sunday-school were demanded at the same time. In 1870 the church became a member of the Mt. Zion Association, which was organized at Mt. Moriah Church, Orange county.

In 1871 Rev. F. M. Jordan was elected pastor, serving until 1875, when Rev. A. F. Redd served one year. During Mr. Jordan's pastorate help was extended to the Wake Forest ministerial students for the first time.

The discipline of the church during this early period was very strict. They required all male members to attend church conference or give an excuse to a committee. They believed in a strict interpretation of the Bible and governed the church accordingly. In 1856 there seems to have been some doubt concerning Biblical teachings on strong drink, and this query was introduced: "Is it right or wrong for a professor of religion or a member of a church to be seen in a grogshop or in a drinking crowd where there is rioting and intoxication, and participating with such in the use of alcohol or ardent spirits?" It was finally decided wrong. The whiskey question came up again in 1873, and resolutions were passed forbidding the making, buying or selling

intoxicating liquors *for gain.* Several members were excluded on account of these resolutions.

As the town grew social inducements increased, and it was an evident fact that church members, in order to enjoy *innocent* amusements and *harmless* games would make a loose construction of the Bible. The church, however, took the matters in hand. The first resolution was passed against dancing in February, 1868. It was resolved that any member of the church guilty of dancing or running Scotch ramble after music would be subject to discipline. In 1874 the question of dancing was again brought before the church, connected with card playing. The following resolutions were passed: "Resolved, that we believe dancing and social card playing by church members to be inconsistent with the religion which they profess, and further, that the members abstain from it and not permit it in their homes."

The church in its early life was a typical country church of its time. There was preaching once a month and communion every quarter. In 1873 preaching began to be twice a month; in 1876 twice on Sunday and communion every month.

In taking their seats in church the men sat on the amen side, right of the pulpit, and the women on the other, a custom which prevails in some country churches today. It was not until 1876 that the bashfulness of one sex for the other vanished and the men and women began to sit together. The Sunday morning this custom went into effect Mr. Durham preached a sermon from the text, "We have seen strange things today."

A portion of the church was set apart for the negroes, who were allowed to be members of the church before and after the war. It is interesting to note that the negroes were rarely brought before the church for violation of any laws before the war, but after the war, from

1866 as late as 1874, they were frequently brought up for various offenses and turned out. There is no record of any negroes taking letters of dismission after the war, and the revised roll of 1880 appears without any colored names. It is uncertain whether they were all dismissed or whether they joined separate churches for negroes.

By 1876 the town of Durham was quite a thrifty little place and as the church had grown in proportion to the town it became necessary to employ a pastor to devote all his time to church work. Rev. C. Durham, of Goldsboro, was then elected and served until 1888, when he was elected Corresponding Secretary of State Missions.

Mr. Durham was one of the most progressive and energetic pastors the church ever had. When he took charge of the work he instituted a systematic plan for contributing to foreign and State missions, education, poor, and Oxford Orphan Asylum. The church responded liberally to this plan. It is interesting to note that the congregation gave then about four times as much to State missions as to foreign missions, while today the contributions are about equal for the two objects. The church was evidently a firm believer in missions, having due regard for home and foreign missions as they developed, and as their ability to give increased.

In 1877 the name of the church was changed from the Rose of Sharon Baptist Church to the Durham Baptist Church. The name Rose of Sharon was assumed by the Hopkins Grove Baptist Church, which is about six miles north of Durham, and which was organized in 1878 by this church. Another church organized the same year was Yates Church, on the Chapel Hill road, three miles southwest of Durham.

It seems that the site on Cleveland street was not

centrally located enough for the members of the church, so in 1878 they sold all of their property except the lot where the parsonage now stands and built a brick church on Mangum street, nearer the center of town, the present site. The following year the parsonage was built.

The relation of the Sunday-school to the church was closely guarded by the church. Prior to 1883 the Sunday-school officers and teachers were elected by a vote of the Sunday-school, but this year the election was placed in the hands of the officers and teachers. In 1887 they were elected by the church conference and it was not until 1890 that the Sunday-school was again allowed to elect its own officers and teachers, provided they were members of the church.

Mr. Durham not only worked, but he put his members to work. In 1885 he appointed eight committees to report quarterly. The following committees were appointed: (1) On all kinds of Missions. Among the duties of this committee was to study missions and inform the members on missions and distribute mission literature. (2) Committee of Ushers was appointed for the first time. (3) Committee on Absentees. (4) Committee on Sick. (5) Committee on Strangers. (6) Committee on Music. (7) Committee on New Members, and (8) Committee on Mission Prayer-meetings and Evening Sunday-schools. The last committee was divided into two parts; one for the eastern part of Durham and the other for the western part of Durham.

The last committee was very active and Sunday-schools were immediately begun in each section. The peeople in the western part of Durham met in a house owned by Mr. James Blackwell and the people of East Durham met in the public school. The former Sunday-school had about 100 members while the latter about 75

members. Sometime before 1888 the church purchased a lot on Chapel Hill street and built a brick church on it, and January 18 of that year 55 members were dismissed to organize the Blackwell Baptist Church, which later became the Second Baptist Church. It was then that the name of the Durham Baptist Church was changed to the First Baptist Church of Durham. The Third Baptist Church or the East Durham Baptist Church was organized in 1889 and 29 members were dismissed to effect the organization.

Mr. Durham's attitude towards woman's prominence in church affairs was not very favorable, and it was not until March 4, 1887, that they became organized into two societies, the Ladies' Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid Society. These societies have been of great service to the church, and the woman's work of this church is today leading all other Baptist churches in North Carolina.

The discipline of the church during this progressive period was also very strict. In 1878 a member was charged with covetousness for not paying his year's subscription. They required all members to give something or state why he couldn't. Resolutions were again passed against dancing in 1878. In 1883 a motion prevailed that all members who had been absent six months from church and did not take a letter should be dismissed.

On Mr. Durham's retirement in 1888, Rev. G. P. Bostic, of Concord, was chosen pastor, serving until 1889, when he resigned to go to China as a foreign missionary, where he is working at the present time. Mr. Bostic was a popular and an energetic pastor. It was left to him to finish the work of establishing the second, and third Baptist churches. The most important event in his ministry was a revival held in the fall of 1888,

after which 57 candidates were baptized and received into the church.

In 1889 Rev. J. L. White, of Elizabeth City, was elected pastor, serving until 1892. About this time the temperance question was a live issue in Durham. On December 5, 1889, the church adopted the following resolutions: "Whereas, the scriptures clearly condemn intoxicating liquors, therefore be it resolved that any member of the first Baptist Church of Durham, N. C., who shall give his influence to or vote to license bar-rooms, when the question of license or no license is before the people, shall be under censure of the church, subject to discipline and deemed unworthy of Christian fellowship; further, that this does not interfere with political views, local or national." These resolutions caused much debate until it was agreed to have the justice of the resolutions decided upon by seven ministers of other towns to be selected by the pastor, one from the majority, and one from the minority. The committee recommended that the clause regarding voting to license bar-rooms be repealed and substitute the following resolution: "Resolved, that it is the sense of the First Baptist Church of Durham that the spirit of the scriptures is clearly against the liquor traffic and against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

In 1889 the church made a hard effort to have the Baptist University for Women established here. It also had the coöperation of other churches and the town, and all together offered $50,000 in money and property for its establishment here. The offer was not accepted and the University was established in Raleigh.

In 1893 Rev. W. C. Tyree, of Amherst, Virginia, was elected pastor, serving until 1902, when Rev. C. J. Thompson, the present pastor, was elected. The history of the church during the pastorates of these two minis-

ters assumes the modern phase, with which most people are familiar. A few statistics, however, will show the development during this time. The churches organized were West Durham in 1893, Edgemont in 1902, and North Durham, in 1907. The church membership has increased from 548 in 1894, to 732 in 1907. Its liberality in giving is one of its most commendable characteristics. In 1894 its total disbursements amounted to $2,289.50, and in 1907 the disbursements amounted to $10.438.18. The property of the church has been improved from time to time until it now has a valuation of $25,000.

The principal characteristics of the church which have led to its success were: (1) Its strict discipline during its formative period. (2) Its persistent energy, and (3) Its ready adaptability to conditions as the town grew.

COLONEL WILLIAM J. HICKS.

BY ROBERT L. FERGUSON.

Among the various great men who have graced the annals of North Carolina in its past, we may well place Colonel W. J. Hicks, of Oxford, N. C. His integrity has rendered him illustrious while his ability in his profession as a self-made man and his public services have gained for him an enviable reputation in North Carolina. While yet a youth he won the high esteem of all his associates. This continued until at present he is admired for self-attainment, personal excellence, patriotism, and the exalted sentiments which animate him in every sphere of life.

He is of a distinguished lineage. Among his ancestors was Peter Hicks, a fair type of a high-born Englishman. He was the earliest adventurer of the Hicks family to come to America. He settled in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, and became the foremost pioneer of his county,—aye, the very making of it. His son, also Peter Hicks, was for a number of years high sheriff of his county, and became a brilliant brigadier in the Revolutionary War. He attained a great age, dying in 1844, and enjoying the veneration and high esteem of his community.

William is the grandson of this Peter Hicks, through his son Martin. He is thus one of the representatives of those men whose axes had first rung in the forest of old Spottsylvania county, and is a worthy scion of an illustrious stock, whose virtues and excellence he has inherited, while his every efforts are worthy of the lineage.

He was born on February 18, 1827, in Spottsylvania county, about thirty miles from Fredericksburg, Va. At the age of three his mother died, and since his father, by ill luck and other means, we know not how, had lost his fortune, the early youth of William was beset by

various difficulties. His body was frail, weak and delicate, but his inner ambition would not allow him to succumb to such weakness and frailty. Like Gladstone, he determined to develop his body, even at the very hazard of his life and his every energy pointed in that direction. Nor were his labors in vain. In later years he developed into a stately figure, tall, large-framed and well proportioned—indeed a specific type of vigorous manhood.

His educational advantages were handicapped by the prolonged illness of his father, which forced him to remain at home and manage the farm. Accordingly, at the early age of fourteen the responsibility of management was thrust upon his shoulders. Soon after that his father died and he was thrown upon his own resources even more than ever. His youth became that of a hard struggler; not content with grappling with the clod and soil, he seized every opportunity to improve himself. By dint of perseverance he educated himself, and although he failed to attain to the height of a college education, he met with the greatest success in his chosen line of work. He was so awakened to the importance of remedying his deficient education that he carried his book with him as he worked by day and vied that he would outwatch the wee-lone hours of the night in his pursuit for knowledge. At times, it seemed as though adverse circumstances would grind the very essence of ambition from his youthful mind. But not so. In the midst of adversity and ceaseless struggling he was victorious.

The time had come for him to decide upon his life's avocation. Farming had already proven insufficient for his field of activity. He now turned to stone-cutting and quarrying stone. At this he received a scope of experience which rendered him invaluable service in after

years. Though his life, up to this time, had been chiefly consumed with agricultural pursuits, yet from his early childhood he displayed an innate skill for fashioning useful tools and toys. While he was still engaged in stone-cutting, he lost no time in mastering the miniature points about carpentry, which rendered him an expert at that trade. Nor did he lend a deaf ear to the mill-wright business. At this he worked for nearly sixteen months and gained a perfect knowledge of its every detail.

Eager to know the fundamental principles of a machinist he applied himself to that trade with such energetic perseverance and indefatigable courage, coupled with inborn talent, that, in a remarkably short time, he beame an expert machinist. Thus, with the knowledge of a stone-cutter, carpenter, mill-wright and machinist, he had built a foundation for one of the most competent architects and contractors that North Carolina has ever produced.

In 1848 he moved to North Carolina and first began the construction of a mining plant near Greensboro. Later, he moved farther east and built a paper mill on the Neuse river near the Falls of Neuse. Being near Raleigh, he soon located there, and settled down as an architect, contractor and builder.

Here he married Miss Julia Louise Harrison, of Raleigh, on the 4th of March, 1858. She is living now and they are considered to be one of the most venerable, lovable couples in the State. She has ever been alert to her duty in assisting her husband, and well might we say no family has ever been more congenial than this one. They have four children living—two sons and two daughters. The eldest of these holds one of the most important positions of all the American Tobacco Company —that of treasurer. The other brother is located in Montgomery county as a manufacturer. The elder

daughter is at home with her parents, but is to be married in quite a short while; the younger daughter is already married and living in Pittsburg, Pa.

With the outbreak of the war, Mr. Hicks turned his paper mill on the Neuse into a powder mill, which rendered the Confederacy invaluable services in furnishing the grey veterans with ammunition. It was one of the chief sources from which the Confederacy was supplied with gunpowder, and although he was not a fighter in the struggle, his services were even more important than that of many generals in the army.

For sometime North Carolina was becoming famous for her rosin fields. So, after the war, since the powder mill had been destroyed by the enemy, Mr. Hicks ventured into the rosin business. The demands for this article were so great that his business thrived and prospered with amazing rapidity. But his mind was of such a constructive nature that he was compelled to return to his old trade.

In 1869 the State decided to erect a penitentiary building. After surveying all North Carolina for the most efficient architect, the board of directors could find no one who was half a peer to Mr. Hicks. Accordingly he was elected to the high position of superintendent and architect for the State. He performed his duties so satisfactorily that the honor of COLONEL was conferred upon him by popular will. He held the position of architect for the State, and Warden for the Penitentiary, for twenty-five years, the longest consecutive term on record that such a position has been filled in all the United States.

Duing this period of his life he erected many buildings for the State and private residences. Under his supervision was built the governor's mansion and nearly all of the handsome brick structures in Raleigh.

Throughout all portions of the State he built many county roads and railroads—among these the old Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley line, out of Greensboro. These alone will be a perpetual monument to his posterity.

After severing his connection with the State he again entered private business in Raleigh in 1894. During this period Trinity College had great need of his skill. The tower of the main building had collapsed and authorities sought for help in many northern cities, especially Baltimore and New York, but all to no purpose. At last, Colonel Hicks stepped in with his skill, foresight and sane judgment, and prevented the whole building from total destruction.

But few of us realize the fact that Colonel Hicks enjoys the honor of having superintended the construction of every brick building of Trinity College and Trinity Park School, save the Main Building. This alone should give him an honorable place in our midst. For this reason his venerated portrait now graces the wall of the college library, and his will be a time-honored name among the annals and archives of Trinity College in years to come.

In 1898 he was elected superintendent of the Oxford Orphan Asylum. Here his services met marked success. A great cause, tottering under the burden of debt, and almost prostrated for lack of means by which it could be steered; with buildings insufficient to supply the demands of the children, and at times not knowing one day where food would come from to feed children upon the next; such was the condition of that cause when Colonel Hicks took charge. From this state of reeling uncertainty, he has steered the institution clear of debt, has stirred up the people of North Carolina concerning their duty to the cause, thereby instituting an annual income for its support. In place of this lack and privation of

the children, he has, with the aid of the teachers and other workers, succeeded in obtaining for them better food than that of the average child with father and mother. He has erected twelve modern, well-equipped buildings and the children live in circumstances fifty per cent better than the average child. This has almost made his name immortal among the people of North Carolina.

In the realms of Masonry he figures as one of the foremost and most influential Masons that North Carolina has ever produced. He has gone through every degree in the category of Freemasonry, except the last one—an attainment which rarely can be reached by any save the most influential and most venerated, and those who have the good fortune of sinking far down into the realms of four score years of age.

With the passing of the 4th of March, 1908, he will have been married a half century. At that time he will celebrate his golden wedding, an event much looked forward to by his immediate family in his declining days. He has reached the zenith of his course and is now weltering toward his haven of rest. He mastered himself, created opportunity, loved his State, lived for its people, and laid the best that was in his heart and brain upon the altar of the State's need.

After all, there is nothing grander than the living of such a life. Well might it be said of him, as was said of Grady: "I have seen the light that gleamed at midnight from the headlight of a giant locomotive, rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of danger and uncertainty; and I have thought that it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree and sprig of grass sparkled as myriad diamonds in the morning; and I have thought that

it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, skimming over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and shadow haunted earth flashed into midday splendor, and I knew that it was grand. But the grandest thing in all the world, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men." Such has been the life of Colonel William J. Hicks.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

STUDY OF HISTORY

Someone has aptly said that the best way to find out where we are going is to find out where we have been and where we now are. This, we believe, is eminently true. And that is just what the study of history is.

Of the students in college, comparatively speaking, only a very few elect courses in history. Those men who intend to enter the service of the public will find that, in future life, a knowledge of history will greatly aid them in their work. Men in the past have blundered. History has related to the world humanity's blunders.

The question is, it seems, "Shall we as a nation, as citizens, make the same blunders?" That preacher who knows history is a much more efficient leader of his flock. Yet, it is a notorious fact that as a rule the ministerial students of this institution take little interest in this sort of study. History is the log-book of humanity's experience, and not to consult it in taking our course on the great sea of futurity, would be like launching a ship on an unknown ocean and starting out to reach a certain point, refusing, absolutely, to take the advice of those who had traveled the road before us.

One reason, we believe, that makes students undervalue history is that they fail to look for the great under currents that have shaped the world's action. To the

average student, who has probably got a smattering of history from inefficient teachers in some high school, history is a conglomeration of facts and a nightmare of dates. One can hardly conceive of a view more erroneous. Men, councils, battles, dates, churches and states are to this main current what one little wheel is to a great machine. All are useful units in a common whole.

Historians are coming more and more to take this point of view. The future text-books, we believe, will be written with this view in mind. The date of the battle of Waterloo is of course important, but the importance of the date sinks into insignificance when we see that this battle marked the end of a period; that a current of history, madly rushing the wrong way, was here dammed up. It matters little that the Florentine prophet and martyr Savonarola was born September 21, 1452. But when we see in Savonarola the first man who, in the midst of the Renaissance in Italy, sounded the trumpet that was later to cause Europe to revolt againt the profligacy of the Papacy, we do see the importance of the life of the seer and prophet of Florence.

The point we were trying to make is that too often the unimportant things are emphasized. When one makes of history a memorizing of facts and dates one need not be surprised that it is uninteresting. What one must see in history is a guide book to the future. Russia today is about to make the same blunders that were made in the French Revolution, for the simple reason that her people do not know history. History simply teaches the present what the past has learned. At least that should be the object.

And there are none so wise that they can set their faces forward and scorn the past. No man is so cosmopolitan that another can't give him light. The nation has never existed that could not have gained something from some other nation. W.

We gladly turn our space this month over to Dr. W. K. Boyd, of the Department of History. We feel that the issue will be of permanent value and will be worth far more to those who read carefully, with a purpose to get what there is in the magazine, than to those who criticise without reading. Dr. Boyd is to be congratulated on the work that is being done in his department, and we are glad to have this opportunity of giving the community and the State the benefit of the research work his students have done.

"Helpful criticism is a personal and friendly and intimate service that can best be done in private; and public criticism usually hardens a writer in his wrong ways by arousing his resentment."—Walter H. Page, in Atlantic Monthly.

GILMER KORNER, JR., - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

It is with a sense of disappointment that we note the December and January numbers coming to our table, both from a standpoint of numbers and material. Only about half of our usual exchanges reached us for December and the month of January has proven to be a veritable graveyard, only one January number having reached us to date.

But aside from the lack of promptness there is another grave fault to be found with, alas, too many of our contemporary magazines. This is the evident lack of material—good material—for publication. The numbers show a tendency or a willingness to get out the magazine at the reader's expense. The chief object seems in many cases to be "words, words, words," without due regard to the "matter" thereof.

A refreshing contrast to the above was the University of Virginia Magazine, which was up to its usual high standard. The plot of the "Gift of Tea" cannot be accused of commonplaceness. The story is of a fatalistic nature and thoroughly unique. Such a story one usually expects to find in the prize list of "The Black Cat," as it possesses all the uncanny-ness usually found there. The dialect poem under "Vignettes in Ebony," entitled "What I Gwine ter Say," is very clever. The negro dialect is good and the darkey characteristic is quite true to nature. The second paper of "Some Charming South-

ern Towns" deals with St. Augustine, Florida, in a very interesting and instructive manner. Under "Brink o' Dawn" is another graphically written story with a very weird sequel, as also is "The Reckoning," which relates the clever confidence story of a wild-west criminal's effort to save his life, but the sure day of his reckoning is only put off for a brief period. "Joan," a drama, is heavy with sorrow and suffering and portrays the "great" sacrifice of a young girl for a loved sister.

In review we note that all the creative work in this number is unfortunate, that the stories end up gloomily. For a Christmas number we would say the stories are anything but of a Christmas nature. All are rather depressing than enlivening.

The Mercerian opens with a sketch, "John Charles McNeill, Poet," which, through repeated quotations, strives to show the true spirit of the poet. "A Midsummer Tragedy" is a characteristic negro story. The dialect is right good. The writer seems to understand "nigger" nature pretty well. A really interesting and instructive description is "A Tour of the Yosemite." The cuts illustrating it are excellent. Such contributions are praiseworthy and should often find place in our college publications. "The Uninvited Guest" falls a little short of even being novel. An uninvited person makes trouble at a wedding feast by throwing a hornets' nest among the guests—all very simple. He might have changed the babies' caps in the bedroom or yelled "fire," but he did the simplest thing—threw in a hornets' nest —and it had the desired effect. "A Poetic Freshman" is a right good story of a Freshman with poetic tendencies—to the writing of poetry to Susie Belle.

The prize Mercer song is a good one and deserves praise. It has the ginger and fire of the old original "Dixie" and is calculated to inspire Mercer enthusiasm.

1845 **1907**

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

Newark, New Jersey

Offers Especially Attractive Policies to Students

The Mutual Benefit is known in Insurance Circles as

The Leading Annual Dividend Company

of the World

No Stockholders. Insurance Furnished at Cost. No Tontine or Deferred Dividend Accumulations to be Forfeited in Case of Death or Default in Premium Payments.

Conspicuous for *Economy* and *Large Returns to Policyholders in Proportion to Payments by Them.*

Premium Receipts Since Organization in 1845, - -	$295,128,536.22
Returned to Policyholders (Policy Claims, Dividends and Surrender Values), - - - - - - -	239,340,665.25
Accumulated for Policyholders' Future Benefit, -	105,589,918.10
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - - -	7,770,399.70

Insure Through a Student

Wm. V. McRae

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1908.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

THE INSTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS BY NORTH CAROLINA.

BY EARL R. FRANKLIN.

The vital problem before the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States, was the relation between the States and central government, the necessity of preserving the powers of the States and creating a government strong enough to make a permanent union out of a number of independent units. Conscious of this problem, the States long hesitated to ratify the constitution, for they were jealous of the powers

delegated to the national government; and in spite of the debates and interpretations leading to ratification the relation of the State to the federal government continued to be discussed for many years. Nearly every State, at some time during its history, was brought into conflict with federal powers and gave some expression to the theory that the sovereignty of the State is superior to that of the federal government. Indeed, that sovereignty is in the States seems to have been the dominant theory during the first three decades of the last century. Of the many examples and incidents that might be cited in illustration, none is more to the point than the custom of instructing United States senators by the State legislatures. This does not stand out clearly in our common stock of political history, but the custom was extensive in the union. It was founded clearly in the conception of State sovereignty, and in North Carolina it gave rise to many notable incidents.

Instruction by the legislature was to a great extent an attempt of the States to control national legislation. For in controlling the senators they controlled, or at least influenced, national legislation. The members of the lower house were distributed according to population, and therefore one section might dominate this house. In the senate one State was equal to another, and if the legislatures of the various States could control the actions of their senators, the sovereignty and interest of each State would be protected. Again, the senators were elected for a term of six years, a long time for one man to hold so important an office when the States were watching to see whether the general tendencies would lead to centralization or to States rights. Consequently there was very early a claim by the States to control their senators. Thus, instructions of the first legislature of North Carolina declared "that the right to elect

implies the right to instruct," and practically every State in the Union exercised the power of instructing until near the middle of the last century. This instruction was uniformly used by the legislature in which, unfortunately, the will of the whole people was not always expressed, due to the unequal distribution of representation and restrictions of suffrage.

Instruction was usually followed by the resignation of the senators when the will of the legislature and of the senator conflicted, indeed, it was often demanded. This does not imply lack of confidence in the senator's integrity, simply a divergence of policy, for the senator as well as the legislature looked upon resignation as a duty and a privilege, because under the constitution as under the confederation, the senator must represent the will of the State, not personal conviction. Instruction and resignation were therefore in keeping with the nature of the federal government. This custom also seemed to receive strength from English precedent, for Burke denounced the doctrine in the following words when he represented India in the British Parliament: "Authoritative instruction, a mandate issued which a member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and consciousness; these are things entirely unknown to the laws of the land, and arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution."

There are, however, a few instances in which the senator refused to follow the resolution or resign, but public opinion was always against him. The confidence of his people was lost and he was branded as a traitor. Rarely did such a one ever regain the confidence of the people that he previously held.

This right of instructing was unquestioned in North

Carolina in the first quarter of the last century. All accepted it as a prerogative of the legislature, and when resolutions of instruction were debated in our early history, it was the expediency, not the right, that was questioned. The journals of the legislature show that a committee was appointed at each meeting of the Assembly to draft resolutions to our senators and representatives in Congress regarding its ideas on national policies. These resolutions sometimes contained more than a dozen different items of instruction which the Assembly generally passed without much deliberation.

It is not my purpose to discuss all of these instructions, only to notice those which illustrate the constitutional theory of the legislature and its effect upon the senators, and also the growth of the opposition to this theory that became so strong in the Jacksonian era. Three cases may be selected which show the sweeping nature of instruction and the different stages in the development of the opposition. In the case of Senator Stone in 1812 it seemed that expediency defeated the resolution; in the caucus resolutions of 1823 their private character defeated them; and in the Mangum resolution of 1835 the whole idea of instructing public officials, whether in public or in private matters, was boldly attacked.

The most famous case of senatorial instructions in our early history was that of David Stone during the War of 1812. Practically every senator before him had been instructed while in office, but in most cases the instructions were in harmony with the ideas of the senator and consequently there was no serious conflict. In the case of David Stone, however, the assembly and the senator had different ideas concerning the prosecution of the War with England, therefore the assembly proceeded to exercise its authority, and the following con-

demnation of his policy was introduced into the House of Commons, but was indefinitely postponed for reasons of expediency:

"In all free and well organized governments, more especially those of a republican form where all political power is wisely vested in the people, it is the inherent right of the constituents to call in question, to consider, and finally, if necessary, to reprehend the moral and public conduct of their representative . . . Whereas, David Stone, a senator of this State in Congress of the United States, did for reasons best known to himself and in opposition to the true and obvious interest and policies of the United States, and contrary to the wishes and expectations of the good people of this State, vote against the law imposing a direct tax upon the people of the United States in order to support the war . . . We are lost in astonishment, we cannot conjecture what was the matter, by what consideration, by what scheme of moral and political turpitude he could have thus acted and so misplaced the confidence reposed in his hands. Resolved, therefore, that the vote given by Mr. Stone in the Senate of the United States, viz.: on the law levying a direct tax, on the act imposing a general embargo, and on the appointment of Mr. Galatin ambassador to Russia, we consider in principle down right submission to the enemy. Resolved, that the confidence of this legislature be withdrawn from said David Stone and that all communications of a public nature from the General Assembly to him be interdicted."

These resolutions, although indefinitely postponed, show the strict supervision of the legislature over a senator, and the severity of condemnation of that official's policy if it did not coincide with the wishes of the legislature. As a result of these resolutions, Mr. Stone in the year following tendered his resignation to the

General Assembly. Thus we see almost at the beginning of our national history that the State legislature was opposed to the chief characteristics of the United States Senate; namely, its stability, its freedom from party rancour and faction. Evidently in the eyes of the legislature the senator was a mere agent, holding his office according to the constitution for six years, only when his wishes were in harmony with those of the General Assembly. When the Assembly changed its views a corresponding change of policy might be demanded of the United States Senator. Thus the Senate, which was intended by the framers of the constitution to be the conservative and most stable part of our government, might become subject to the fickleness of State politics.

The next resolutions which were debated very much in the Assembly were those of 1823 condemning the caucuses of the members of Congress in which candidates were nominated for the presidency. This debate is famous, as it marks the change towards the principles which later were embodied in the Whig party. The Democratic party had been in power from the beginning of the new century, and the power of instructing had rarely ever been debated. This debate, however, shows the beginning of a somewhat organized opposition to this doctrine. The majority of those who opposed the resolutions of instruction as an abstract right of the legislature became Whigs and those that favored them became Jacksonian Democrats. The resolutions were also opposed because they instructed a senator in his private conduct, which even Bedford Brown and Robert Strange, Democratic leaders, opposed. The resolutions were as follows:

"Resolved, That the senators in Congress from this State and our representatives be requested as a means for preserving the rights of the people in the choice of

the president to withhold their continuance from the practice of meeting in caucus by the members of Congress and that they use their exertion to prevent a nomination from being made in caucuses of persons to fill the offices of president and vice-president of the United States."

Among those who opposed the theory and came out boldly against this right which had been exercised from the beginning of the government, was Mr. Blackledge. He asks the question: "Are we not stepping beyond our constitutional limits in instructing or advising our representatives in Congress?" He says further: "I conceive that there could be no right or expediency in tendering advice or instruction, where there is no responsibility between the party instructing and the party instructed. The members of the House of Representatives are elected by the people, are responsible to the people only, and so far as we compose a small unit in the vast sum of the people, so far and no farther can we expect our advice or instruction to have weight with our members of Congress. They owe to us no allegiance as members of the legislature, nor in any other capacity but as individuals of the community; as a legislature we have no influence in their election. The same holds true with our senators who are eligible for re-election. There is no more propriety in instructing our senators than our electors." He said also if the legislature can instruct in one thing it can instruct in all things, and then Congress would be nothing more than a body of men that recorded the edicts of the State legislatures. Mr. Brown said in opposition to the question: "We are called upon to instruct our members of Congress, how they should act, not in their public character as representatives, but prescribing rules of conduct which are to govern them in their private capacity as individuals."

Others opposing the resolution were Messrs. Roane, Taylor and Strange.

On the other side Messrs. Fisher, Iredell, Stanly and others upheld this right of the legislature. They considered the legislature as the "grand inquest of the people of the State, as the guardian of their rights, as the watchman placed by them upon the walls to give the 'alarm of approaching danger.' It is our right, our duty fully to investigate and fearlessly to challenge the movements of any man or any set of men, which in our opinion threaten our liberties or impair our rights." Precedents of all the States are quoted to strengthen their argument, and the case of censuring Senator Stone is cited.

The resolution was lost 82 to 45. This did not mean, however, that the majority of the people were against the absolute right of legislative instruction, for the great majority still held this privilege as non-debatable. The private character of the caucus and expediency alone defeated the bill. If this right had been taken away from the legislature at this time practically the whole State would have considered its power in Congress as null. In the meantime, however, political conditions in North Carolina were coming to a crisis. The western counties were demanding a reform in the system of representation and other fundamental changes in the constitution which were opposed by the people of the East. There was a similar cleavage over internal improvements. Here, as elsewhere, a great wave of democracy was rising, which submerged the country in the Jacksonian Era. This change affected political conditions; the people became restless and discontented with the legislature; it was only a step from the sectional to the more national ideal, that sovereignty rests in the people, not the States. Indeed the States are only the agencies through which

the people act. Consequently, legislative supervision of senators is unconstitutional and unwarranted. Such seems to have been the attitude of the Whig party in North Carolina. We have seen that in 1823 opposition to instruction was made by men who later became Whigs; and this right of instruction became a prominent issue when political affairs produced a reaction against the Democratic party and gave control of the State to the Whigs. The culmination of this process was in 1835, when the Constitutional Convention was convened, largely through the leadership of the Whigs or western men. But the year previous the right of instruction was an issue in the assembly when the resolutions to instruct Senator Mangum were introduced.

Indeed, the resolutions of the Assembly in the year 1834, instructing Willie P. Mangum, brought forth one of the most interesting debates in the history of our legislature. The situation was this: Jackson had been somewhat humiliated by the Senate of the United States adopting resolutions condemning his financial policy. The Democrats were in a small majority in the State, so they determined to instruct Willie P. Mangum, the Whig senator, to vote for expunging the resolutions of the senate and thereby remove this humiliation from Jackson. It was seen from the first that there would be a severe contest between the two parties, for the Whigs opposed this right of instruction from a constitutional standpoint. The resolutions as introduced by Mr. Potts, of Edgecombe county, were: "Resolved, that the legislature of a State acting as the representative of the people of the State have a right to instruct their senators in Congress, and a just vindication of the character of our political institutions requires that such instructions should be given whenever a senator misrepresents the will of the State upon great questions of national policy

or in time of public emergency, also that Willie P. Mangum, one of the senators from this State in Congress of the United States, be instructed to vote for expunging from the records of the senate of the United States the resolution declaring that the President, in his late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenues, had assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both."

As this debate was waged chiefly upon constitutional principles, we will give the chief points set forth by the two parties in support of their contentions. The chief speakers against the resolutions were Messrs. Flemming, Graham, Outlaw, Branch, and Norcum; those in favor were Messrs. Potts, Green, Edwards and others. A very good summary of the argument against the rsolutions is seen in the speech of Mr. Norcum, of Edenton. He said that the senate is a creature of the federal constitution, which was not adopted until eleven years after our State constitution. Our constitution does not recognize such an office. Therefore the power to elect which we have is conferred upon us by the federal constitution. We are the mere instruments to elect, but the senators represent the people as truly as the State legislature represents them. For us to instruct, is one agent instructing another agent; both are agents of the people. He further says it resolves itself into this: "Is this legislature the supreme or sovereign power of the State? If this is so, we can instruct or command, if not, we have no such authority." He continues that the senator is a representative of the sovereign power, but the legislature is not really sovereign, for the governor in many States can veto an act of the legislature and after forty days it is dissolved and a new one is elected. Moreover, courts can repeal its edicts. In his speech he also challenges that

phrase of the first legislature regarding instruction, saying the right to elect does not imply the right to instruct. For instance, the senate elects the Supreme Court judges, but no one would dream of their dictating to them. Again, electors elect the President, but it would be absurd to think of their dictating the policy of the President.

Mr. Outlaw said from a practical standpoint the resolution had a threefold object: (1) To expel Judge Mangum from the senate of the United States, (2) to fill his place with some member of the Democratic party, (3) to strike a blow at the United States Senate through Judge Mangum. He says the Bill of Rights is the only thing that speaks of instructing, but this was adopted eleven years before the establishment of the national government, and therefore could only refer to State matters. Besides, that clause in the Bill of Rights says that the people should instruct, but we are not the people, only their representatives. Many other notable speeches were made against the resolutions, but their essential points are the same as those given.

The arguments set forth in favor of the resolutions were the same as had been produced ever since the establishment of the government. There are no new ideas in the arguments. Prestige gave the points their weight. They claimed the right from the nature of the government. They cited that clause in the Bill of Rights which gives the people the right to instruct their representatives. They said that the State legislatures are as truly the constituents of the senators as the freemen are the constituents of the legislatures of the States; that the right to elect gave them the right to instruct. As one expressed it: "In absolute monarchies the people have no such right, but this right is exercised even in England, which is a limited monarchy. In 1829 Sir Robert Peele,

who represented the University of Oxford in the House of Commons, resigned his seat because he would not vote for the Catholic Emancipation Bill which his constituents favored. This right has universally been held sacred in the United States. . . . . If the people have a right to instruct, it lies with the legislature because it would be a mere shadow if it existed merely in the unorganized people. Mr. Mangum says he is willing to be governed by the will of the people, but did the will of the people send him to the senate? If it did, then the will of the people is now expressed by the legislature. Mr. Mangum virtually says, my constituents have the right to elect me, but after that I have nothing more to do with them nor they with me. Such language is not even tolerated in the House of Commons of Geat Britain." Moreover, it was thought to be the implicit duty of the legislature to express to the senators its ideas on national politics. If a senator votes for a measure which the people in general oppose, he is not to be condemned, but the legislature, if it fails to convey to him the wishes of the people. Precedent after precedent, which was not hard to find, was cited in defense of these resolutions.

The resolutions were adopted by a small majority and conveyed to Mr. Mangum, who finally resigned because he would not obey them. On his resignation the Raleigh Star had the following comment: "One by one all who might honor us in the council of the country are sacrificed to appease party rancour." The Raleigh Register said: "Let not the friends of the constitution and of public liberty quail under their momentary defeat. They have defended the good cause nobly and gallantly; and although they have lost the battle, they are not conquered. The enemy will have a short-lived triumph. The torch of truth has already been kindled which will

soon dispel the present surprising darkness and infatuation." Many similar comments were made upon the result, which showed that the people in general through the United States were beginning to see the evil and undemocratic spirit which was embodied in the doctrine. All the leading magazines and newspapers were condemning it in their editorial columns.

When the legislature met in 1836 Judge Robert Strange was elected to succeed Mr. Mangum. Now both of our senators were Democrats who favored the abolition of the United States Bank and the establishment of the Sub-treasury. In 1838, however, the Whigs, who were strong supporters of the bank, had a majority in the assembly. Thus, there was a Whig legislature which believed in the bank and two Democratic senators who were supporters of the Sub-treasury. With this situation the Whig majority determined to use the power of instruction, as it was the only way by which the senators could be influenced. Moreover, the State was slow to give up this sacred right, for it was a right that died a fighting death; also expediency played a great part, for the contest between the Bank and Sub-treasury was severe and every means was employed in the different States to carry out the programme of the party in power. So in North Carolina Mr. Rayner, later a congressman, introduced the following resolutions: "Whereas, we believe that a great crisis has arrived in the political history of our country on the issue of which we conceive the safety of our free institution to depend; and, whereas, we conceive it our bound duty as representatives of the free men of North Carolina to express in calm and dispassionate language our opinions on the great questions which have been for sometime, and some of which are still, agitating the public mind: Resolved, that this Gen-

eral Assembly do condemn the Sub-treasury which the administration is endeavoring to establish."

These resolutions were adopted by the Assembly and copies were sent to Senators Brown and Strange, who resigned at the meeting of the Assembly in 1840. Again, the legislature of North Carolina in 1842 instructed its Senators to vote against the protective tariff of that year. This legislature also elected Mr. William Haywood to the Senate of the United States; as the tariff bill passed before he entered upon his duties as Senator, he was not called upon to vote on a tariff measure until 1846, when the Walker Revenue Tariff was introduced. Mr. Haywood was against a revenue tariff and feeling the responsibility of obeying the legislature that elected him, he resigned as senator of the United States.

These instances which have been mentioned show what a dominating influence the State legislature exercised in national legislation. As some one said, if the right of instruction is sound, then Congress is a second Parlement of Paris, which only records edicts of other bodies. Although that comparison is too much overdrawn, yet this doctrine is another one of the many proofs that the national government was considered an agent of the States, and that federal officers were not officers of the people in general, but representatives of the States. Under such restrictions it was impossible for a senator to act with any degree of independence. When he did so, he was scorned by his people and branded as a traitor. In those cases mentioned, we have seen a gradual growth in the opposition to this right. In the case of Senator Stone it seemed that expediency caused the defeat of the resolutions, in the case of the caucus resolutions of 1823 it was decided that a representative was free to act except in legislative duties, in

the Mangum resolutions the whole idea of instruction with the intention of exacting obedience or resignation was boldly attacked. Moreover, there is found in the speeches of the opposition to these resolutions a more liberal and democratic spirit than hitherto had existed. The idea that the legislature was the constituency of the senators is denied and that the right to elect implies the right to instruct is declared false.

Again, judged by these sweeping resolutions and by the exercise of many other powers of the old legislature, we must conclude that the nature of the early legislature was far different from the nature of the modern one. The early legislature of North Carolina had far more power than the one of today, it assumed practically all the prerogatives which the Crown and Parliament of England held before the Revolution. The Constitution of North Carolina before 1835 was the one adopted in 1776 when there was no central government at all; the Articles of Confederation had not then been adopted and so the constitution was framed independent of any other power. In other words, the early legislature of North Carolina claimed almost Parliamentary powers. It is true that in theory it only represented the sovereignty of the people, but in reality it was almost sovereignty itself. For this reason it appears that much of the irritation which existed between the early legislature and the national government, was due to the fact that there was not that accommodation between the two which ought to have existed. The relation between the two, however, was much better adjusted after the constitutional reforms of 1835, for the spirit of these reforms expressed itself in giving the people larger powers and in making the legislature less autocratic.

ON HATTERAS BAR.

BY C. M. BIVINS.

Oh life-boat men
On Hatteras bar!
What of the night?
Do the breakers in their moan
Bring no groan?
Do you hear
The cry of fear,
Where only noise of rolling waters
Falls upon my ear?

Ay! I see your firm-set lips
And the water as it drips;
Ay! I know
How you wrestled with the wave
To save!—save
From their watery grave!
But they sank to rise no more;
And your hearts upon the shore
Are weighted sore.

I too can hear
The cry of fear;
The fiendish laugh,
The hungry roar
Of the waves
As they surge o'er the graves
Of the souls
'Neath the shoals
Of Hatteras Bar.

THE MISSION OF THE RIFLE.

BY M. A. BRIGGS.

I.

Startled out of a light sleep by the sudden ringing of the door-bell, I brought my feet to the floor with a thump. In a half-dazed state I rose from my chair and hurried to the front door. A man stepped within the doorway. He was roughly dressed, having on a long overcoat, and his hat came well down over his forehead. As he stepped forward I saw that he carried a rifle, and I instinctively started back. These things I noted almost unconsciously, but was given no time to collect my faculties.

The stranger stepped close to me and thrust the rifle into my hands, saying quickly, in tones half-entreating, half-commanding:

"Here, take this rifle, quick!"

"But, but—" I stammered.

"Take the gun and keep it," he interrupted roughly. "If no one comes for it, it's yours."

Without giving me time to get in a word, he turned, and with two long strides was off the veranda and into the outer darkness.

I threw off my drowsiness and bewilderment and sprang out of the door, calling loudly. The street was dark and deserted. I saw nothing of the man, nor were my cries heeded. Only the winter wind stirring the limbs of the trees disturbed the unusual stillness.

I returned to the room in which I had been sitting, racking my brain in an attempt to understand the meaning of it all. Bringing the rifle directly under the electric light I examined it carefully. It was an ordinary Winchester repeating rifle, 30-35 calibre, such as sell for $15.00 to $18.00. Signs of wear upon the stock and barrel clearly showed that the weapon was not new.

So far as I could see the only distinguishing marks upon it were three letters, S. G. C., carved upon the right side of the stock.

Turning my attention to the magazine, I threw back the trigger guard. An empty shell was thrown out. Repeating the process I ejected another shell, and this was loaded. Further examination proved the magazine to be empty.

What did it all mean? I settled myself in an easy chair and reviewed the whole puzzling affair in my mind: the sudden ring of the bell, the appearance and manner of the strange man, and the leaving of the rifle. That was the mystery of it. Why should anyone wish to leave a rifle with a stranger in such a manner? Was it the act of a criminal attempting to rid himself of an incriminating weapon? If so, the fellow must be insane, for the rifle would furnish a good clue to his whereabouts.

Again, why had the gun been brought to this particular house? I was living there alone for the time. It was hardly probable that the act had any evil significance for me, for I was not wealthy and had no real enemies. I had read of the Black Hand and other organizations that used strange methods in their warnings and demands. Then there were the mystic letters S. G. C. Might not they stand for some such band? Yet no demand had been made upon me. These and many other thoughts came to me as I vainly endeavored to find a solution to the riddle. At last I gave it up and went to bed.

II.

Promptly at 8:30 o'clock on the following morning I presented myself at the door of Mr. Fred Minor's office. A legend upon this door informed the world that Mr. Minor was an attorney and counselor-at-law. The said

information was never taken seriously by that portion of the world acquainted with Mr. Minor, and least of all by Fred himself. Fred was a thoroughly good fellow and a close friend of mine, so I entered the sanctum without knocking.

Fred was in and greeted me cordially. After chatting for ten minutes or more, I came to the point and recounted briefly my experiences of the night before.

"And now," I concluded, "I want you to help me get at the bottom of this affair. It may amount to nothing; yet I confess that it has worried me a good deal, because I can find no explanation. What do you make of it?"

"You may search me," said Fred, who had listened attentively to the recital. "It's a Chinese puzzle."

"The letters S. G. C. ought to have some significance," said I. "The question is, What do they stand for?"

"Society of Gentleman Crooks, perhaps," smiled Fred. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed:

"By the way, Bob, have you seen this morning's paper?"

"No, too full of this rifle affair to think of anything else."

"Well, it just occurred to me that an item which I read may have a connection with your story." He handed me the paper, pointing out an article headed in large type, "W. E. Webbe Murdered!" etc., etc.

I read the long article through. Briefly stated, the sum of it was that Mr. Webbe, a well-known manufacturer, had been murdered last evening in Suburb Park. The body was discovered a little after 8:00 o'clock by a drayman who happened to be near enough to hear the shot. The drayman had immediately notified the authorities, who made the usual examination and had the body taken home. The coroner's inquest revealed the fact that a rifle bullet of probably 30-35 calibre had pen-

etrated the right lung and severed an important artery, causing death practically instantaneously. A search of the grounds revealed an empty whiskey bottle several hundred yards from the place where the body lay and the assassin was thought to have fired from that distance. No other traces could be discovered. No arrests had been made, though the police were hard at work.

"Bob," said Fred, when I had finished reading, "there are three points in that article which would seem to connect the murder with your affair."

"Which are—" I suggested.

"First, the time—about an hour and a half before you received the gun. Second, the fact that a rifle was used —something unusual, to say the least. Third, the calibre of the murderer's rifle is apparently the same as yours."

"You mean to say then that the rifle I have was the one used to kill Webbe and that my visitor was his slayer?" I exclaimed somewhat excitedly, although I anticipated what was coming.

"Exactly that," nodded Fred. "The facts point to that conclusion. Take my word for it, old chap; your strange visitor and this murderer are identical."

"But," I put in quickly, "you overlook one important point. That is, why any man (unless insane, and I am beginning to think such was the case) should deliberately place his neck in the noose by giving his weapon to a stranger just after the crime."

"That is certainly hard to account for. Still, there's that empty flask found in the Park. The man may have been too drunk to act intelligently."

"You may be right," I admitted, "although my man did not appear drunk. But what ought I to do? Tell my story to the police?"

"No," said Fred, slowly. "Look here, Bob, let's try

our hand at this affair. We have nothing important to do and the excitement will do us good. What do you say?"

"It's a go," I replied.

"Good!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction.

III.

Having decided to investigate the mystery, Fred and I lost little time in beginning. We made inquiries of all the neighbors and their servants and of all others whom we thought likely to have seen my visitor on or near Grey street (the street on which I lived) Monday night. The results were discouraging at first. The night had been a cold one, and very few of those we questioned had been out. Those who had been, had seen nothing of a person answering to the description of my man. We were forced to give it up for the day.

At the office the next morning we looked through the papers. In regard to the recent crime some important facts were brought out. The police were said to be on the track of one Ed Holt. Holt had once been an employee of Mr. Webbe, and had been discharged by the latter. Holt took his discharge as a personal insult. A day or two later he had filled up on rye and criminally assaulted Mr. Webbe. Holt's attack was thwarted by witnesses, and he was sentenced to prison. This had occurred several months ago. Knowing the vengeful nature of the man, the police had made inquiries, resulting in the significant information that Holt had escaped six weeks before. Hence the suspicion of the police. Up to the present time, however, Holt had not been located.

Fred was sure that Holt was the man who had left the rifle at my house after committing the crime. Of this I was not fully convinced; and we were arguing on this point when a knock was heard upon the door. In answer to Fred's invitation, a negro entered. I recognized him instantly as the coachman of my nearest neighbor.

"I come here to see Mr. Williams," he said to Fred, not seeing me at first.

"Here I am, Tom," said I. "What do you want?"

Tom then went on to tell how he had been out of the city for the last two days, while his employer was away. Chancing to fall in with one of his fellow servants this morning, he had been told of my inquiries and had hastened to find me. For on that very Monday night he had seen such a man as I described walking westward along West street, which runs parallel to Grey. Tom was going in the same direction and saw the fellow when he turned a cross street leading into Grey. Tom continued walking on. About three blocks further on a man came into West street from the direction of Grey. He came into the street a little ahead of Tom and walked rapidly. Had the street not been so unusually quiet and deserted, Tom would not have noticed the stranger at all, perhaps. As it was, he followed the fellow for some distance, out of idle curiosity, until the man finally went into a small cross street. Tom continued on his way, and had thought of the occurrence no more until this morning.

"Now, Tom," said I, when he had finished, "what you have told me is important, and here is something for your trouble."

Tom started to thank me for the dollar, but I continued:

"If you want to make four more of those, you may show us where you left this man."

Tom was ready enough, and said so eagerly.

"Wait for me two minutes," said Fred. He left the room for a few minutes and then returned.

With Tom in the lead, we went first to West street, where he pointed out the places where the suspected man had first been seen. We followed Tom for several blocks

along this street, and then were led into another street. At the second corner up the right, Tom stopped, saying that the fellow had certainly gone into the street branching off here. I dismissed him after giving him the promised reward.

It must be confessed that Fred and I were somewhat nervous at this stage of the game. We knew that even if we should be fortunate enough to find Holt, his capture might be a dangerous undertaking. Of course, there were plenty of chances that Holt had left; but we calculated that he would remain quietly in the city, thinking that the safer course since the police would count upon his leaving, and take steps accordingly. Once the man was found, our plan was simple. Backed up by our knowledge of his movements before and after the crime, we would spring the accusation upon him and count upon his surprise to give us the upper hand.

From the corner on which we had stopped we looked down a short, unpretentious street, lined with plain buildings, evidently a place where many workingmen lived.

We easily located several boarding-houses, and began our inquiries with the first of these. Our visit to the first three brought no results, but at the fourth we did better. Yes, the landlady said, she had one new boarder, named Howard, who kept to his room very closely. He was in his room now. Did the gentlemen wish to see him?

"Yes, my good woman," said Fred, looking significantly at me, "we have some very important business with Howard and we would like to see him."

"I'll send up and tell him—" she began.

"Don't bother," interrupted Fred hastily. "Just show us the room and we will see him there."

She conducted us upstairs, and pointed out the right door.

"Come in!" said a gruff voice in answer to our knock.

We entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves sat near the center of the plain room. Something in the villainous appearance and rough manner of the man assured me that our search was ended.

"What the devil do you want?" he demanded suspiciously, rising as he spoke.

"Mr. Howard, I believe?" said Fred, politely.

"That's my name."

Fred came straight to the point.

"Well, Mr. Howard, alias Holt, we want to know what you were doing Monday evening between seven and ten o'clock."

"Blazes!" shouted the ruffian, whirling a chair above his head.

"Look out, Fred!" I cried. He ducked just in time, and the chair went crashing by. At the same instant I sprang forward and landed my right full upon the fellow's chin. It was a heavy blow, and sent him staggering back against the wall. Before he could recover, we leaped upon him and each grasped him by an arm—Fred, the right, I, the left. As we did so the door was flung violently open and a police sergeant dashed in. With a single jerk Fred and I swung the fellow around, bringing his hands together at his back. In the twinkling of an eye the sergeant snapped a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists.

Holt struggled desperately, the while beguiling us with a choice, though not very edifying, profusion of oaths and curses.

"Enough of that, my man," broke in the sergeant. "You know why you're in this fix."

"Yes, Holt," said Fred, "we have you dead to rights this time; and you may as well confess. We know you murdered Mr. Webbe last Monday in Suburb Park; that

you did this with a Winchester rifle; and that you came back to your room here about ten o'clock. Moreover, we have the rifle."

"Betrayed!" growled Holt, and then he began cursing a certain Bill under his breath.

By this time a curious crowd was beginning to collect about the door. The matter was explained to the frightened landlady, and then Sergeant Grady took his prisoner away, after requesting that Fred and I come to the station at two o'clock.

IV.

As it was already twelve-thirty, I accepted Fred's invitation to lunch down town. While eating we discussed the events of the last few hours.

"I think we may congratulate ourselves upon the team work that the three of us showed when Holt became ugly," remarked my companion.

"Oh, that reminds me," I exclaimed. "How did the sergeant happen to appear just in the nick of time?"

Fred smiled.

"Quite simple, my boy. You remember that I left the room a few minutes before we started? Well, I phoned to Grady and told him enough to get his coöperation. He followed us and was probably in the hall when I first addressed Holt."

"There is little doubt that Holt is the guilty party. His actions evidenced that, and I think he'll confess.

"But what I want to know is, why he left that rifle with me?"

After lunch, I left my friend and went home after the rifle. Returning with this, I rejoined Fred and we went to the station. Grady met us.

"The prisoner has confessed," were the words with which he greeted us. "He thinks a pard betrayed him."

Grady led us to Holt's cell. Holt was sullen and re-

quired much persuasion before he would talk about his actions subsequent to the murder. He finally said that after leaving the Park he went northward, leaving the rifle *with a friend who was staying near the Park.* He admitted that he had been drinking and did not remember the exact route he had taken to reach home.

It occurred to me that Holt might have been so thoroughly under the influence of the effects of liquor and the excitement of the occasion that he became badly confused and carried the rifle on to my house instead of leaving it with his friend. I produced the weapon, which I had hitherto concealed, and held it before him.

"Is this your rifle?" I asked.

He seemed about to reply affirmatively, when his eye caught sight of the letters, S. G. C. He shook his head.

"That ain't my rifle," he declared.

"What!" exclaimed Fred and I, in astonishment. Holt pointed to the letters.

"Mine didn't have no marks on it."

To this statement he steadily adhered; and, as he had no reason to lie about it, we were forced to conclude that he told the truth. Holt stubbornly refused to say any more about the affair.

"It beats me," muttered Fred, as we left the station. "The original mystery is still unsolved. If Holt tells the truth, and he has no reason to do otherwise, your rifle was left by another man."

"Evidently," I replied dryly; "but who that man is and what his purpose was, are two things which I am afraid we are not to know."

"This much is clear," put in Fred thoughtfully: "Tom must have seen two men. Holt was the second seen. The man we want is the one he saw first."

Still talking over the perplexing turn which matters had taken, we went to the postoffice, where I stopped to

get my mail. There was one letter for me. It contained a brief note whose contents I hastily scanned, and then I whistled.

"What's the trouble?"

"More mystery. Read this."

Fred took the note, and read as follows:

"*Mr. Robert Williams, City:*

"DEAR SIR:—You may have been somewhat puzzled upon receiving a rifle a few days ago. If so, the contents of the loaded shell when 'shelled out' may furnish you some enlightenment. Yours truly,

"S. G. C."

"Sold, by Jove!" he ejaculated, as he returned the note. "We're stung this time, Bob, sure."

"It looks that way," said I, somewhat crestfallen; "but we'll soon know."

We hurried back to the station, secured the shell, and forced the bullet out. A little roll of paper fell out. This I unrolled and read aloud:

"DEAR BOB:—By authority of the club I extend to you a cordial invitation to join the Sportsman's Gun Club of this city. Please signify your acceptance by bringing the accompanying rifle to the club rooms, 31 Trent street, this evening at 8:30 o'clock. Trusting that you will be on hand, I am,

Sincerely yours,

"EARL PACKARD, Sec'y S. G. C."

"Ah, that clears up matters," remarked Fred. "It was certainly a strange coincidence that Holt and the club's messenger should have appeared upon the scene just when they did."

Before leaving the station we explained the whole affair to Grady. He, in turn, informed us that although Holt had divulged the name and address of his supposedly false friend, the police had not been able to find him.

V.

A serving-man met me at the door of number 31 Trent street, took the rifle, and then ushered me into a handsomely furnished room. There was a shout of welcome from the occupants as I entered. They were all young men, most of whom I knew well. Packard, Hartley, Stevens, and Matthews, all old friends of mine, were there. After my welcome, I was introduced to the strangers. After the usual ceremonies incident to my admittance to the club, we settled back to talk over matters.

"I trust," began Packard, a twinkle in his eye, "that the coming of the rifle occasioned you no worry."

"That was Packard's idea," explained Hartley. "He wanted to do the thing in an original manner."

"Packard accomplished more than he intended this time," said I. "His method not only added a new member to this club, but it also caused the addition of a new inmate to the pen."

They urged me to explain, and I told them the story of the part the rifle had played in Holt's capture. They were, of course, greatly astonished at the turn of events.

"Truly, my method had the desired effect," said Packard. "I wanted to mystify you as much as possible."

"You succeeded," I returned. "I fancy Holt would eulogize you warmly if he knew your part in his capture."

"But how was it that the negro, Tom, saw both our man and Holt?" inquired Hartley.

"Why, I figure it out this way. West and Grey streets, as you know, are parallel, runnng westward from the city, Grey lying south of West. Your messenger walked along West street until he came to Anne street. Turning down this street, he came to my house at the corner of Grey and Anne, delivered the rifle, and went back to the city along Grey street. Tom noticed him as

he turned into Anne street. In the meantime, Holt, coming northward from the Park, crossed Grey street and came into West just in front of Tom, some three blocks farther on. It was then that Tom first saw Holt and followed him, thinking him to be the same man he had seen before. As Tom was walking slowly it would have been quite possible for a man, walking swiftly as was Holt, to leave the street, travel a few blocks on another, and return, still keeping in front of Tom. Hence, his mistake was not unnatural."

"I see," nodded Hartley. "The real mission of the rifle was to create a mystery, not to solve one; but in this case it accomplished both."

GRAY TO GOLD.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

I look down upon the river,
  Where its ghost goes gliding by,
Pale and shivering, wrapped and shrouded
  In dark mists that trailing lie.

And the pale and senseless wavelets,
  Toss and mourn upon the shore,
'Gainst the grassy slope and shaded,
  Tossing, moaning o'er and o'er.

What relentless spirit haunts you,
  What of evil have you done,
That the willows weep and murmur,
  Where the floods like phantoms run?

If along the still, sad current,
  Through the mists that close enfold,
Love and I could drift and wander
  It would turn your gray to gold.

OXFORD AS REVEALED THROUGH MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY LELAH STARR.

The close of the nineteenth century and this the beginning of the twentieth have ushered in a new era in the relation between America and England. They are no longer estranged from each other with the Atlantic Ocean forming as it were an impassable gulf between the practical interests of each. England most generously opens her doors to America, and the latter, with the clear seeing eye of a progressive nation, recognizes that there is in the mother country much that only years can accomplish.

The economic improvements in one mean the same improvements in the other. Commercially, the two nations bear the same relation to each other that different sections of America bear to each other. Great steamers ply between them, loaded with the products that are bought and sold.

Not only is there an interchange of economic improvements and of natural products, but also an interchange of ideas and customs. As America makes advance in an educational way, she is awakening to the educational advantages that England has been acquiring since the Middle Ages. Only a few years ago the American student looked upon Germany as the most desirable and as furnishing the best educational facilities of any country in the world. Today there is a more general tendency on the part of our students to look to England for efficient equipment for the demands of our country. The Cecil Rhodes scholarships founded at Oxford University have done much to arouse interest in that institution that has launched so many great movements and sent out so strong a phalanx of great men. Especially was the United States generously treated in that she was granted

two scholarships for each State in the Union. As time passes, the Rhodes scholar will grow into a better type of American citizen, who will recognize that educationally Oxford is still a world power; and, with this truth before him, he will seek to absorb only those elements of strength which count in the struggle of life everywhere.

The charms of Oxford have been throughout the ages a possession to her great men, and they have left us touches here and there on the canvass—seen but imperfectly except by those who have stood within her walls and breathed her "classic atmosphere." No writer has more loyally and more perfectly expressed the feeling of devotion for Oxford University and the surrounding country than Matthew Arnold. He is preeminently the Oxford poet, not from the fact that he occupied the chair of poetry in the University, but that there is dominant in all his works the acknowledgment of the influence of Oxford and her surroundings. He hears in the Oxford of his own age the last voice of the Middle Ages, and in musing over the lovely scenes he strikes a lyrical note that is most fitting to express the feelings that come from the outward stimulus of the "beautiful city." When he entered Oxford as a freshman, his experiences were not widely different from those of every other student, but doubtless his mind was more sensitive to the influence of natural surroundings than that of many others. Never was he more at home than amid the beauties of nature. Every scene touched the inmost fibre of his soul and there found response. During leisure hours he walked about the village streets and there "knew each field, each flower, each stick, and with the country folk acquaintance made by barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick." One of the sports most indulged in was rowing, and there, lying in his

boat, "Moored to the coal bank in the summer heats, mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills," he looked at the green muffled Cumner hills and longed there to find retreat from the coming storms of life.

It was while at Oxford that Arnold and Arthur Clough formed the friendship that lasted until Clough's death. Here together they roamed amid the contemplations that to the "sanguine eye of youth" seem so clear. Their friendship was sealed by the scenes amid which they dwelt. This is finely brought out in the poem "Thyrsis," which was written by Arnold after Clough's death. The entire poem is permeated by the spirit of the place, and is redolent with the flavor of the beautiful country around Oxford. In it we see the sweet city with her "dreaming spires, that needs not June for beauty's heightening." In recalling those pleasant hours of comradeship, he says:

"Lovely all times she lies, lovely tonight:—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once I passed blindfolded here at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it; is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend the Gypsy-Scholar was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on."

The Gypsy-Scholar referred to was to Arnold and Clough the symbol of the human soul striving after the mysteries of life. There is a tradition about Oxford that there was at one time a scholar in the university who was forced through poverty to leave school. On leaving, he met a company of gypsies who took him with them and taught him the mystery of their magic power. This story, just as other interesting points about Oxford, has been immortalized by Arnold in the poem entitled "The Gypsy-Scholar." The scene of the poem is laid about

Oxford as it was in youthful days of Arnold. Through the forces of nature the scholar seemed to speak to him and his haunts seemed to have been in lonely places—

"And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapped in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climbed the hill,
And gained the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turned once to watch, while thick the snow-flakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-church hall:
Then caught thy straw in some sequestered grange."

Such were the scenes that inspired Arnold to become the revealer of nature when a student. In later years these same haunts became a retreat for him, away from the conventionalities of the city of London. When he returned, tired and depressed, from a long journey inspecting schools, he would leave the city with its struggling and confusion and go to the country about Oxford and look to it to "bring him around again." Here, in these scenes of nature as a mature man facing the stern realities of life that threatened "to brush off the bloom from the soul," he found his youth again.

In his mourning for Clough he says:

" . . . let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill,
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree;
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river field,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries.
I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?"

The Professorship of Poetry at Oxford was filled by Arnold for two terms, or ten years. During that time he engaged in the controversies that were of weight in his country, but when he, as he expressed it, "was pull-

ing out a few more stops in that powerful, but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman," he always took upon himself all the responsibility of what he wrote, in order that he might keep clear from the passing clouds the institution which was before they were and which would be there when they had passed over. He wished all to go down to his own discredit and not touch Oxford, that "beautiful city; so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of the country, so serene . . . And yet steeped in sentiment as she lies spreading her gardens to the moon-light and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm keeps ever calling us nearer to the true good of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?" Often he refers to the city, its effect upon him and his attitude toward it. After visiting Cambridge he wrote to his mother, "It seems so strange to be in a place of colleges that is not Oxford . . . I feel that the Middle Ages and all their poetry and impressiveness are in Oxford and not here."

The greatest influence that was manifest at Oxford was within the college walls. There were others there in that same critical moment at the opening of life who, amid the same influences, sought, more or less, the same things that he did. It was to these men of his "old set" that he turned when the responsibilities and perplexities weighed heavily upon him. His appreciation of the voices that he heard while in Oxford and this profound reverence for them should come home to every student, as the expression of what he himself has heard within his own college walls.

Among the "voices" heard while Arnold was in Oxford were such as Cardinal Newman, who can be described in

no better way than to use Arnold's own words in recalling some of these voices. "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim after-noon light, through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, subtle, sweet, mournful?" "There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, overused and misused since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true pathetic eloquence." Through Carlyle he heard the greatest voice of the century, Goethe, whose influence stayed with him until his last day. Besides these voices from his own land there came from far across the Atlantic the voice of our own poet and transcendentalist, Ralph Waldo Emerson. So well he knew that voice that Boston Bay and Concord became to him places invested with interest and power. As an old man he writes, "Forty years ago, when I was in Orford, there were voices in the air which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices, they are a possession to him forever."

The slender sunbeams lay upon the grass,
So long and golden, like a spreading hand;
I saw the day look back, then onward pass,
And leave a shadow on the darkling land.

CHINA'S AWAKENING.

BY CHESLEY M. HUTCHINGS.

Beyond the gates of day a city stood,
With golden dome and towering pinaret,
Before the dawn of ages known to us
She was, and standeth yet.

Time was, when earth was but a wide-eyed child,
Her purple glory filled the soul of man;
And wisdom in her courts held council high,
Ere wrangling creeds began.

Glory of jasper, onyx, porphyry,
Made bright her evenings by the silent sea.
Her morn was filled with song; her vaulted halls
Rang with night's revelry.

The march of ages saw her undismayed,
Silent, disdaining what new nations wrought;
The tide of life swept westward, left her there,
Enwrapt in visioned thought.

She saw the world's great empires rise and wane,
And, heeding not, she saw a Star arise
In far Judea, to fill men's souls with light.
She saw, but hid her eyes.

Full many times, upon her hoary walls,
The Light Divine has entrance sought in vain.
She sat in dreams of her once glorious youth
Nor sought to rise again—

Behold! her gloomy, night-enmantled towers,
Which have defied all wreck of long decay,
Break down before the thunders of the Word,
Let in the new born day.

Oh, new Cathay, no more an orient realm,
Whose coasts lie far beyond the sunrise sea,
Thy sad despair is changed to raptured hope
Of that event to be.

DAN CUPID, LINGUIST.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

The *Markstücke* poured merrily into the cash-registers of *Der Nord-Amerikanischen Schuhgesellschaft.* The big store in the busiest part of Berlin's busy Friedrich-strasse was alive with many Teutons of all ages, bent on getting the *Amerikanischen Schuh,* whose fame had travelled across the waters.

Schaefer, the house manager, who could point to twenty years of experience in the retail shoe business of Berlin, paced up and down the long floors with his keen gray eyes on his selling force, and watched the endless stream of packages going out with evident satisfaction. Never in the long history of the mammoth concern had one of their foreign branches met with such unprecedented success. Every week brought fresh supplies from the factory in Massachusetts and still they cabled for more shoes, more shoes; Berlin was barefoot and would wear none but American shoes.

In the well-appointed private office of the company the scene was characteristically American. Herr Morgan, as the Berliner knew him, smoked a dark Havana, as with his feet high up on the window, he read the latest "Boston Transcript," now just a week old. His younger brother, Harry, late of Princeton, sat at a massive flat oak table and wrote rapidly on a Remington. The only other occupant of the sanctum was Fritz, the office boy, a diminutive fair-haired scion of the Vaterland. Presently the machine ceased its intermittent clatter and Harry leaned back comfortably, and reread the letter he had just written:

DEAR JACK:—I did think I knew some German before I came here, but I have found out that I don't know a thing. Funny, isn't it? Remember how I knew the stuff at college? Well, it's a different proposition when you have to speak it. My dear boy, you just ought to be here; New York isn't one two three with Berlin. You never

saw such streets, such theatres, and such cafés in your life. And girls—why they are as far ahead of the American kind, here, as automobiles are of ox-carts. That's what makes me so sore about not knowing the language. Would you believe it, there is a girl who comes here, every day almost, just to hear me wrestle with German. She is attending some sort of seminary here; and Jack, old boy, you never saw such a beauty in your life—hair like, well, a kind of shredded wheat color, and eyes,—such eyes—the bluest ever, and the prettiest little mouth and cheeks—but what's the use? She can't understand a word of English, and although I can understand almost everything she says, I can't say much more than "*Guten Tag, Fraeulein Muehler*" in her tongue. Isn't that just about what Sherman said war was?

"This country suits me to a T, Jack, and I don't think I shall come back to Princeton for any graduate work this year, that is, if my honorable frater doesn't fire me. I'm not of much use in the business yet, and neither is he, as far as I can see. We've got a cracker-jack manager. His name is Schaefer, and he is the only man in the house who knows German as well as English and vice versa. He manages the selling end.

"Say, old man, I don't mind telling you that I'm almost distracted about this little yellow head, she's a dream.

"Regards to the fellows.

"HARRY."

"I'll bet that chump will think that I am head over heels in love when he reads this," he commented to himself. He hastily inserted the letter in an envelope and affixed a stamp.

"Here, Fritz, you take this letter and hike down to the postoffice with it like a streak of lightning, and don't drop it in a box and come back and tell me you took it to the postoffice, either, do you hear? Now git—get a move on you, idiot, why what in the dickens—"

But the little office boy merely shook his flaxen thatch eloquently. Plainly, he did not understand.

"Well I'll be eternally—why this letter, you blockhead, this, this—*dieser Brief,* he stammered, and shook it under Fritz's nose." Oh hell, say Mack, come here and help a fellow out, this letter has got to go off on the "Prinzessin Louise." Thus appealed to, Mack brought his slightly superior knowledge of German to bear on the

case and Fritz was soon on his way to *der Post* at top speed.

The hum of many voices and the tinkling of the cash registers came through the open transom above the door. A smile of satisfaction spread itself over the well fed features of the elder man.

"Harry, my boy, if this keeps on much longer we'll buy ourselves a little hut on that *Unter den Linden* street, and I'll have an understanding with Alice when I get to New York. You see, we've been putting it off too long already, and you, too, Harry—"

"What about me?" asked Harry suspiciously, as Mack paused a moment, looking at him with a kind of half smile.

"Oh, nothing, you are so blamed sensitive—why I was just thinking about that little blue-eyed thing that you are so wild about. Maybe we could get a nice double house and then we could all—"

"Oh shut up, really, Mack, your sense of humor has positively gone to seed."

"Thank you, my boy," returned the imperturbable Mack. "Although your language to your employer is not what I should call the quintessence of politeness, I'll forgive you; one does pick up these little eccentricities at a place like Princeton; but really, Harry, she is a pretty little cuss and I don't blame you in the least. You could do a whole lot worse, and besides, she is educated, and you could teach her a little English after you are marr—"

"Oh, you give me a pain," interrupted Harry, disgustedly; "why she doesn't understand a word I say; married!—you're the limit."

"Oh, all right, I'll accept your apology, but anyway she is gone on you," said Mack. "Anybody can see that."

"Mack, of all idiots you are the only. She doesn't care

a rap about anybody. Why she told Schaefer that she just comes here to study our business methods. It's a hobby of hers. She's going to write a book on America."

Mack laughed long and heartily. Such innocence was truly refreshing. Harry's face reddened slightly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he mimicked with all the sarcasm at his command. "You are so very wise, aren't you?" He turned and walked out of the office, very much bored. Mack chuckled at the success of his little ruse to find out how far Harry was in the toils.

"This thing has gone about far enough," he said to himself. "The dear boy is down for a trip to the United States and another year at Princeton; I think he needs it."

At this moment the office door opened and admitted Harry, evidently laboring under some great excitement, although he tried hard to appear natural.

"Mack, she's out there talking to Schaefer, and I can't go out there in the crowd and make myself ridiculous with my pigeon German; if you are a brother of mine you'll go out there and fix it up with Schaefer to get her to come into the office. We'll manage to scare up enough German between us to keep up a conversation." His irony of a moment ago was all gone, and his voice had in it a note of pleading. Mack debated the advisability of such a course for a few seconds and then resolved to humor him. "He's going away in a few days, anyway, poor devil," he thought.

"All right, I'll do it, and you're welcome to all the German I've got," he said.

It required much diplomacy and some discreet lying, but Mack's experience with various daughters of Eve at various times in his forty years of life stood him in good stead. With an assurance from Schaefer that it was perfectly proper, she hesitatingly followed Mack

into the inner sanctum. She did not venture to sit down, but stood near the door, uncertain whether to stay or retreat.

"Bitte, Fraülein Mühler," began Harry, *"nehmen Sie—Sie—('Platz,'* whispered Mack, guardedly,)*—Aeh ja, bitte, Fraülein, nehmen Sie Platz."*

Her composure returned immediately. She smiled an elusive little German "thank you" and sank easily into the large leather office chair that Harry had brought up.

"Of course you will pardon us, Miss Mühler, but in this land of strangers it is such a pleasure to speak to anyone who is at all interested in us Americans, that we have taken the liberty—"

She doesn't understand a word that you say, can't you see," interrupted Mack.

"Ach, entschuldigen Sie, Fraülein, aber ich hatte, hatte (say, Mack, give me the word for forget, *vergessen?)* Oh yes, *aber ich hatte vergessen dass Sie kein Englisch sprechen."*

Fraülein Mühler smiled forgivingly. Of course she would his forgetfulness pardon. It was perfectly natural that he should for the moment forget that she no English spoke. Further, she thought that English must one beautiful language be. All this in the most perfectly modulated *Neuhochdeutch.*

"Oh, *bitte, bitte, aber nicht* half so beautiful *wie Ihr Deutsch,"* stammered the gallant Harry. He was conscious that he had made an awful mess of the sentence, but he hoped fervently that she would know he meant well.

"Really," laughed the girl, "it is very good of you, but you must have of our language a too good opinion; you Americans are so—so, what shall I call it, gallant. Not?" Harry watched like one entranced the quaint way she had of mouthing her umlauts; it seemed to require no

effort at all. On the other hand his own powers in the tongue were so limited, and just now he could think of dozens of words he had learned at college, but never a one about the weather was forthcoming. He knew that the situation was growing more and more absurd, as the seconds passed without a word being said, and he was fast growing desperate.

"Mack, for God's sake say something, won't you? I can't open my mouth today." The girl colored slightly and showed signs of annoyance. It was clear to Harry that if he didn't say something and that very soon, she would leave. He struggled manfully with his repertoire of nouns and verbs.

"*Wir haben sehr schönes Wetter heute,*" he managed at last with class room precision, and secretly congratulated himself. The yellow headed sprite from the depths of the leather chair laughed long and merrily. Evidently his labored German had touched a funny spot.

"Oh, please, please, be not angry," she begged, "but you said it with so much dignity that one could not help it."

"Oh, damn it!" swore Harry, "why can't I speak it like that; was ever mortal in such a fix?"

Her smile faded suddenly and she grew visibly agitated at his vehement manner.

"Say, Mack, I could murder you. Can't you scrape up a little Dutch and say something? She'll leave if you don't. For heaven's sake man, please," implored Harry.

"I sympathize with you old man, but I am all at sea. You could have it if I had it, but I'm sorry I haven't got it," quoted Mack with a smile that showed plainly that he was enjoying it immensely. "I certainly am sorry, and she's such a pretty girl too—just look at her, Harry, did you ever see a girl blush like that?"

It was true. The protracted silence had begun to tell

on her patience. Her face had grown a deep rose red and her manner quite agitated. She was biting her lips in vexation.

"Say, you lobster, you get out of here, won't you? I can see that you worry her. If I can't do anything else I guess I can make signs."

"All right," answered Mack, "anything at all that will make you happy," and he left the office.

"Fraülein Mühler," began Harry, with a weak smile, *"Mein Bruder ist ein ganz dummer Junge,* that is, *er, er versteht kein Deutsch."* He marvelled at his success with the sentence. If he could only keep on at this rate, all would yet be well.

"Oh no, that believe I not; you should not so of your brother speak," she reproached him, rendering the inverted German order with a sweetness he never would have believed possible.

"Fraülein," said Harry, racking his brain for words, *"du bist, ich meine Sie siud so schön dass—"*

"Oh-o-o-o," came from the lips of the astonished girl. Such a declaration would have brought the color to any girl's face, and caused any feminine heart to pitter-patter in a manner faster than its wont.

"Oh, Herr, surely you know not what you are saying." Her face was a study in red and white.

"Yes I do," answered Harry," you are—*Sie sind viel schöner als die Engel, viel schöner—"*

"Don't, please don't," she begged. She had risen from her chair and was holding her hands before her burning face.

"Ach, Fraülein, Sie dürfen nicht böse sein, denn ich meiute nichts damit," implored the now conscience-stricken Harry.

"I'm not angry, but you should not to me such things speak," she answered in the most forgiving manner possible.

"My dear girl," he said to her, "I know that you don't understand a word that I am saying now, and it's a good thing that you don't, for I am going to say something that you wouldn't like. Do you know, my little yellow head, that I am terribly in love with you? Do you know that I would ask nothing more than to be able to look into those wonderful blue eyes of yours, from now till eternity? I wonder what you are smiling about now; if you knew how dangerous it is you wouldn't do it. Why, if you knew what a temptation you are to me this minute, how I would like to take you in my arms this instant, and kiss you, you would run out of this place as fast as you could and never stop running until you got home, really you would."

She had drawn slightly away from him during this little speech, seeming to divine the import of his words from his vehemence. Her lips were slightly apart, and she listened like one charmed.

"You are a beautiful child," he continued more kindly now, "and I would give the world to be able to tell you so decently, but I can only look at you and wonder why you blush so beautifully, when you don't know what I am talking about."

She drew still further away, but still looked at him and smiled. Wave after wave of color flooded her face as she listened to his intense words.

"Ah, my dear little blue eyes, you're playing with fire when you smile like that; if you only knew how bewitching you are when you smile, you wouldn't do it; do you know, I have a good mind to kiss you;—by Jove! I *will* kiss you," and he made a step forward.

"No you won't," came from the girl in perfect English, as she ran out of the office, and disappeared in the crowded store.

* * * * * * * * * *

All that day and all that night Harry cudgelled his brain for a solution, until the postman the next morning brought relief. It came in the shape of a square linen envelope with this enclosure:

"DEAR MR. MORGAN:—If you had known that half of my life has been spent in Philadelphia and in a boarding school at Williamsburg, you wouldn't have been quite so outspoken. I like your country so well that I am going back, next week, to enter Vassar.

"I shall be at home this evening, at the residence of my mother, 19 Unter den Linden, from three to five, to give you an opportunity to apologize for your strange conduct of yesterday.

"(Miss) GRETCHEN MUEHLER."

"Harry," said Mack, a day or two later, "I think that you had better go back to Princeton for another year. I know that you have grown to like Berlin a little, and I hate to ask it of you, but you see, I promised mother to look out for you and—"

"Why certainly, old man, anything you say; I think another year there will do me good," answered Harry, feeling vaguely that when good things come they come in battalions. And Mack wondered.

THE VOYAGER.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

My boat is launched upon the wide world's sea,
And I am steering in my eager quest
To find the golden sands, where'er they be,
That gird and circle round the Isle of Rest.

And when I've found the wondrous fairy-land,
I'll come again across the billows blue,
And kiss you, Love, and take you by the hand
Back to the Isle of Rest that waits for you.

IN MEMORY

Of William Bostic Lilly, of the Class of 1910, Who Died February 18, 1908.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

The anxious hours wear slow away
From dark to light.
What view of promise will the day
Bring to our sight?
We watch in vain—the night rolls on,
Yet naught but darkness comes with dawn;
Day comes, but he, alas, is gone
Out in the night!
The gloomy night!

The silent campus seems to wear
An air of gloom,
That one so young, with hopes so fair,
In life's bright bloom,
Must meet Fate's stern decree and die.
From every heart escapes a sigh,
And each one, faltering, questions "Why
Met he such doom?"
Such direful doom!

A loving family's painful grief
We sadly hear;
While former playmates find relief
In heartfelt tear.
But, ah, *another's* sorrow deep,
Whose hopes with him have fall'n asleep,
Who comes with breaking heart to weep
Beside his bier!
A lover's bier!

Ah, sad that life's bright dreams must pass
And fade away!
Why kills the cold December's blast
The flow'rs of May?
Be patient, heart, nor doubt nor fear,
For He who placed the flowers here,
Beneath a frostless sky and clear,
Will give us day,
Eternal day.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

NOT PESSIMISM BUT REALITY.

Just what are the proper limits for college magazine editorials is a question that we have not yet been able fully to decide. Perhaps some will think we ought to praise the praiseworthy, but it is not unlikely that our virtues are already sufficiently extolled. So, in looking on the other side, at the places where we are weak and where we are at fault, we do not ignore the brighter aspects of our community life; we simply leave them now for others to talk and write about.

Now we are going to mention something that will be, we fear, as unpleasant to many of our readers as it is to us. But people have to be made uncomfortable occasionally. At Trinity College, and we fear the same is true at many of our sister colleges, the standard of common honesty is too low. We do not refer to honesty as regards financial dealings, though that might well be made the subject of a sound rebuke to some men, but to honesty in class and examination work.

First, of unfairness on examination. It seems that surely the honor system ought to inspire loyalty to truth and put a premium on manhood, and in many cases it does. But those who deal honestly with themselves and with the professors are often mortified to find that they are not competing with men of honor when it comes

to examination time. Now, we are not hitting at any particular instance of this kind, but there is never an examination period here, when there is not more or less cheating. Men who would scorn the idea of taking property that does not belong to them do not hesitate to go on examination with a tablet written full of formulas, dates, verbs, etc., or with a book which has been sadly neglected during the term. They have done little work for daily classes and have managed to "flim-flam" their instructors; and then in order to secure a high grade or even a pass they hush the still small voice of conscience and take all the manhood and gentlemanly honor they have, and, putting it quietly aside, with the utmost coolness and calmness proceed to deceive the professor, to deal unjustly with their fellow students, and, saddest of all, to sacrifice the honor of a man for a ranking of which they are totally unworthy.

There is no need for us to argue the culpability of such conduct as this. Everybody knows and will freely admit that the man who cheats on examination is treating his fellow-student unjustly and that he is doing that which if it be not stamped out of his life, will sooner or later destroy the last vestige of his self-respect and his character, and make him utterly contemptible in the sight of all men. And yet honest men see such things going on, or are at least morally certain that they are going on, and dismiss the matter with a monkish sigh or an indulgent smile, forgetting the rights they should assert and the duties they should perform, both to the community at large and to the fellow who is losing his grip on right. In this connection it is a pleasure to recall the action of the present senior class taken a year ago. We hope the resolutions are being lived up to.

And there is another thing we would call attention to. Many men do not take full notes on class, or fail to read

some book assigned, or do but little term work, and, when examination time comes, freely borrow note books and in one way and another manage to get from the more earnest students the information most likely to be useful on the day of test. Now we would not call this by such a name as absolute dishonesty, but it is certainly not the most rigid type of honesty. It is just simply making use of the work other men have done, when each man is expected to do it for himself. We too often lose sight of the fact that it is not the grade a man gets that is the measure of benefit got from a course, but that it is the work done. It is not "a having and a resting" that we are after, but "a growing and a becoming."

So our ideal for the college would be that each man should work sincerely and earnestly and do all his work himself, and that he should in all tests, of whatever kind, depend absolutely on the knowledge that is his own and the work that he has done. Why should not Trinity College be a place where sterling manhood and rigid, unflinching honesty are at a premium?

MORE LIBRARY HOURS

It has recently been asked by a number of students why the library is not opened at night. There may be, and doubtless are, good reasons for its being closed at night; but, on the other hand, there are reasons why it should be opened. In the first place, a large number of students have class and laboratory work during most of the day. Allowing a little time for necessary exercise and recreation, they cannot reach the library for any length of time with the hours as they are. Especially is this applicable during the baseball season, when so many men employ practically all the afternoons in practice, and when so many others attend games.

Again, the library is necessarily a quiet place, and the noise and loafing of the dormitories are avoided, so that the student who cannot work effectively with noise in the hall or with somebody banging persistently on his door, would here find a refuge. Then, much of our work is of such a nature as to require almost constant reference to books that obviously cannot be carried to one's room; and we think it is certain that night hours would be conducive to more diligent reference work, as well as to the more general reading of newspapers and magazines.

We by no means presume to censure the college in this matter, for there may be reasons sufficient to outweigh those we have given, and others we might give; but we hope the authorities will consider this suggestion, for it is certainly made in accordance with the wishes of a large number of students.

ELISE MIMS, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

On January 18, Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of the most prominent men in American literature, died, and there have been memorials of him in many of the magazines and papers. Mr. Stedman's work as a man of letters was of three distinct kinds—editorial, critical, and poetical. The main body of his critical writing is published in three volumes: "The Victorian Poets," "Poets of America," and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." His rank among American poets is high. The poem by Henry van Dyke, read at Mr. Stedman's funeral and published in the Outlook, expresses in a fine way what he meant to America.

"Oh, quick to feel the slightest touch
Of beauty or of truth,
Rich in the thoughtfulness of age,
The hopefulness of youth,
The courage of the gentle heart,
The wisdom of the pure,
The strength of finely tempered souls
To labor and endure!

* * * * * * *

You followed, through the quest of life,
The light that shines above
The tumult and the toil of men,
And shows us what to love.
Righ loyal to the best you knew,
Reality or dream,
You ran the race, you fought the fight,
A follower of the Gleam.

We lay upon your well-earned grave,
The wreath of asphodel,
We speak above your peaceful face
The tender words fare well.
For well you fare, in God's good care,
Somewhere within the blue.
And know, today, your dearest dreams
Are true,—and true,—and true!

Daniel Harvey Hill's "Young People's History of North Carolina" is perhaps the best text-book of our State history that we have had. Besides its interest to us on account of being a home product, the book is a well written one, the subject matter well handled, and the illustrations are exceedingly numerous and instructive. The writer has taken up every detail, however small it may be, and woven them together into an intensely interesting volume. Surely the simple story will arouse in every heart a greater love for North Carolina, and a desire to know more of those who have worthily served it.

"The Call of the South," Mr. R. L. Durham's new novel, has been completed and the publishers will send out copies of it sometime within the next two weeks. The story is said to be an exceptionally interesting one, and the plot well worked out. We will gladly welcome the book and no doubt feel proud of one of Trinity's ablest and most loyal sons.

Sometime ago, Stone and Barringer, of Charlotte, published the second volume of John Charles McNeill's poems with the title "Lyrics from Cotton Land," and the little book has brought much pleasure to all who have read it. Many of the poems appeared in the Charlotte Observer and in the Century Magazine during the last few years, but here we have them together for the first time. Besides the poems, there is a very fine portrait of the poet and an introduction, with a short sketch of

his life and an account of the presentation of the Patterson Memorial Cup in Raleigh, October 19, 1905, by President Roosevelt. Mr. McNeill had the open and cordial manner of a gentleman born and reared in the country, and there was about him and his poetry that charm which comes to those who live close to the genuine things of nature and love them. The poems are illustrated by A. B. Frost and E. W. Kemble, and the illustrations are very characteristic of the life portrayed by the poet. As the signs of spring will soon appear, I quote in full the little poem "Spring."

"I axed de chillun fer de joke
  Dat made 'em laugh en run;
'It ain't no joke,' dey says; 'we's jis'
  Er natchly havin' fun.'

"I axed a rooster mockin' bird,
  When I had cotch his eye,
'Why does you sing all day en night?'
  Says he, 'I dunno why.'

"I axed a yearlin' why he pawed
  De dust up in de lane,
He bellered out his sass, 'Boohoo!
  I feels lak raisin' cain!'

"En den de chillun, bird, en kef
  Axed why I felt so good;
S' I, 'Don't ax me. Kerwhoop!' says I,
  'It's supp'n' in my blood!'"

GILMER KORNER, JR., - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

We are very much more inclined to be optimistic this month than last. Things are brightening up. Not only are the magazines coming in, but they are better from every standpoint, that is, the most of them. The spirit of the new year seems to have got in its work in many cases. A resolution to get "sure enough stuff" before publishing appears to be animating the editorial breasts. We grant the point, that to get a magazine full—say fifty pages—of material, real material, fairly printable and decently readable, and not mere "reading matter," is a job, a healthy, good-sized job. But we are all up against the proposition. That is what our magazines are for, and that is what they should be.

We have noticed a few times a questioning attitude on the part of some of our esteemed exchanges as to the lack of certain departments in the ARCHIVE, departments which we must admit are too frequently found in college magazines. We are gently admonished by some, and one of our sister college magazines hints at heathenism on our part on account of the absence of a Y. M. C. A. department. We have no apologies to offer nor excuses to make, but we do have a reason, and "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that we should declare the causes."

Until a few years ago the ARCHIVE too, was burdened with a lot of printed matter under department headings as follows: Athletics, Y. M. C. A., Alumni, Locals, Col-

lege News, etc. Now all this was of purely local interest and bore no earthly enlightenment to an outside reader; and besides, to those to whom it was of interest it was always a month old and very condensed, hence The Trinity Chronicle.

The Trinity Chronicle (subscription $1.50 the year, address L. G. White, business manager,) is a weekly publication which takes care of all the above mentioned miscellany. With more space and a special staff to attend to it, news of this order is rendered readable. Our games of any kind are reported in detail while still fresh and of live interest. And our Y. M. C. A. (for we have a Y. M. C. A.) is kept weekly in mind instead of monthly.

The idea was to make the ARCHIVE a college literary magazine, and to this end all was cut out that did not pertain thereto, and we are now trying to make it a literary publication strictly—a field for the literary achievements of our students—and not a variegated scrap book of odds and ends.

The Wesleyan comes to us soberly but handsomely dressed. The contents too are deserving of high praise. The number contains some right good verse.

The Red and White opens with a poem and a sketch of the life of Sidney Lanier. This is followed by "Artificial Languages," which is an excellent paper on the great attempt to establish a universal means of speech and writing.

It is to be regretted that the Guilford Collegian does not have more literary material. It shows a too apparent lack of interest in the magazine on the part of the student body. This should not be. The Collegian has had a long life, and has been of great value oftentimes from a historic standpoint. The old standard should be kept up. We are pained to see a good exchange weaken from lack of good material.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is one of our best exchanges. The last issue, however, is not up to the excellence of some of the numbers we have received. Still, some of the contributions are very good indeed. "L'Enfant" and "The Gambler" are quite good. The first is gruesome enough to suit the most sombre minded, while in the latter the chivalry of a son of the Wild West is related. The sacrifice is even greater than his "who layeth down his life for his friend," when a life is willingly given up for an enemy. "Genevieve" and "When the Roses Bloom" are both quite readable, especially the former. The question of what makes a good man is discussed in an article of that title. The poem "Life" is fatalistic, but very good verse.

A subject not often treated in college journals is found in the Acorn. It is that of painters. Under the title of "Portraits and Portrait Painters" a very interesting article is written. A very good appreciation of Shelley follows. On the whole this issue is a very creditable one.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: William and Mary Literary Magazine, the Journal, University of Virginia Magazine, Guilford Collegian, the Haverfordian, Converse Concept, Davidson College Magazine, the X-Ray, the Florida Pennant, State Normal Magazine, the Red and White, the Randolph-Macon Monthly, the Erskinian, the Mansfield Collegian, the Acorn, Southwestern University Magazine, the Wake Forest Student, the William Jewell Student, the Mercerian, the University (N. C.) Magazine, the Wesleyan.

K. W. PARHAM, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

They come here Fresh
And fresher grow,
But hazing's gone forever.

* * *

"Nick" says the stars are fireflies, lost
As far, far up they flew;
"Pug" calls them little silvery nails
To hold the floor of blue;
"Nell" calls them gimlet holes in heaven
To let the glory through.

—Ex.

* * *

TRADITIONS.

Once there lived a Senior
Who didn't pretend to know
All knowledge worthy to be known—
Ah! That was long ago!

Once there lived a Freshman
Who studied night and day;
Those ideal times when that boy lived
Have long since passed away!

Once there was a College Prof.
Who worked himself to death;
This class of Prof's became extinct
With his last dying breath.

—Ex.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1908.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER,
MAY WRENN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

SWIFT'S INFLUENCE ON LITERATURE.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

In an age that was sterile, hypercritical and uncreative, at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, a boy was born who was destined to prove a remarkable being in a strange age. A citizen of a despised and oppressed country, a follower of an insignificant and uninfluential profession, a "hater of all nations, professions and communities," a critic of life and a skeptic of death; Jonathan Swift exercised more influence on the literature of his times than any other writer, and traces of his ideas may be found

to the present day. In fact, Dr. Swift's influence was so great and varied that it is hard to appreciate it properly and to show its extent, for threads of it are interwoven with almost all of the literary products of his times.

Though Dean Swift hated mankind as a whole and appeared to be a disagreeable monster, he was a very pleasant companion and a faithful friend. To his companionship, his personal influence and efforts is due much of the meager production of the early 18th century. A notable illustration of this is to be seen in the formation of the Scriblerus Club. That Swift was a strong factor in this movement cannot be denied. In fact the club was named for him. Harley, Lord Oxford, had given the name Martin Scriblerus to the Dean (the name Martin being taken from the "Tale of the Tub"), hence the name Scriblerus Club. Besides being a prime factor in its organization, Swift exercised considerable influence in shaping its productions. He was the leading spirit and his keen satire and raging scorn doubtless greatly influenced the other members. These men planned to write a joint satire, and as a result of their efforts Pope wrote "The Dunciad," Arbuthnot wrote "John Bull," and Swift himself wrote "Gulliver's Travels." The germ of their writings may be traced to the satirical spirit of the "Tale of the Tub."

Not only were Swift's contemporaries influenced by the spirit of the man, but they also owed much to his suggestions and aid. Spence tells in his "Anecdotes" how Swift suggested to Gay the writing of a Newgate Pastoral and Gay himself acknowledges his debt to Swift for this suggestion, out of which grew the "Beggar Opera." Aside from the fact that Pope's "Dunciad" grew out of the Scriblerus Club, Pope owed much to Swift's personal influence and suggestions. It is uncer-

tain just how much of the poem may be ascribed to Swift. On November 12, 1728, Pope writes to Swift: "Without you the poem had never been." In a letter to Sheridan, Pope says: "It had never been writ but at his (Swift's) request and for his deafness, for had he been able to converse with me do you think I had amused my time so ill?" And Swift expresses the same thought in verse:

> "For had the deaf divine
> Been for your conversation fit
> You had not writ a line."

Also to Wogan, Swift writes: "I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the 'Dunciad.'" Once when Pope was disheartened and threw the incomplete manuscript in the fire, Swift rescued it and urged him to complete it. He also made many suggestions to Pope. In speaking of the main figure in the poem Swift said to Pope: "Be an honest man and hate Dulness as you do the Devil." He warned Pope against attaching too much importance to bad authors by mentioning them in his poem. At another time he wrote impatiently, urging Pope to hurry or the dunces against whom the shafts of ridicule were aimed would die before the poem was completed. Swift also wrote some of the explanatory notes to the poem, especially those signed Scriblerus and Bentley. His aid was recognized by Pope's dedication of the poem, in some very fine verses.

Nor did Swift's aid end with intellectual assistance,—his was a material aid, or at least he was influential in securing material aid for his friends. He extended the reputation of Pope and introduced him to Harley and Bolingbroke. He told one man that the best poet in all England was a certain Mr. Pope (a Papist), who was translating Homer into English. "But," says he, "I shall not allow him to publish it until I have secured a subscription list of a thousand guineas." And the Dean

secured it. By means of his aid Pope received £9,000 for the Homer, which was the first considerable sum received by an English writer. He always tried to get help for Addison, Steele and Congreve, until it was said that he always had a Whig up his sleeve. He secured for Steele a position with Harley as Stamp Commissioner. Through him Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke and secured his patronage. Swift exercised a great influence on the court in Gay's behalf and was responsible for his appointment as Secretary to Lord Clarendon. One has but to recall that literary men were dependent on noblemen for aid at this time—Dr. Johnson did not write "the declaration of independence of men of letters" until some years after—to see how great an influence the Dean's efforts had upon literature in this way.

And since men of letters and political men were interdependent upon each other (the politicians needing the men of letters to advocate their cause), Swift's influence on the periodical literature of his time was great. He contributed to The Tatler, helped Steele by correcting The Gazette, and edited The Examiner, besides writing tracts and pamphlets. Dr. Johnson says that it must be admitted that Swift dictated the political opinion of the English people. And as before shown he used his influence to advance his literary friends.

Swift's influence did not end with his direct aid and personal influence and suggestions. Many authors imitated him and wrote things which were suggested by his writings. Gay's "Trivia" is based on some suggestions found in Swift's contribution to the Tatler. Swift describes a morning in London and also tells of a city shower, and by comparison of these things with the "Trivia" one can easily see a striking resemblance. In his paper Swift describes the draggled female shop-

pers, Whigs and Tories, staying peaceably together to keep out of the rain,—

> "Sweepings from butcher's stalls, dung, guts and blood,
> Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
> Dead cats and turnip tops come tumbling down the flood."

Gay takes these suggestions and works them out in detail, describing the filth and smoke and stench of London, especially after a shower.

Another imitation of Swift is to be seen in the title "Bickerstaff," used by Steele in the Tatler. Swift had used that title in his famous Partridge joke and Steele borrowed the title to attract attention. From Swift's "Project for the Advancement of Religion and Reformation of Manners," Steele got the idea of writing the Tatler, and received some important suggestions to aid him as censor.

The Partridge episode was imitated by more than Steele. Mr. Pope makes a feeble attempt at its imitation in a pamphlet entitled "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Frenzy of J. D." Nor is this the only way in which Pope imitates him or is influenced by his writings. Not only does Pope receive Swift's suggestion to hate Dulness, but he bases his description of Dulness upon Swift's picture of criticism in the "Battle of the Books," and one can see in "Dulness, Daughter of Chaos and Eternal night," idiotic and anarchic, a gleam of likeness to Criticism, with her family of Ignorance, Pride and Opinion. Pope's Imitations of Horace were rather imitations of Swift. And his poem "To Dr. Swift" was also modeled after the Dean's poetry. He also wrote several poems based on "Gulliver's Travels." Goldsmith, too, imitated the Dean and did it so well that his poems, "A New Simile" and "The Logicians Refuted," were printed in Swift's poems and accepted as his work. Walter Savage Landor, in his "Imaginary Conversations," also imitates Swift in a conversation between

Martin and Jack. A slight trace of Swift's influence may be seen in Henry Mackenzie, who adopts the Dean's favorite device of leaving breaks in the narrative and ascribing them to mutilation of the manuscript. But in most cases the Dean was inimitable. That genius which was able "to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men," was possessed by few if any. Even a hiatus in another's manuscript could not be like his, for his cruel scorn flashed through the intermediate space, as lightning flashes from cloud to cloud, and one forgets that there has been an interruption.

Nor did Swift's influence end with his own times. A score of years later Robert Burns, in his little poem, "Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair," explains the title of one of Swift's poems, "Vive la Bagatelle." Matthew Arnold gets suggestions for one of his splendid essays from the "Battle of the Books," and uses the expression "sweetness and light" to good advantage. But the best illustration of Swift's influence in modern times, or indeed at any time, is to be seen in the works of that other intellectual giant, Thomas Carlyle. In his "Modest Proposal," Swift suggests that the relief of Ireland is to be found in selling and eating babies, and thus diminishing the population as well as satisfying the hunger and increasing the pocket-book. In "Past and Present," Carlyle tells of the killing of little Tom and how when he is eaten the decision is to be made between starveling Jack and Will. And thus not only is hunger satisfied, but funeral expenses are avoided.

But Carlyle received his most important suggestions from Swift's "Tale of a Tub." There the Dean compares the universe to a dress, calls attention to the periwig of the beech and the doublet of the birch. He, further,

applies his clothes philosophy to men,—religion is a cloak, honesty, a pair of shoes; and conscience, a pair of breeches. And while Swift sees little more than the suit of clothes, Carlyle sees the man beneath, and his mind grasping the full significance of the symbols, he works out poetry, philosophy, and prophecy. He sees all visible things as emblems of truth, and applies Swift's clothes philosophy to all phases of human life. Here he sees Fox working out stitch by stitch the leather suit of religious freedom, there he describes the strait-jacket of church conformity. Now he sees the Phœnix at intervals renewing her suit; now he pays tribute to the old clothes that need no renewal,—to the perpetual threads of life, the temple of immensity, the evangel of history, the organ-music of the morning stars as they sing together in harmonious concert. Nor does he end here, but extends his idea to the universe and God. What is the universe? It is but a picture of God. Space and time are but modes of human sense; bits of the infinite in terms of human understanding. Time, space and matter are annihilated. "We are—we know not what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of Destiny." The earth is but the time vesture of the Eternal and the volume of nature the mere alphabet of God. Swift's suggestion proved to be another spark which fell upon the great heaps of explosive powder and blazed heaven-high, not only from Delhi to Granada, but throughout the civilized world.

Nor does Swift's influence end with the British shores. From France, Voltaire pays a tribute and calls him a "Rabelais in his right mind." In Germany we find Goethe seizing the idea that inspired Carlyle (whether directly influenced by Swift or not, we cannot say, certainly Swift was well known to the German writers of that time) and in Faust the Erdgeist cries:

"In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Wall' ich auf und ab,
Wehe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein gluhend Leben,
So schaff' ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid."

Goethe is also supposed to have named his "Stella" after Swift's sweetheart, Esther Johnson.

It is also contended by some critics that Lessing gained material for his poem "Nathan der Weise" from Swift. In the "Nathan" the idea of making the hero and heroine turn out to be brother and sister is said to have been suggested by the incredible story that Swift and Esther Johnson (Stella) were both the natural children of Sir William Temple. It was also suggested that Lessing called the hero of his play a Templar after Sir William Temple, but the conceit has little force. But a strong and creditable influence is revealed by a comparison of the main idea of "Nathan der Weise" and Swift's "Tale of a Tub." Both books are strong appeals for freedom of thought in religious affairs and a protest against oppression. Swift makes a parabolical comparison of Catholicism, Calvinism and Lutheranism, and reproves all of them; Lessing contrasts representatives of Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism, and shows the triumph of the individual regardless of creed. Lessing's strongest scene is the well known story of the three rings over which there was a dispute as to which was the right one, while the central figure of the "Tale of the Tub" is the story of the three coats which the father willed to the boys. It is true that Boccaccio had told the story of the rings many years before, but Voltaire had read Swift's works and written a comparison of the coat story to the ring episode, and it is well known that Les-

sing read eagerly everything that Voltaire wrote; at any rate Swift was responsible either directly or indirectly for the adaptation of the story.

Swift's influence on literature? Ah, who can properly estimate it? World-poets write of the depths of human feeling and thus transcend all time, but second rate literature is usually a representation of the times in which the author lives. The 18th century furnished no world voices and whoever influenced its thoughts and manners tinged its literature. And who had a greater influence than Swift?

Now the "mad parson" strides the floor of the coffee house astonishing his listeners with his abrupt remarks; now surrounded by the members of his club, his satire urges them to write an attack on the times. Who knows how many were influenced to think and act with him, or what strength and talent were excited to the opposition? Who can tell what effect his "Drapier's Letters" and "Modest Proposal" had in touching the hearts of the British Commonwealth with pity? What folly and weakness of society were overthrown by his "Gulliver's Travels!" Doubtless many a young clergyman strove for common sense and reason as a result of his letter. Many writers, no doubt, were more careful to use "proper words in proper places" since he called that style. His was a critic's task,—the clarifying of the folly-fogged atmosphere of his times. His life and its work might be compared to a great storm that comes after the heat of a summer's day with its wild winds lashing away the poisonous heated vapors, and its fierce fiery flashes of lightning, purifying the atmosphere.

Across the sky of the 18th century literary field he swept, his fierce criticism and fiery satire, his rage and scorn, venting itself with fury; and sweeping up the gush and weak sentiment of the 17th century he raged

on against the folly and cruelty of his own times, making the air livid with the lightnings of his rage until, like some great storm, he lost his form, and blindly raging, beat out his force against opposition and spread out hopelessly into gloom and darkness. But his passing was not in vain, for the sun of the new day of the 19th century shone upon sentiment that was strong, emotion well founded and philosophy at once sane and ideal.

WHILE WE SLEEP.

BY EDWIN M'INTOSH.

There comes before the dawn an hour of sleep,
Dreamless, quiet and deep;
From which we wake and find our hearts, once sad,
Now satisfied and glad.

For while our sluggish, senseless bodies slept,
Our wakeful souls forth crept;
And in the old haunts held communion sweet,
Where we were wont to meet;

And there in mingled light of dawn and dying moon,
They parted all too soon;
And returning put our sleep to flight,
With joy and wild delight.

A FABLE FOR FABULISTS.

BY M. A. BRIGGS.

Harry Sylvester Vane had sworn to do it, and when Harry Sylvester Vane once vowed to accomplish anything, he either succeeded or immediately purchased a new pair of suspenders. In this case he had also sworn to buy no more suspenders. Consequently he simply *had* to succeed—or wear a belt, and he detested belts. Such had been his firm determination some months ago when he first declared his intention to write a story to be published in Collier's Weekly.

But now, looking gloomily at the returned-with-thanks manuscript before him, he began to have doubts, to wonder if he had not overrated his ability. Still his faith in "The Invalid's Imbecile Wife" was unshaken; it was a good story. This *he* knew. And had not Billy said so, too? And yet, it had been rejected. This was what he could not understand; and it was hard. This venture meant so much to him. His stories were acceptable to many magazines; but it was his cherished ambition to write for Collier's. Once a contributor to this great weekly, his position as a writer would be assured, his choice of a profession would be endorsed. He had been so sure of succeeding, had even confided his purpose to the "one woman." Of course he could count on her sympathy in his failure; but he wanted to win her admiration, not her sympathy. Anything but pity from his "heart's desire!"

During all the two years since graduating from college, Harry Sylvester Vane had not been so discouraged and dejected as now. The worst of it was that he did not see any way to better matters. Apparently he had done his best and his best had not been good enough. But—"to be weak is to be miserable," he quoted to himself; and, although not in the habit of listening to the

voice of Satan, he approved this sentiment. As the sky lightens when the sun first breaks through the dense clouds, so the darkened countenance of Harry Sylvester Vane brightened with returning confidence. He began to think of some means by which he might get help. Thinking thus, he naturally thought of Billy. Billy was the man, the proverbial friend in need. Yes, by Jove, he'd go to Billy. And he went.

Billy was glad to be of help to Harry Sylvester Vane. He always was, when advice was required. In fact, Billy, like one or two other people, delighted to give advice; but, "to him that hath shall be given," and however much Billy distributed his supply, it never showed any signs of depletion. So he listened to his friend's tale of woe with something approaching satisfaction, anticipating the pleasure of settling the whole affair in his usual prophetic manner.

"It's beyond my comprehension," concluded Harry Sylvester Vane, shaking his head in evident perplexity. "You know and I know that this story is my very 'precious life-blood,' and that it is much better than many which Collier's publishes. It is possible that the fault is on the editor's side, although I have been unable to trace any insanity in his previous conduct. There is something wrong somewhere, and I intend to find it if it takes a hundred years!" He thumped the table to emphasize his words.

"Softly, softly," cautioned Billy. "Now, my boy," he continued, dropping into an oracular tone and assuming a pose such as Beëlzebub might have done in Paradise Lost, " 'lend me your ears,' and I will guarantee to put your troubled mind at rest Allow me to say in beginning that the fault lies in your story. It is too complete, too satisfying, leaves not enough to be desired, to fill the requirements of Collier's. You have failed to grasp the

fact that this weekly has a different standard from the other publications. What it wants is the unusual, done in an unusual manner.

"Read its stories and you will find that they are nothing if not unique. Some of them have no beginning—these command a price of several hundred dollars; others have neither beginning nor ending—these are the thousand-dollar winners; and I have no doubt but that if you could only write one having neither beginning nor middle nor end, you could get a fortune for it.

"So you see, old fellow, why your story will not do. What is wanted, to put it somewhat paradoxically, is complete incompleteness, a finished product that is unfinished. Catch the idea?"

"I think so," said Sylvester, somewhat sorrowfully. "Then, by your own statement, 'The Invalid's Imbecile Wife' is out of the question."

"Not at all. On the contrary, it now becomes doubly valuable. All you have to do is cut your story in half, calling the first half 'The Invalid,' the second, 'The Imbecile's Wife,' change names and scenes slightly, and send both parts in as two separate stories. If you act on this suggestion you are sure of winning out, for it is the practical application of that sure rule which says, 'First ascertain the demand, *then* supply it.' "

"Billy," cried Sylvester excitedly, "your words inspire me with hope, and I shall do as you advise." And he did, and the stories were accepted "with thanks," as was Harry Sylvester Vane shortly afterwards by "the dearest girl in the world."

ON THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES.

BY JAS. J. WOLFE.

For too long a time have those who set the fashion in educational matters throughout our Southern States ignored the value of training in the natural sciences as a general educational force. The time was when such a course was perhaps justified. Away back in the childhood of the race, when man first felt the stirring of the intellectual forces within, it was most natural that the things nearest to him and most patent should receive his attention. His wonderful endowment with speech as one of these has riveted his attention to language from that day until this. His attempts to subjugate the forces of nature and his success in compelling the more docile of these to minister to his wants and comforts has always claimed some share of his mental activity, but for some time back the rewards, at least in the respect of the academic world, have been greater in other fields of endeavor. Fortunately, however, the tide is now beginning to set in the other direction. With the advent of writing, the traditions of these conflicts and those with his fellows growing out of his gregarious instincts merged into history.

Such was the intellectual furnishing out of which the curriculum of the middle ages had to be constructed. This, though we have greatly enriched it in many directions, still stands sadly lacking in symmetry. Many of us are living with our eyes closed to the fact that the present is an intensely scientific age; made so by keen competition, or in other words the "struggle for existence." This struggle we see in nature all about us—the plants produce infinitely more seed than can when mature find room for exposure to air and sunlight, the animals bear more young than can find sustenance, so

that there is relentless competition, resulting in the destruction of the weaker and those less fitted to survive. Cruel, from our standpoint, yes, but nevertheless true, and perhaps with the purpose in view of producing ever higher types, an end which to my mind justifies the means. Besides, you and I are scarcely wise enough to presume to criticise the morality of nature's laws. I at least am content to work by those which I know to be true.

Let us see if it is true that such laws as obtain among the beasts of the field likewise hold sway among men. Take these examples from the industrial world. The United States today leads the world in the production of iron, coal and petroleum, not by virtue of greater resources, certainly so far as coal and petroleum are concerned, for China and Russia are vastly richer in these; but by reason of the application of better, that is, more scientific, methods of operation. Our industrial leaders have made practical only the simpler results of science. They are just beginning to utilize the more difficult principles. In these matters we are behind our friends the Germans, who are turning into productive channels discoveries in highly specialized fields. It is for this very reason that Germany today practically dominates the commerce of the world in the products of industrial chemistry. Preëminence in these fields is dependent upon the continued introduction of superior methods of operation. Active competition is constantly bringing the market value of the product closer and closer to the cost of production. The margin between these two which goes to pay dividends upon capital invested can only be kept wide enough to attract investment by reducing the cost of production. Our chief means of doing this is the discovery and utilization of devices to reduce labor and improve output. These are, in the main, the

results of applied science. Our vast resources have stayed the acute stages of this conflict only that they may fall with accumulated violence upon succeeding generations.

Our vanity is touched even when some sychophant expatiates on the unlimited resources of North Carolina, but we let it go at that. Many of these are but partially developed, others are untouched. What are we doing to train our young men so that they may be able to turn to account these hidden stores of wealth?—a very pertinent question for patriotic educators in this State today. The trick looks easy when we see some industrial genius who has made the world his debtor by providing it with a safe and cheap illuminant, yet, though oil was known to Nineveh and Babylon, 1860 marks the beginning of the oil industry. The by-products of gas manufacture were carted away as refuse for I know not how long, yet 1856 is the date of the production of the first coal-tar color. A similar use of waste by refined methods has saved to our country more than one industry which must necessarily have gone down in this fierce conflict of competition. It demands deep insight and broad culture to realize the untold energies going to waste over our piedmont rapids. There are, I must believe, sources of energy now lying hidden, and materials now lying about us not only without value but actually in the way, that will be turned into valuable resources in the years before us. If our young men are to take positions as leaders in this march of progress, as we wish them to do, we should so shape their training that they may be properly equipped for the work.

What should be the subject matter of an education that will do this? Much has been written on this, but I know of no better definition than that quoted to a Trinity audience by Dr. Abbott some months ago from Mr. Huxley:

"Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with these laws." Measured by this standard our system of education is too bookish, and lacks the vitalizing contact with things. Too many men today fail to discriminate between knowledge gained from books and first hand knowledge gained from things. The printed word is regarded with greatly too much respect. It should not be forgotten, though it often is, that complete knowledge, if such were possible, of all that has ever been written, could not push forward one jot the border line of knowledge. It may, and does, advance the individual, but from the very nature of things cannot contribute to the sum total that pioneers only have wrested from the unknown. Do not understand me to depreciate the value of acquaintance with the best that men have thought and done. I have no fight with this in itself and would not relegate this means of culture to even a minor place in our curriculum. It deserves a large place in any system, but it should not monopolize the field to the exclusion of other equally valuable sources.

I have said that our system is not symmetrical. Trinity College, for instance, requires for graduation five three-hour courses and one one-hour course for four years, or a total of 64 hours. Two of these courses, or six hours out of sixty-four, must be taken in natural science. According to the estimate of the "Carnegie Board," the standard of only one Southern institution ranks above our own, which must therefore be fairly representative. Now let us examine into the scope of the field represented by natural science and see over how much territory these two courses must be stretched. The

older philosophers divided the material universe into three kingdoms, the mineral, plant, and animal kingdoms respectively. The phenomena of the mineral kingdom, together with the lifeless products of plants and animals, constitute the subject matter of Chemistry, Physics, Geology, etc., the phenomena of living plants and animals that of Biology. Furthermore, trace any form of human knowledge to its ultimate sources and it leads to one or the other of these. I can think of no sociologist who would admit any debt to Biology, yet division of labor, organization and combination are manifest among social animals such as bees, wasps, ants, etc., and even among the very cells out of which the human body itself is constructed. Upon the principles here involved, the seal of approval has been set since the Trilobites of the ordovician seas went in groups for better protection and mutual advantages in food getting, a period of time compared with which the whole of human history is but the tick of a watch. Not to be too tedious with illustration, Psychology, History, Language, etc., are but special manifestations of the mind of man—himself an animal though the highest of the realm. I am not claiming that a knowledge of natural science is necessary even to thorough mastery of these branches as they stand today, but rather that it should lie at the foundation of the knowledge of every man. The system in vogue acquaints men with the flowers of the tree, but leaves them ignorant of its massive trunk and extensive but hidden root-system.

No matter into what field of endeavor a man may throw his energy, he is first and foremost a complex animal and subject to all the natural laws that obtain in the animal kingdom. You do not put your dynamos and steam engines in charge of untrained men, yet a man with no knowledge of anatomy, physiology or hy-

giene feels perfectly competent to manage his body, a machine vastly more complex than any produced by the hand of man. It seems to me that a knowledge of the structure and functions of the body and of its laws of health and disease are necessary to its maintenance in proper working order.

Mr. Huxley has expressed a similar thought as follows: "Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

"Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And

one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life."

You will, doubtless, admit that the field of natural science is a wide one for two courses, but you will also say that our list of electives offer opportunity for a wide range of choice. This is true but, and I know not how to account for it, fashions become as powerful in educational matters as in those of dress. In the days before we had well equipped departments in science, students were forced to seek their training in other fields. Now, although the necessity for this no longer exists, men still follow in the footsteps of those who have preceded them.

Then there is often objection urged upon the ground that so much of science is not immediately practical. This is true in a measure, but this further fact is also true, that well nigh all important applications of scientific principles were long preceded by their thorough elucidation at the hands of devotees of pure science. Instances of this are electricity itself, wireless telegraphy, methods of hybridizing plants now so marvelously practiced by Burbank, and others too numerous to mention. It is the opinion, I believe, of all students of this subject that the development of pure science is absolutely necessary to the healthy and vigorous growth of applied science.

Now I have indicated as best I might in a brief way the intrinsic value of training in natural science; there yet remains at least one important point of view from

which the educational value of any subject must be considered, that is its worth as a means of mental discipline. Without arguing this at any great length, it seems to me perfectly evident that the training one gets from the laboratory method in accurate observation of the detailed facts upon which the body of his science rests, together with their concise expression in notes and drawings, and the constant effort at correct deduction of general laws from these facts, furnish a sort of mental gymnastics in no sense inferior to that offered by any other of the elements of our curriculum. This is now fairly generally conceded by students of the question. Drawing alone, and by this I mean not artistic, but geometrical, or mechanical representation of the plan of the thing studied, furnishes excellent practice in close observation. The lack of this latter is just the difficulty with those students who complain that they cannot draw—the trouble is not with their drawing, but with their careless methods of observing. One cannot depict an organism until he has analyzed it into its parts and carefully observed their form together with their mutual relationships. The ability to delineate with a few well directed strokes a complex organ or mechanism to express which in language would require pages of carefully written English is no mean acquisition for any man.

As of greater value than this, however, do I regard the constant practice of the judicial faculties. The man of science goes into the field with no preconceived or inherited theories for the bolstering up of which he is seeking facts, but with open mind, seeking facts to be sure, but grouping and correlating them in order that he may discover those laws which bind them into unity. The scientific method, if I understand it, tends to produce that habit of mind which can approach any and all subjects in an unbiased attitude, than which there is no

more valuable attribute of any method. Life is replete with occasions that demand the exercise of this judicial function. Every man who can sift and weigh evidence and arrive at impartial judgments will contribute to human welfare.

Our young men have long enough sought that training which would make of them useful and progressive citizens along humanistic lines to the almost complete exclusion of science. I believe there lies in well nigh every man, even beneath the most careless exterior, a deep undercurrent of honest purpose to make the best use of the intellectual and moral force with which he is endowed. If this be true, and the things which I have said earlier be true, such men cannot longer afford to tread in the footsteps of their predecessors, nor can educators who have a proper conception of their duty longer neglect to direct a greater portion of the attention of those who look to them for guidance into these fields.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst
Diffuse themselves and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

—*Shelley.*

AUS ALTEN MÄRCHEN WINKT ES.

A Free Translation of Heine's Famous Lyric.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

Out of ancient fairy legends
Beckon to me fairy hands,
Sing and chime to me forever
Voices from enchanted lands—

Lands where giant flowers languish
Under golden evening suns,
Turning toward each other faces
Loving, like betrothèd ones;

Lands where trees forever whisper
And like soft-toned choirs sing,
Where a happy tripping music
Breaks from every mountain-spring;

Lands where tales of love are whispered
Such as ne'er on earth are heard;
Till your heart with sweetly thrilling
Fairy lyric strains are stirred!

Ah, would I could sometime go and
Comfort there this heart in me,
Loos'd from earthly pains and fevers
Free and ever happy be!

Ah! that distant, smiling Elfland,
Oft I dream it, but when day
Comes with mist-destroying sunlight,
Just as oft it fades away.

AN EVENING WITH THE GERMAN CLUB.

BY "DOC," A MEMBER.

AN evening with the german club—by "doe" a member

"Three hours and ten minutes by the clock, gentlemen, and I thank the Lord it's finished," exclaimed Archie Richardson, as he slammed his book shut after the last word of the German lesson had been read, and leaned back wearily.

"This German Club has got to register a protest, fellows," said Tammany Elias, yawning mightily. "Now just look at me; I swear I am so exhausted I can't get up another lesson tonight, and it's just treating these other professors wrong to make a student take time belonging to them and put it on this German business. I'm tired and I'm going to rest. Doc, where are those apples you said you bought this afternoon?"

"They are here all right, Tammany," I answered, and going back into my bedroom I fished out a bag of apples and passed them around among the members of the German Club, which I may tell you now, as it no longer exists, was a select club organized for the very laudable purpose of promoting the knowledge of German language and literature among its members. During its short but strenuous life it was a decided success, for each member was a devoted admirer of German and wanted no greater pleasure than to spend the entire evening discussing the probable translation of delightful passages found in the writings of such masters as Storm and Heyse. The words quoted at the beginning do not express the true sentiments of our club and were uttered only at rare intervals when we became especially enthusiastic over the beauty of some passage that would require at least half an hour to turn into good English. In defense of our club I must say that the Professor of German advised its dissolution on the grounds that we

were advancing so much faster than the young ladies of the class that he feared they were losing their health in a desperate effort to keep abreast of us, and of course we, being animated by the kindliest of feelings for them, decided to discontinue our meetings and thus descend to the general average of the class.

"Oh, all of you know there is no use kicking, we are simply up against a piece of hard luck, and what's the use of growling anyway? It won't do any good," said Bernard Lee, as if delivering final judgment on any further German talk for the night. "Doc," he continued, "who is the good looking fräulein over your desk? She's a peach, all right."

"That is a young lady I met last summer out in the Cumberland mountains," I answered. "I suppose she is, or rather was, my summer girl. I remember her very pleasantly."

"There must be a story connected with her, is there not?" asked Archie. "Tell us about her, Doc, it's too late now to study any more."

"Yes, tell us about her," came from Tammany, who was very comfortably leaning back in the best rocker. "I have often wondered how you ever fooled such a good looking girl as she is, anyway."

"Why, fellows, there is not much of a story to it," I answered. "She was such a charming young person that I prevailed upon her to give me that picture that I might always be reminded of her and the good times we had together. But if all of you can stay, I will tell you the story, so far as I know it, of Miss Wilton Nelson, the most refined flirt it has ever been my pleasure to know." Everybody settled back comfortably and reached for another apple. I turned down the lamp, filled and lighted my pipe, elevated my feet to the radiator and began by blowing out in front of me several gray clouds

of smoke to get the proper setting for a story: "The Cumberland mountains of Tennessee have this peculiarity—they are all flat on top. They make you think that some giant of old, probably Thor himself, had struck each peak with a mighty hammer and mashed it flat. On the flat top of one of these mountains the little summer village of Monteagle nestles, eyrie-like away up there on the very summit of the Cumberland range. It is a pleasant place and those who have once felt the balm of that delightful clime always look forward to the time when they can go back and while away the long summer days in the lazy enjoyment of the mountain sunshine and the ever present mountain breeze.

"One day last July I found myself stepping from the train into a crowd of summer people around the little Monteagle station, and the very first thing that struck me was the summer-resort air and spirit that was plainly evident all around me. Bare-headed girls in light summer dresses, sleeves rolled up, merry, airy creatures—you have seen them yourself at all summer resorts. The men, too, were comfortably dressed in gray flannels and soft shirts. Everywhere the outing spirit of long idle days was suggested, and I thought to myself that this was just the place to enjoy one's vacation.

"The most important feature of Monteagle life, however, is its Chautauqua, and a large majority of the people go there to hear the lectures and music rather than to rest and have fun. There is a large auditorium in which a lecture or entertainment is given every night.

"I did not know a soul when I went there, but soon met quite a number of the people and was having a fine time even before I met Wilton Nelson. One afternoon about six o'clock, though, I even remember the hour, you see, I met the young lady in question. The orchestra plays every afternoon from five to six out on the mall,

the open square around which all the main buildings are grouped and from which all the streets radiate. The mall is a grass covered plot, and in the center is the band-stand. It is here in the late afternoon that the Monteaglians come to listen to the orchestra, to meet their friends, to see and to be seen. Soon after the orchestra starts up the latest two-step, the summer people come out, the tennis courts are full, on the club-house porch the chairs are soon taken, the rustic benches out under the trees are occupied and the late comers stroll up and down the walks. It makes quite a pretty picture to the appreciative eye as the shadows grow longer and longer—the moving throng of airily dressed women presents a perfect harmony of color, bare-headed girls and boys, a laugh ringing out clearly now and then, the voices of the tennis players calling the score, and above and through it all the music of the orchestra floating out in the strains of a slow waltz or quick two-step.

"I remember I was standing along the side of the court watching the progress of the tennis game when all at once my eyes happened to fall on a girl standing hardly ten feet away, also watching the tennis players. Instantly the game was forgotten, the crowd became a blurred mass of color and she alone stood out clearly, a perfect little figure in white. You know how a man is always seeking in every place and every crowd for the ideal woman, hoping some day to find her. Of course, there are not many who ever do actually find their ideal, but I'll warrant they never give up the search. At that moment a great satisfaction and a sense of peace came over me and I knew that my search was over. For several minutes I just stared at her, taking mental notice of every detail of the unconscious little pose she made, for she was absorbed in the game, never dreaming of the

havoc she was causing not a dozen feet away. Slowly my gaze traveled from the expression of pleased interest on her face down to the dainty little white pumps she wore and then I woke up with a start to the realization that I did not know her name nor where she lived in the village. Hastily I looked around me, seeking some acquaintance of mine, but not one could I see anywhere. The situation was desperate, soon the concert would be over and I would lose her in the crowd and perhaps never see her again.

"Under the stress an idea came to me, a mean, low-down idea, but the only thing I could think of at the time. Boldly I walked up to her, although my heart was almost knocking me down at every thump, and touched off the fireworks. 'Why, Miss Ethel, I thought you said you were going over to Sewanee this afternoon.' As she turned to me I saw her eyebrows go up in surprise and you could have knocked me flat with a feather, but only for a moment, and then in the corners of her mouth came the suggestion of a smile, as she said, 'No, I intended to go, but decided otherwise, as you see, and I suppose you know you have mistaken me for some one else.' I breathed easier as I assured her I had made a mistake, which was a black lie, and asked her pardon, which she granted most graciously, saying, 'I see you are a Kappa Alpha and all Kappa Alphas are my friends, because my brother is one, too.' This was the best kind of luck, so I hunted up a mutual acquaintance and had myself properly introduced, and, after the music stopped, walked home with her. I came away with her permission to call that night, and from that moment I entered a new land, where every living object was singing her praises to me.

"I wish I could tell you of the glorious days that followed, of walks out to Sunset Rock at the edge of the mountain, where we would sit in silent admiration and

watch the sun go down behind the western ranges in all the brilliancy of a mountain sunset; of a certain spot in the shade of a high rock, where we would go every morning and read to each other from a favorite book; or of perfect nights out on the porch at Edgewood Cottage, where we would watch the moon come up above the trees, or rather she would, for I had eyes for her only. You should have seen her on one of those nights. I recall one night in particular when she was dressed in some kind of light fluffy stuff that had little pink flowers all over it. Out at the gate there was a gasoline torch that served as a street lamp. It was continually sputtering away, now brightening up and again dying down, bringing out at one moment in clear detail her every feature and in the next giving way again to the night. She was facing the street and I shall never forget the play of that light on her face and the effects it produced. She had a way of putting her elbows on the arms of my chair and leaning over close to me as she emphasized some remark. In the half-light I could then see her wavy brown hair. In her eyes I occasionally could see a quizzical expression, a kind of half challenging, half taunting smile.

"Gentlemen, I have thought a thousand times of her and wondered what kind of girl she really was. At heart she was either the most consummate and delicately tactful flirt I have ever known, or the most lovable and innocent girl in the world; and to this day I don't know to which class she belongs. Sometimes she would let her hand fall accidentally on the arm of my chair, and when I would accidentally also permit my own to close over hers, she would let it lie there just as passive as you please for about twelve seconds and then the fingers would begin to wriggle the slightest bit, she would lean over and almost whisper, 'Don't you know it's not right?' What could I do? So far as I knew she was an innocent

and unsophisticated little saint rather than a flirt, although I have my doubts about her saintly side. You have seen girls who in their bold and forward beauty remind you of the great American Beauty rose. Now she always reminded me of a violet, so fragile and delicate was her nature and so essentially feminine all her ways. That night I told Wilton the old story, beginning way back at the tennis court incident and waited in fear and trembling for her answer. And in her answer, if it was given sincerely, she showed me yet another side of her complex nature."

" 'You don't know how sorry I am,' she said, 'for I do like you and it hurts me to tell you, but I really could not love you. I, too, have an ideal, and the man I am to love must measure up to it. He must be a man who does things, a leader among his fellows. He must succeed where others fail and rise superior to those things before which an ordinary man would quail. He must show me that he is worthy of my love, and to the man who does measure up to this ideal, I will bring love and worship untold. I will lose myself in him, his successes will be my joys and his life my life. I would slave and wear my fingers to the bones in the services of that man.'

" 'But, my dear Wilton,' I interrupted, 'you expect too much. All men cannot be leaders and there must be some to follow, else who would the leaders lead? And how can you expect me, a college man, to have had a chance even to try my strength in the outside world?'

" 'But that is just the point,' Wilton broke in, 'you graduated in June and what are you doing now to get ahead in the world,—whiling away your time up here on this mountain top in days of idleness. Do you object to my frankness? If you do, I will stop.'

" 'No, no,' I assured her, 'be just as candid as you please, I feel that I am learning things tonight.'

"'And what have you to show me of success in your college life? Now, honestly, why did you waste your time in college? Even there you ought to have been up and doing.'

"'But I assure you I did not waste all my time,' said I, in self-defense, 'I worked hard sometimes.'

"'But there is a difference between hard work and success,' she continued. 'Let me show you. You are from Alabama, and a college man. Now, this big contest is coming off here in a few days and some man will come up from Alabama to represent his State. Why couldn't you as well as some one else be the one to represent her? Now had you come to me backed by something like that, I feel that your quest would not have been in vain.'

"'I am sorry, Wilton,' I said, as I rose to go, 'I wanted you to like me for what I am rather than for what I might be.'

"But the yellowness of the lemon she had handed me was considerably diminished, for when I took her hand and said good-night she came up very close to me, raised her face to mine, saying, 'Before you go, I am going to give you one victory at least,' and what could I do but kiss the upturned lips so generously offered?

"Fellows, that girl was a mystery to me. Now, why she had put up such a story to me of high ideals I don't know. There was absolutely no necessity for it and she could have turned me down for a dozen different reasons. I believe she was simply making fun of me. But the circumstance that made her argument so funny to me was when she said she could love me if I were the representative of my State in the oratorical contest that was to be held at Monteagle in a few days, when in reality that was just the reason I had gone to Monteagle. As I had arrived about two weeks before the contest was to

come off, I had not made it known why I was there, and Wilton of course did not dream that I was there for my own State. Several of the Southern States, you know, send men to represent them in an all Southern oratorical contest. This contest is always held at Monteagle. There is much friendly rivalry among the partisans of the various States, the big auditorium is always gaily decorated with the colors of the colleges sending the representatives, and everybody in the village from a particular State sits in the section of the auditorium decorated with his State colors and cheers for his State's representative. As the day approaches interest grows rapidly, and by the night of the contest it is intense.

"Last summer everybody in the village went early to the auditorium to take part in the cheering and college yells. Before I had finished putting on my evening clothes I could hear the cheering come rolling across the grounds in one long muffled roar. I had not told Wilton my connection with the contest, preferring to wait and let her read it for herself on the programme, and I knew that the expression of surprise I would be sure to see on her face would relieve somewhat the awful tension.

"About twenty minutes after eight I went over to the auditorium and through a crack in the door at the back of the stage I ran my eye along the rows of seats in the Mississippi section until it fell on Wilton. She was not taking a very enthusiastic part in the cheering, and the first expression of blank surprise had not yet worn off. Every now and then she would take up her program and scan it closely and I could almost have put into words her thoughts as she read the name of the 'gentleman from Alabama.' At strictly half-past eight the orchestra struck up a march, the door at the back of the stage was flung open, the representative of each State walked in and stood before his chair until all had reached the

platform. I shall never forget the emotions rushing through me at that moment. The auditorium was crowded and four thousand souls greeted us with yells and waving of flags. In front of each State's section a figure suddenly arose and frantically waved his arms and the yell of each State for its representative thundered up among the steel trusses of the great building and shook it to its very foundations. As each of us bowed in acknowledgment of the salutation of his State, it seemed that pandemonium had broken loose, and the great assembly swinging into the spirit of the evening, became one solid swaying mass of waving flags and handkerchiefs, while cheers and yells mingled into one long hoarse roar. At this moment I caught Wilton's eye, smiled one long wicked smile, and my revenge was complete.

"The next day I received a note that read: 'Will you come to see me this afternoon?—Wilton.'

"That afternoon I did go to see her. We talked of many things and later on we walked out to Sunset Rock at the edge of the mountain; there, hand in hand we watched in silence the shadows grew longer and yet longer and the lights appeared one by one in the little cabins of the mountaineers far down below in the valley."

Tammany yawned mightily as he rose to go. "Doc," he said, "is all that straight goods you have been giving us?"

"Why, Tammany," I replied, "I leave that to your imagination."

"I've got my doubts about that story, Doc. Good-night."

"Good-night, Tam, and good night everybody."

"Good-night, Doc."

TO A PINE,

That to one looking west from the campus is plainly outlined against the sky.

O pine that standest on yon western hill,
That risest high above the trees around,
Long years have passed with many changes ill,
Since thy young branches bold reached up and out

To greet thy fellows in the woody wild
Exchanging whispers with the shrubs and flowers,
To dream of showers gentle, sunshine mild,
To praise the forms that leaped and flitted free.

The woodman's axe has made thee often sigh
For those majestic trunks that stood like kings
Above the smaller trees, has made thee cry
In winters' blasts for friends of other days.

Where only sound of beast and bird and breeze
Was heard before, now roars the noise of town,
The scream of locomotive—such as these
Have marred the peace thy youth saw years ago.

But art thou wholly sad, comes there no voice
From out thy limbs and cones to take away
This deep regret and make us feel the choice
Of Time not wholly bad, but fraught with good?

Thy comrades gone, the first glad gleams of dawn,
The last soft rays of splendid sunset's glow
Strike unobstructed, full upon thee, drawn
From heaven's store of gold-tinged, sacred light.

The sounds of cow-bell and of sportful child,
The ring, from college tower, of bell that calls
The youth, by love or listlessness beguiled,
To tasks that make for strength and love of truth;

The sight of farmhouse, cultivated field,
Of lovers in thy shade, of city, church
And classic college dome—do they not yield
A compensation for the wild, free past?

Thy stately, proud, old form bows answer—"Yea,
The past was joyous, filled with nature's grace,
But this great world is one wherein holds sway
God's changeless aim to make man king of all."

We honor thee, O lordly woodland king,
Whose youth was in the years long past and gone;
We feel the awe that aged memories bring
And pray no reckless hand may do thee harm.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

CONCERNING STORIES.

It is really distressing at times to reflect on the usual type of story that appears in college magazines. Most of them are love stories in which a college youth, strong, athletic, and the brightest in his class, falls in love with a beautiful blue-eyed girl of sixteen. They have some sort of difficulty, a little quarrel, perhaps, or perhaps the young man is too bashful to tell her what he feels; and then something turns up to set matters right and "they live happily ever afterward." Quite natural that youth should write of youth's passions and youth's difficulties, but how refreshed we feel when something new comes along!

And why is it that most writers strive to lay the scene in places where they have never been and among people they have never seen? Why not write about circumstances with which they are familiar? They try to be interesting and dramatic—commendable effort!—but what is more interesting than individual experience? They may complain that they have witnessed no stirring scenes and undergone no thrilling experiences. Everybody has experienced something at least common to the race. If told in the right way, it will never fail to interest the reader—unless it has been told over and over

again so many times that it is stale. Why does a North Carolina writer lay his scene in New York and forget Asheville and Wilmington? If he wants to sketch a scene of natural beauty, why does he make a stab at the Adirondacks or the Yellowstone Park and fail to try his hand at the Carolina lakes or the Yadkin Valley or the Grandfather or Craggy? The aim of most short stories is to set forth some character—why not make an effort at one known to the writer and put him at a place where the writer has been? It will sound natural then.

Sometimes they write a story seemingly with the purpose of exploiting a large vocabulary of high-sounding words. What a pity! We received a story once in which the author wrote a whole sentence of three lines in order to use the word *iridescent*. And sadder still, the scene as a whole did not correspond with the idea of iridescence. Why these labored strokes? We wish he had said what he meant and said it in three or four honest Anglo-Saxon words.

But we must stop, else we shall write an essay on story-writers' faults, which essay itself might well cause us to tremble, lest it exemplify the faults we wish could be done away with. After all, seeing what wretched, flimsy space-fillers so many professional writers cheat us with, the really surprising thing is that a young, inexperienced college student can write anything that can be tolerated. A good story, one of even ordinary merit, is a good thing; we should like to see more of them.

Bliss Perry says: "An imagination that penetrates to the very heart of the matter; a verbal magic that recreates for us what the imagination has seen,—these are the tests of the tale-teller's genius." And he calls imagination in this sense "the power to see the object; to penetrate to its essential nature; to select the one characteristic trait by which it may be represented."

ELISE MIMS, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

When we recall that Ellen Glasgow is only thirty-five years old and that she has already written six or seven novels, we are not surprised at the success of her latest novel, "The Ancient Law." Miss Glasgow is a story-teller who possesses a remarkably keen insight into life and she has worked out a well-rounded plot in her new book in which she has returned to the scenes of her earlier works. Like "The Deliverance" the new novel is a story of the tobacco country, only this time it is the place of rehandling it on its way from the soil to the consumer. One reviewer says, "It is a book calculated to make you pause in the survey of rapid-fire fiction and realize that here is the real note of study, of character, and of observation. It is indeed a novel of dignity and distinction."

"My Lady of Cleeve," by Percy J. Hartley, is a romance very much inferior to Miss Glasgow's novels, but affords much amusement to one who is looking for light and easy reading. It is a story of the period just prior to the Great Rebellion, when England was rife with plots for the restoration of the Stuarts. Captain Cassilis, soldier of fortune, in the service of "Dutch William," has orders to take possession of Cleeve Manor, where a French plotter is said to be hiding. In the performance of this mission he receives a momentary check from Lady

Grace, whom reports hold to be the most beautiful, as she assuredly is the most haughty, daughter of English nobility. How he secured his revenge upon his lady, and how, in the end, instead of gloating, he humbly sued for her hand and heart, and how his service was most gloriously rewarded, make it a very romantic tale.

"Leaf and Tendril," by John Burroughs, has a wider range than any other volume of the author's writings. There are pleasant essays on "The Coming of Summer," "A Breath of April," "A Walk in the Sunshine," and "The Art of Seeing Things." Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie says of Mr. Burrough's books, "We find in them something which is of supreme value in literature; the simple, frank utterance of a strong unaffected human soul in close and normal relations with nature and life."

"Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" comes to us in a new and very much enlarged edition. It includes the account of the President's recent hunting trip after bear, called "The Louisiana Cane-brakes," and the article on "Small Neighbors."

Thomas Nelson Page's "The Old Dominion, Her Making and Her Manners," is an account of the founding and development of Virginia and of the men and women, the manners and customs developed there. "Mr. Page is full of the knowledge of his subject and writes of his native State with the literary charm, grace and enthusiasm that make the book as brilliant as literature as it is valuable as history."

"Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama" is the title of a new volume by Gustav Pollok. This is the first attempt, outside of our college world, to introduce Grillparzer to Americans and as a fellow-countryman of the poet, Mr. Pollok is best fitted to interpret him to us.

1845 **1907**

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

Newark, New Jersey

Offers Especially Attractive Policies to Students

The Mutual Benefit is known in Insurance Circles as

The Leading Annual Dividend Company

of the World

No Stockholders. Insurance Furnished at Cost. No Tontine or Deferred Dividend Accumulations to be Forfeited in Case of Death or Default in Premium Payments.

Conspicuous for *Economy* and *Large Returns to Policyholders in Proportion to Payments by Them.*

Premium Receipts Since Organization in 1845, - -	$295,128,536.22
Returned to Policyholders (Policy Claims, Dividends and Surrender Values), - - - - - - -	239,340,665.25
Accumulated for Policyholders' Future Benefit, -	105,589,918.10
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - -	7,770,399.70

Insure Through a Student

Wm. V. McRae

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1908.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

THE STORY OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CLUB.

BY WALLACE CARSON.

The reign of good Queen Anne! What a host of memories does the bare mention of the early years of the eighteenth century suggest to the student and lover of this period of English history. What delightful pictures come to our imagination when we think of those stirring times when life was a whirl and each new day brought its own surprise; when men were really witty and conversation was not altogether small talk; when one could rise in the morning and read the *Spectator,* then go in

the afternoon to Button's or Child's coffee house and listen to half a dozen men whose names stand for the best in literature; when one could go in the evening and see a new play by Congreve or Gay or Addison; when Pope was writing the most polished poetry in our literature and Dean Swift was writing the fiercest satires on man that have ever been penned; when the Earl of Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke were contending for the Queen's favor and a pretender was trying to stir up a revolution; when the toasts of the town spent four and five hours at their toilet and wore black patches on their cheeks, and when the beaux used snuff and heavily perfumed handkerchiefs—truly that must have been a time well worth living in.

But this was not unnatural. The Puritans had had their day and failed; the Restoration had come and the social pendulum had swung to the opposite extreme. Now, society was just beginning to right itself, and the best minds, such as Addison's, were advising and pleading for sanity and propriety, for the abolition of the superficialities of society and the institution of healthy and normal conditions. The early years of the eighteenth century were a brilliant age with an unusually large number of exceptionally gifted men living at the time, but with all this it was not a creative age. It was a period in which imagination slept, a period of criticism rather than creation, a period of regularity and perfection of literary form rather than a period of original thought, a period in which satire, wit and epigrams flourished and conversation reached the high water mark. Men were prone to gather in circles and discuss the news of the day, the latest play, the political situation, the last book of poems, or the most recent scandal. In these circles each strove to shine most brilliantly in the conversation, and the Queen herself was not more venerated in court circles than the kings of wit in the

coffee houses and clubs. We hear of old Dryden, who ruled supreme in Will's coffee house, and of the youthful Pope, who was carried there when but a child to gaze on the great man of the literary world.

A natural outgrowth of this desire of men to come together was that clubs sprang up all over London, and coffee houses and taverns multiplied rapidly. Addison calls it the "era of clubs," and never before or since have these "little nocturnal assemblies" flourished as they did at that time. The most important of these were the political and literary clubs, numbering among their members the greatest politicians of the day and the leading lights of the literary world. One of these literary clubs, on account of the prominence of its members and the peculiar purpose of its organization, attracts our special attention.

The Scriblerus Club can well be called a notable club, for it numbered among its members such men as Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Congreve, and others. Even Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer of the Realm, was not averse to attending the meetings of the celebrated company. It is one of the regrets of the literary world that the full purpose of this club could never be carried out, for after a short life of only a year it was broken up in the turbulent times following Queen Anne's death and its members were scattered far and wide. This violence of party faction following the Queen's death, as Sir Walter Scott observes in his *Memoir of Swift,* "like a storm that spares neither the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed the little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so extended and so brilliant can never again be united." The actual purpose of the club is best stated by Warburton, who says, "Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning."

They decided to execute the work in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that the abuses of human learning still continued, despite all that able authors had heretofore said against them, and they were now agreed that the force of satire and ridicule should be brought to bear upon them. Pope says that "the design of this work is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning under the character of a man of capacity enough, that has dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each."

The pleasant pedant created by these satirists was Martinus Scriblerus, and we find an account of his life in the first book of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*. This first book was intended to serve only as an introduction to Martinus and as a preface to a long series of articles in which the false in every science and art was to be ridiculed. Warburton is entirely correct when he says, "Moral satire never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent, besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilful in everything which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the five arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal measure so large that no age perhaps ever produced three men on whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection."

Pope tells us that the design was carried on much further than has ever appeared in print, but the first book is all that has come down to us. In this book we have an account of the birth and early years of Martinus Scriblerus and of his father's anxiety that everything should be arranged in conformity with the practice of the ancients. Then comes the question of Martin's edu-

cation, and chapters on playthings, music, logic, anatomy, criticism, an account of his progress in physics and in the study of the diseases of the mind, of his correspondence with the free thinkers, and finally of his numerous discoveries and works. The *Memoirs* make excellent reading and the mock gravity is admirably maintained. Besides the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* other pieces were written by the members. Such were the *Essay of the Learned Martinus Scriblerus Concerning the Origin of the Sciences,* by Pope, Parnell and Arbuthnot; the *Art of Sinking in Poetry,* almost wholly by Pope, and *Virgilius Restauratus.*

But productions of greater merit and importance, while not directly produced by the club, grew out of the association of these men. The idea of the *Dunciad,* that monumental satire on the literary enemies of Pope and all hack writers, was given him by Arbuthnot. Pope intended to write this work with the club and confided to Gay his plan of a "Grub Street Journal," the title of which should be *The Works of the Unlearned,* but he was forced to delay the work on account of the early dispersion of the club. From a reference to Martin's visit to the land of the Pigmies, Swift first found the idea for that scathing satire on mankind, *Gulliver's Travels.*

The club derived its name from that of its scholar Martinus Scriblerus. The name Martinus was given as a compliment to Swift, so he tells us in his *Journal to Stella,* by Lord Harley, comparing his name to a martin, a sort of swallow, and very *swift* in its flight. The members were accustomed to meet in the apartments of Dr. Arbuthnot in St. James's Palace, Arbuthnot being at that time physician extraordinary to Queen Anne, and of necessity near her person. Arbuthnot was one of the brightest and cleverest of the company and, except for a streak of absent-mindedness, made an excellent host. Swift says of him, "He has more wit than we all have;

and more humanity than wit," and he also wrote to him years afterwards that "if there were a dozen Arbuthnots in the world I would burn my *Travels" (Gulliver's).* Swift was of course one of the leading spirits and was well beloved by the company. While Swift did not love mankind as a whole he did love his friends very dearly, and was at heart the kindest and most affectionate of men. Swift as he appears to the world and the Swift of his private letters and life were two very different persons. We know that he was well esteemed by his friends in the club, for in his *Verses on His Own Death,* he says:

"Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day."

Parnell, who Goldsmith says "was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least capable to secure his own," was there with his agreeable and sincere manner. Swift often complained that Parnell was lazy and would not do his share and sometimes, too, Parnell would drink heavily, but this we like to think was done to drown his sorrow over the death of his wife. Gay, the irresponsible, light-hearted secretary of the club in "blue and silver," was there and heartily welcomed by all. Gay was a close friend of Pope's, and Pope expresses his esteem for him in his *Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot:*

"Blest be the great, for those they take away
And those they left me, for they left me Gay."

Pope with Swift and Arbuthnot formed the "Triumvirate" of the club. He took an active part, and contributed, next to Arbuthnot, more than any other member. Pope's constitution, however, was against him, and he found it difficult to keep his health under heavy dissipation, and eventually had to give up frequenting the coffee-houses and clubs. Pope was a close friend of Swift's and Swift has said of him, "I love him above all the rest of mankind." There in Arbuthnot's rooms,

under the impetus of black coffee, wine and tobacco smoke, while one of the members held the pen, this brilliant company planned its attacks on the follies of human learning and ridiculed in stinging satire all that was false in art and science.

The club would often send humorous invitations to Lord Harley, Earl of Oxford and leader of the Tory party, to join them in their sittings. The following has come down to us:

FROM THE DOCTOR'S CHAMBER—Past Eight.

"The Doctor and Dean, Pope, Parnell and Gay
In manner most submissive, most humbly do pray
That your lordship would once let your cares all alone
And climb the dark stairs to your friends who have none,
To your friends who at least have no cares but to please you,
To a good honest Junto that never will tease you."

Lord Harley often accepted these invitations. Arbuthnot, writing to Swift, says, "The dragon (Lord Harley) was with us on Saturday night last, after having sent us a really most excellent copy of verses which conclude:

"He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey
When summoned by Arbuthnot, Pope, Parnell and Gay."

Gay, also, writing to Swift, says, "We had the honor of the treasurer's company last Saturday night when we sat upon Scriblerus."

No records of the meetings of the Scriblerus Club have been preserved and we are not even sure of the authorship of much of the writing emanating from it, but that every member was heartily in sympathy with the idea and confidently expected to see it pushed to completion we gather from their correspondence. Not one of them during the summer of 1714 thought that the club would be scattered so soon never to come together again with the common purpose of "sitting upon Scriblerus." But such was to be its fate. Lord Bolingbroke and Lord

Harley, the leader of the Tory party, had become enemies, each seeking preferment at the hands of the Queen. This break between the two leaders Swift, who was a mutual friend, had tried in vain to heal and at last, despairing of success, had left London for Letcombe. Later on, Pope went to Binfield for the summer, and it is in the letters between the members that we discover their true attitude towards Scriblerus. Pope writing to Swift at Letcombe, January 18, 1714, says, "Dr. Arbuthnot imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest, and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the bye." Pope writing to Arbuthnot from Binfield, July 11, says, "I have been so much afflicted with the headache in the hot weather that I have had perpetual opportunities of reflecting on those elegant verses of Dr. Scriblerus which you favored us with. This is not a time for us to make others live, when we can hardly live ourselves, so Scriblerus must be dead all summer, and wait till winter shall revive him. This, I hope, will be no disadvantage to him, for mankind will be playing the fool in all weathers, and affording us materials for that life, which every mortal contributes his quota to." Thus we see how important the scheme appeared to Pope and how willing he was to contribute his time and wit to Scriblerus.

But the political controversy that had been raging all summer and of which Lord Harley and Lord Bolingbroke were the principals, came to an issue on the twenty-seventh of August, when Lord Harley was forced from office. The excitement and nervous strain under which the Queen labored during this trying ordeal was too much for her and she fell sick, grew rapidly worse, and, despite all that Dr. Arbuthnot could do, died on the first

of August. The church bells that tolled in honor of the death of Queen Anne tolled likewise the death of the Scriblerus Club. With Lord Harley under arrest in the Tower, Lord Bolingbroke fleeing for refuge to France, the Whigs in power and George I. on the throne, with Dean Swift retreating in dignified slowness to Ireland and Dr. Arbuthnot out of a job, the Scriblerus Club died a natural death.

But at that time the members could not believe that such was to be the case, and Parnell and Pope write hopefully to Arbuthnot of the future. "It is a pleasure to us," says Parnell, "to recollect the satisfaction we enjoyed in your company, when we used to meet the Dean and Gay with you; and greatness itself condescended to look in at the door on us. (Lord Harley). Then it was that the immortal Scriblerus smiled upon our endeavors, who now hangs his head in an obscure corner, pining for his friends that are scattering over the face of the earth." Pope wrote at the same time, "I hope the revolutions of state will not affect learning so much as to deprive mankind of the lucubrations of Martin, to the increase of which I will watch all next winter, and grow pale over the midnight candle."

Arbuthnot's answer to this from London, September 7, 1714, is the last notice we have of our club: "I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despised thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus that he has recovered his senses and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected amongst old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswered letters. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret."

It is now nearly two hundred years since the Scriblerus Club met and began the herculean tasks it set for itself. That task was only begun. Martinus died an untimely death. Most of us have probably never heard of Arbuthnot; we no longer read Pope, and we have never understood Swift, but sometimes we like to conjecture what would have been the outcome, if Queen Anne had only lived a year longer. What might not have been given to the world if the best in that unparallelled and incomparable company of wits had been merged into one personality—that of Martinus Scriblerus?

THOUGHTS.

BY A. B.

A bachelor sat in his chair, and he thought,
And made up his mind that he wouldn't be caught;
However, he wanted to do what he ought:
And he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

A little maid sat in her chair, and she thought,
And made up her mind that she wouldn't be caught;
However, she wanted to do what she ought:
And she thought, and she thought, and she thought.

A bachelor sat in his chair, and he thought,
And a little maid sat by him, just as she ought,
For, alas! they forgot about not being caught:
And they thought, and they thought, and they thought.

EUGENE FIELD.

BY L. JORDAN CARTER.

When you are weary with the day's work or with delving into a mystical effusion of poetic output, read the poetry of Eugene Field. He never tried to reform anybody through the agency either of advice or of prophecy. He wrote poetry just as simply and as naturally as the wren sings its simple little song to nature. The chords in the human heart which respond to the bird's song respond likewise to the poem—the song and the poem are each a phenomenon of nature's own. Mr. Field had but little familiarity with what, in academic circles especially, are called problems. Somehow he shunned the drift of American life; somehow he found a place where a man can be just himself; a world which knew no false gods nor allowed the feelings and sympathies of men to be wrenched out of socket and replaced by a succession of mechanical forms. Here the poet lived, with children, flowers and perpetual sunshine.

Field was born in September, 1850. While he was a mere child his mother died and after her death he was entrusted to the care of New England relatives. His early school life was in New England among Puritans of the old school, but these surroundings seem to have affected him but little. The record of his school days is not one which a scrupulous educator would hold out as a model; he was the kind of chap who preferred being a boy rather than a student. It appears that he did not apply himself very assiduously to his books; in fact he did not take to books, and yet his brain was not idle. His ingenuity was constantly engaged in inventing schemes to harass his Puritan schoolmaster. But the absence of a foundation for future scholarship never cast the faintest shadow, so far as we know, in the way of Field's ambition. For when he went to college, he had

least of all thought of what in the modern definition passes for a college education. So he needed no foundation. If he thought of building at all, he had certainly no idea of beginning the job until later on in life.

At eighteen Field entered Williams College, Massachusetts, "with some conditions." Here again, he was no prodigy of studiousness. There seems to have been very little harmony between his tastes and the tastes of the professors. Most of his time he spent having fun. His inclination was to be with the professor in spirit only, though it is to his credit that he was frequently in nominal attendance upon class. At Williams College he spent only one year. He was not expelled, but it is fairly certain that his hostility to the conventionalities of a group of college professors caused his fading out of the class of 1872 to be regarded as a providential dispensation.

The next year he went to Knox College, Illinois. For information regarding this year, see what has been said above of his year at Williams. After plaguing the professors and entertaining his fellows with every sort of mischievous device, he had little time left for scholarship. The faculty could stand but one year of this. So the next year he joined his brother, Roswell, in the junior class at the University of Missouri. He never graduated, but finally quit the University and went back to St. Louis. At all three of these colleges he was a singer of songs and a maker of fun, but by no means a student. And yet his college life was not an utter failure. He had a genius for recognizing and appreciating types, which he turned to good account while in college, as he ever did in later life.

When Field quit college, his father had been dead two years. The estate left by his fathr was by no means meagre. Field's share of it amounted to something near $25,000. He was at this time in his twenty-first year,

but the estate had not been distributed among the heirs. So Field had no opportunity as yet to demonstrate his excellent ability in managing funds so as to relieve himself of all responsibility for the outcome of the investment. It was generally understood among his friends that he did not intend to go to college any more, and probably because he did not wish to be branded unthrifty, he began to look around for a profession. His father had always cherished the hope that Eugene would be a lawyer, but the necessity for study in this profession decided the question in the negative. Field believed himself to have been born for the stage, and about this time he began to form some definite plans for the acquisition of theatrical celebrity. But upon his first appli cation, his dream met a very sudden reverse. He found that his art was not in demand among professional stage folk. Such a ruthless cropping of young wings might have placed a complete quietus upon one for whom the Fates had not decided, but Field stood his ground. He set himself to the task of organizing a company of his own. His company, after a tottering existence over a period of two weeks, became "a popular frost." Thus ended his career as a professional actor.

At this point he turned to journalism, though without any conscious intention of becoming a journalist. He did a little reporting now and then, but not being driven by necessity, he did not accomplish very much. While his mind was still in a condition of comparative neutrality as to the professions of the times, he came into possession of $8,000 of his patrimony. Immediately upon receipt of this amount he proposed to a friend of his that they make a tour of Europe. The tour was made, and it might be added that the sudden flitting of the $8,000 testifies that the expedition was conducted at the sole expense of Eugene Field. Field says of this trip: "In

1872 I visited Europe, spending six months and my patrimony in France, Italy, Ireland and England." In what can be found of his correspondence with his father's executor, Mr. M. L. Gray, nothng appears but appeals, ever more and more importunate, for funds to facilitate the travel of the tourists. It is said that before they reached Italy the mails could not cope with the importunity of the young spendthrift, so he resorted to the greater facility furnished by the cable to assure Mr. Gray that his impecuniosity demanded immediate action. At last the impecunious but happy Field got back to St. Louis and began to look around for a way to spend the time.

Now, the first thing to which he turned his attention was matrimony. Before going to Europe he had become engaged to Miss Julia Comstock, of St. Joseph, Missouri. She was then a girl of fourteen years, but despite her youthfulness it was only through positive objection by the parents that the young lovers were prevented from immediate marriage. They finally agreed to accept the hard terms of the parents' decree and wait four years, when Julia would be eighteen. When Field returned from Europe they still had two years to wait. He entered suit for an abridgment of time. In all his manœuvers Julia was a loving sympathizer and judicious counsellor. The result was that they were married, when Julia was yet only a girl of sixteen.

After his marriage Field went to work. He had had some little experience in reportorial work, but his achievements in that line were mighty close to zero. He did not revel in anything which required the expenditure of physical energy. In newspaper reporting there was too much moving around necessary to give the work much attractiveness. Besides, the conventionalities of life were of but little interest to him. He was concerned with the ridiculousness, the eccentricity and the pathos of life, and these were destined to be his theme. The hide-

and-seek of children was more to him than the manipulations of the political machine; the babbling of a brook, than the thunder of ten thousand cannon. He had a genius for peering through shams and misconceptions and delighted to turn on the lights, holding up to ridicule and obloquy what the masses were often deceived into taking seriously.

He spent a few months working on the St. Joseph *Gazette* subsequent to his marriage, but not being satisfied with his surroundings he went soon to St. Louis and accepted a position on the *St. Louis Journal.* In this position he worked well his subtle, felicitious touches attracting much attention. He was winning a place in journalism; newspaper men were welcoming another figure into their circle. At that time, as at present, newspaper work was not over remunerative, and one so engaged had cause for but little apprehension on account of that remarkable saying concerning the needle's eye. Field's salary was necessarily small. Probably four times the amount of his weekly stipend would not have accommodated his spendthrift nature, and it must have been unutterable persecution had he been rigidly confined to it. Fortunately Mr. Gray, the executor, was indulgent with Field and frequently advanced funds on the unsettled estate to pay his bills for the necessities of life. However, this apparent generosity was constituted chiefly of inability to escape Eugene's craft in touching the purse strings of the conservative executor. It appears that the appeal for money was invariably met at first with an obdurate no, but before the proceedings were over Field was usually in possession of the amount asked for. One of his favorite schemes for extracting money from the unsettled estate was the threat of going on the stage under the assumed name of Melvin L. Gray. Of course, Mr. Gray could not take chances with having his reputation outraged, and to insure himself against

this contingency, granted the "necessary funds." Regardless, however, of financial difficultties Field got along well with everybody, looking at everything, even his unpaid grocery bill, from a purely humorous standpoint. However dark the horizon, Eugene Field was the same song singer and fun-maker that he had been back yonder at Williams College, long before the responsibility of husband and father had caused the realities of life to dawn upon his fanciful mind.

In 1880 Field moved to Kansas City. He became managing editor of the Kansas City *Times*. At Kansas City he kept right on being plain Eugene Field. He soon became well known not only as the able managing editor of the leading paper, but also as "one of the boys." And the "boys" fairly worshipped him. His attitude toward his bills seems to have been quite similar to what it had been during his sojourn at St. Louis. It is said frequently upon receipt of the statement of an account, he, being as usual without money, would write some humorous quip on the back of the document and return the same to the creditor. That this impudent transaction always conformed to the creditor's definition of a practical business deal is doubtful, but that the effrontery was received in good humor and invariably amounted to an extension of credit is fairly certain.

Mr. Sloson Thompson, Field's friend and biographer, relates an amusing transaction between Field and George Gaston, the manager of a bar and café. Gaston's bar was the favorite rendezvous of the boys in that day. Field was a frequent visitor and many a night he is said to have spent there in festivity and good cheer, going to work next morning without a minute's sleep. Gaston had a rule of cutting off credit when the customer's account went beyond the amount of his weekly salary. This rule, however, did not apply to Field, since he frequently gave publicity through the *Times* to the good

cheer at Gaston's. At one time when Field's account read $135.50 Gaston, being touched by some humorous squip which Field wrote, presented the statement endorsed, "paid in full." Field scanned the endorsement, not without considerable satisfaction, then walked up to the bar and asked Gaston what it meant. The good manager assured him hat it was all right, and not wishing to appear vain-glorious over his magnanimity said no more.

"Do I understand, sir, that I have paid this bill?"

"Certainly," was the laconic reply.

"In full?" continued Field.

Gaston assured him that the bill was paid in full.

"Now, sir," said Field, "is it not customary in Missouri that when one gentleman pays another gentleman in full, the gentleman receiving the payment shall set up the wine?"

Gaston was stunned momentarily by this effrontery, but gradually recovered composure and said:

"Boys, what'll ye have?"

And so with right good cheer they made merry the livelong night.

Field spent only one year at Kansas City. In 1881 he accepted a position on the staff of the Denver *Tribune*. During the two years of his connection with this paper he did much clever work. The people of Denver knew him as the brightest, happiest man in town and always held themselves ready, if not indeed eager, for his jokes. Here his frolicsome nature seemed to be at its brightest, and there are scores of yarns still extant in Denver of the good-natured Eugene Field.

In 1883 Field moved to Chicago. The remainder of his life he spent on the staff of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. He had a practically independent desk, and until his death in 1895 his column of "Sharps and Flats," was the gem of the great paper. Nearly all of

Field's literary production which we now have in book form has appeared at one time or another under the heading, "Sharps and Flats." His observation on human idiosyncrasies, his biting innuendo, his lyrical reflections upon the beauty of this world and the glory of living in it rendered his column the delight of all lovers of grace and simplicity, and the dread of all practicers of shams and patrons of misconception.

For several years after he went to Chicago he was the same good-natured, sportive, laughing Field that we have known all along. His companionship was the delight of his friends; he was never too busy "sawing wood," as he named his work, to lay aside his pen for a good chat. And it was not necessary for his companions to conform to any special type. Humanity was the one thing required. He was deeply concerned with humanity. Human nature was his study, its interpretation his art. He was too broad in his sympathies to find a person, even the pitifullest, with whom he had nothing in common. A little child was as good a companion as another for the writer of "Sharps and Flats." Field was always a child in his heart. The world never hardened him. In his last years, in the Indian summer of his life, he never forgot that Springtime long ago when he strolled with his youthful sweetheart in the woods and fields of Missouri. He sang his sweetest when he sang of mother's love and of childhood; he wrote, as he lived, in the glory of the world, and yet apart from its contumely. His home was a Chicago flat, but love kept watch there and selfishness and vain-glory, fatal to so many in these modern days, could not reach that flat.

That his frolicsomeness still persisted there are scores of incidents which might be cited. Before he had been at Chicago very long he discovered that his salary was not sufficient to accommodate his disposition. To ask for a raise was undignified. So he resorted to his ingenuity.

His employer was one of the leaders of his little girl's Sunday School. One Sunday when the little girl was called upon for her verse she arose and declaimed as Field had taught her: "The Lord will provide for me, my father can't." Field's salary was raised.

It is said that on one bleak December day it occurred to him that perhaps the people of Chicago were not personally acquainted with Eugene Field. So he donned a linen duster, put an old straw hat on his head, took a palm leaf fan in his right hand and marched out into the street. The conspicuousness and obvious absurdity of this attire leave little doubt as to the impression made.

But as the years went by Field became more serious. His life for the most part had been a delightful pastime, but he was now to see things differently. He had never been a strong man physically; he saw now that disease was taking deeper root. Away off on the horizon night was gathering and he felt that he had best be building his house while it was yet day. He began to fear that before long there would be no more "Sharps and Flats" and wife and children would be left without the means of comfort. Struggling with a rebellious stomach, he spent his remaining years in a hard effort to build a home and acquire the means of retaining it. The royalties from his books soon began turning in a considerable sum and this added to his salary rendered him in comparative financial ease during the last six years of his life. However, he was never so supplied with this world's goods that in his note scribblings to his friend, Mr. Thompson, whose desk was near Field's own, he failed to subscribe himself, imitating the style of mediæval chivalry, *"The Good Knight sans peur, sans monnaie."*

As is true of all men who live sincerely, there is hardly an end of what might be said of Eugene Field. His mission in the world was to brighten the hearts of

men and he fulfilled it. Though he quit his work prematurely, he has left a bounty of sunshine for those who would look for the sweetness of human life. Many a man has died who in his lifetime did much more than Field has done; many a man has left greater heritage to coming generations and will never entirely pass away. Eugene Field may be unjustly forgotten when many years shall have come and gone, but we who remember his life and love his songs must say with sad reflection that a sweeter or gentler spirit never flitted from this earth than that of *"The Good Knight sans peur, sans monnaie."*

THE PRAYER OF THE YOUTH.

BY A. S. B.

A youth prayed and asked for bounties three:
Greatness, goodness and fame.
It rose as incense on the evening air,
Invoking God's great name.

Years passed. Again the voice was lifted high:
For this I did not pray!
God, must the pathway tortuous turn and twist
Through this hard, grievous way!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUICIDE.

BY JULE B. WARREN.

"How can a suicide write his autobiography?" will no doubt be the question the average man will ask when his eyes fall on the above heading. To be sure, a dead man can't write, but I have given the above name to this story for two reasons: First, it is a true account of my life; second, ere you read this account I will have finished my fitful strut on this misery-stricken world, and passed to my reward—or to my doom. Which? It matters not to me. If it is to a reward, I think it will be justly earned, for on this earth my life has been one of ceaseless, unremitting, tantalizing restlessness. If it is to my doom that I by my own actions pass to, I will face it, for I cannot imagine a hell more hellish than the hell of a restless, doubting and finally an agnostic mind. I will greet it gladly. But to my story.

I, Russell Montague, was born in New Orleans in 1873. My father was one of the forty-niners, who, when a mere boy of sixteen, sought his fortune in the gold fields of California. His was a reckless, adventurous spirit. For over twenty years he moved with pick and spade the yellow wealth that lay hid beneath the hills. His luck was almost as indifferent as his indifferent self. He never remained long at one place. His restless spirit ever kept him on the move. Unlike the average wanderer, however, he savd his money, and in the later sixties he found himself in possession of a small fortune. But the blood of the wanderer still surged in his veins, and again he decided to obey the call of the blood. Southwestward he went, into the heart of the old slave country. The South had shaken off the curse of slavery, but was even then staggering under the burden of reconstruction. Finally, settling in New Orleans, with characteristic recklessness he invested the whole of his small

fortune in a merchandising business. Once again he held the lucky hand and his business prospered. It was here that he and my mother, a highly educated woman of French descent, were married. This is the story, as I have often heard it from his own lips.

My childhood days were spent amid luxurious surroundings; every childish wish and whim was satisfied by an indulgent father. My mother personally directed my education till I was ready to enter college. I learned to speak her language, and by the time I was sixteen I had read most of the English classics and many of the works of the great French writers. I pursued my reading at the university. I was an omnivorous student of history. I traced out the life of nations, progress it was called. But the cost of that progress—did the ends justify the means? But my doubt does not date from this period of my life. Even in my childhood, when I would hear the older people tell of the want and privation suffered during the war between the States, I wondered why it was that a God so just and wise, as I was told the ruler of this universe was, suffered innocent hearts to bleed. Again, after a boyish fashion I saw the filth and misery, the sin and the crime that was constantly coming to light in my home city. Why was it that I, who made so insignificant an effort in the world, lived so abundantly, while others of equal brain and will-power had to struggle so hard, only to be carried down by the flood-tide of fate.

While yet in college I determined to enter the field of journalism; first, because the work appealed to me, and second, I thought that there, if anywhere, I would be able to see the real nature of the real world. After my graduation I returned to my native city, and through the influence of my father I received a position on one of the city papers. My vast reading and keen observance of people made me especially fitted for the work. I was

assigned all kinds of work. I told the stories of weddings and banquets one night, of death and starvation the next. I probed into the causes of murder, I investigated the condition of the poor, I reported the receptions of the rich, and glibly did I let my pen tell the conventional lie about the suicide, that "there seems to have been no cause for the rash act," when down in my heart I knew that every man who looks at things as they are must become disgusted with it all.

For several years past I have been in New York, having moved there that I might be in closer touch with the newspaper world. My reputation has grown, and as such is the way of the world, my fortune has grown also. I think it is not conceit on my part when I say that I am well known, not only as a newspaper man, but as a man of letters.

Before I left the South I had held on to the blind optimism of the poet and hoped with him when I had no reason to hope:

> "That somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> * * * * * *
> That nothing walks with aimless feet,
> That not one life shall be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void
> When God hath made the pile complete."

When God hath made the pile complete indeed! There will be no completion of the pile. If one looks at the real world, one will see that either one of two things must be true. First, the ruler must be a weakling, and unable to control man, his greatest creation; or, second, he takes a peculiar pleasure in seeing mankind and all living beings writhe in agony. Again, if he is an all powerful and just and good ruler, why does he permit so much wrong to exist? Why does he let the few revel in wealth and give $100,000 dinners, while on the streets of our cities today thousands of idle, starving men stand with their hands in penniless pockets, begging for the

barest chance to make the scantiest living for their long-suffering wives and innocent children? Why are some men born with the silver spoon in their mouths, while others, more deserving, labor and wait—yes, wait forever, only to have the castle beautiful of their dreaming ambitions shattered and crushed? Ah, you say, that is the price of progress. Better had we made no progress.

Humanity's life has always reminded me of a weak man trying to climb a high hill, while the gods sit at the top; and, whenever a human being nears the top, the gods hurl down at him huge boulders. Poor man is felled, but he rises again and once more tries the difficult ascent. Once again he nears the top, but the gods amuse themselves by playing the same trick on him. This attempt to climb the hill is living. Why does man want to reach the top? Well, he does not know. Those gods at the top have created him so that they may watch his falls and laugh. Of course humanity does not see the joke. Humanity is a fool or it would stop trying. Only a few men stop long enough to reason this out. These few stop trying to climb the hill. They dwell in the valley. They know from experience that little triumphs do not count. Mankind is restless, is never satisfied. For years it will work its fingers off to reach a certain goal. But is it satisfied when this goal is reached? No. In the distance there arises another goal—and so it is forever. There is no true, no final goal. We know not whither we go, we know not whence we come. We are a blind race and are running the errands of a blind Master.

But what has all this to do with me, Russell Montague? the reader is probably asking. My friend, did you ever have a journey to make and travel on it for days only to find that you had gone in the wrong drection, and that after all, if you reached your destination, you would find that the treasure you thought was there for

you had melted into thin air? So it is with me, my friend. I have labored and all in vain. Oh yes! I am a famous man, but what is that? Another and greater reward than fame have I labored for. And now I am tired of labor. I would rest, and where is there any rest on this earth? So long as man keeps this infernal breath in his useless body, he will ever be restless. There is no rest but that of the grave. That is the rest and repose which I seek.

Did you ever, when you were shaving, feel the keen edge of the razor on your throat, and reflect that by a quick turn of the blade you could end it all? Did you ever play with a pistol and think that by just a moment's work you could forever put yourself beyond the troubles of this world, that you could blot out forever the memories of shattered hopes and ambitions unmatured, of the thrills of love that brought no satisfaction, and the sickening hardships and disappointments of this life? Did you ever see the blackish liquid in a bottle labeled with the skull and cross-bones and reflect that with one swallow of that you could pass into a dreamless sleep and sleep forever? And does this kind of death not appeal to you; no sick-bed, no lingering illness and no trouble to friends who must attend you in the last illness? You don't like it? Well, I'm not surprised. You still have the dreams and the hopes of the unsophisticated, but if you were to study the real world and not the show world, you would see that I am right.

It is now midnight. Four hours hence I will have taken the fatal drink and slipped into eternity. Tonight I sit as on a height. Below me rolls the pageant of the show-world. God's creations are at war with each other. Man kills man. With one shock of the earth a towering city tumbles in ruins, and thousands of human lives are lost. There is a volcanic eruption. Ha, another city is covered up!

But 'tis not only man that is tortured. Here a stag is shot by a hunter. There a song-bird, giving forth the fullness of its little life in rapturous song, is pounced upon by the hawk. The hawk, flying away home with this food for its brood, is spied by a watching farmer, and just as she gets near enough the tree for the young to hear her glad cry she is shot down. Picking up the fallen bird, the farmer starts for his home, glorying in his deed. Ere he walks twenty yards he hears the sharp rattle of the snake, and before he can defend himself he is bitten by the infuriated reptile. He tries to run, but the poison is already at work and he falls and dies. The rattler is about to continue its journey toward the marsh, but the commotion has scared up a deer that comes bounding out of the underbrush and with one quick stroke the hoof mashes the head of the snake. And so it is *ad infinitum*. So it ever has been, so will ever be.

As to the social side of life, I can well appreciate that saying of Solomon's that "All is vanity." Our world is a Vanity Fair indeed. We do not know it when we are one of the actor's in the grand fools' pageant, but it is nevertheless true. Ah, well did that famous novelist exclaim, "Ah, *vanitas vanitatum:* which of us is happy in this world? Which has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?"

Then, after all, is it so strange that a man should want to forget it all, in the calm, sweet face of the grave? Ah! I know that you are thinking it may not be so peaceful. I may go to hell, you are saying. My friend, I have had my hell. This earth is some men's hell—some men's heaven. The man that drinks life to the lees in this world, that is care-free, and conscience-free here on earth—to such a man this world is heaven. His hell is yet to come. To the thoughtful man, the poverty-stricken man, the man afflicted in any way so

that he cannot enjoy life here—to this man this world is hell. His grave is his heaven. He asks no more than to be let alone. So you see, my friend, I have no fear of death and hell.

The hands of the clock are now nearing the hour of 4 a. m. Soon will I take my leave of you, old world. I hate you, damn you, and all that is connected with you; your petty jealousies and little vanities. I hate humanity for being the fool that it is. I hate the civilization that has been bought at such a price. I hate the human aspirations, and hopes, and ambitions that are built by man only to be torn and shattered by a devilish fate which men worship and respect as the will of God.

Ah! you say you do not envy me, my friend. No, but in half an hour I shall know what you would give a dozen worlds like this to know. I shall have penetrated the mystery of human death. I shall have forced my way into eternity, yes, into the very presence of the object that men call God. And mayhap I shall talk to him face to face and demand an explanation of the unspeakable tragedy of human existence. Mayhap—but that is another story. Time wears away and I am booked to leave this earth at 4 a. m. Everything is ready for the deed. My going will inconvenience no one. I am the last of my family. My friends perhaps will weep today, but they will certainly laugh tomorrow. I have written the story of my suicide for the newspapers and all is ready now for the departure, or for death. I do not fear to use the word. And now for the poison. . . I will stop long enough to drink. Ah, what a feeling of peace steals over me.

"Sleep, warrior, sleep, thy warfare o'er,—
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

Life is passing. My fingers n-o-w r-e-f-u-s-e to w-r-i-t-e m-o-r-e. G-o-o-d-b-y-e, o-l-d w-o-r-l-d, g-o-o-d-b-y-e!

LAFCADIO HEARN.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

Well, who is Lafcadio Hearn! This exclamation is very frequently heard when Lafcadio Hearn is mentioned, and it is not altogether strange that so few are familiar with the man and his works, but it may surprise many to learn that Hearn is rapidly taking his place as one of the best stylists in English literature. So, in answer to the often asked question, I may say that Lafcadio Hearn was an English writer of Greek and Irish parentage, a man who lived a varied and interesting life in some of the most picturesque parts of the world. This paper is designed as only a short sketch of the man and the nature of his excellent writings. My interest in his striking personality has been greatly enhanced by reading the recently published *Life and Letters of Hearn*, by Miss Bisland.

Lafcadio Hearn was born June 27, 1850, in the Island of Santa Maura, or the modern Greek, Lafcada, from which he took his name. His father was a soldier of an old Dorsetshire family with a tradition of gipsy blood, and his mother, Rosa Cerigote, of old and honorable Greek descent. The story of their love and marriage is very interesting and romantic, but unfortunately I must omit that. It is sufficient to add that after the return of Dr. Hearn (Lafcadio's father) to Dublin, unhappy family complications arose and Mrs. Hearn fled to Smyrna. The father remained and the boy was turned over to a great aunt for education and rearing. Lafcadio never again saw his father, nor his younger brother; there were only two children in the family.

Mrs. Brenane, the aunt, was a wealthy Irishwoman and a Roman Catholic. Of her nephew's earliest recollections there are very interesting accounts in his autobiographical sketches, *Kwaidan, My Guardian Angel,*

and *Idolatry,* the last especially interesting because it tells of the rebellion of his little pagan soul against the religious ideas and forms so alien to his nature.

His education at this period is somewhat imperfectly known, but we are sure he was sent to Roman Catholic schools. At the Durham Catholic College he was blinded in one eye while playing a game with his companions. This loss was a serious hindrance to him throughout his life, a disfigurement of which he was very sensitive. He was probably sixteen years of age at this time.

It was not long after this that a break with his aunt occurred. It was in 1866. He first drifted to London and wandered about—where and how we do not know, until 1869, when he found himself penniless, half-blind, delicate, and friendless in New York City. Somehow he lived here for two years, then went to Cincinnati. The following story will serve to show his shy and sensitive nature: In Cincinnati he was employed by a Syrian peddler to assist him in selling small mirrors. He returned at the end of the day with all his mirrors intact. Lafcadio Hearn had not the stuff of a peddler in his make-up! Setting down his pack, he accidentally stepped upon one of the mirrors, and the sound of splintering glass sent him into a panic, and he flew, never again seeing his employer!

His first real work was as proofreader for the Robt. Clarke Co. of Cincinnati, where he gained the nickname of "Semi-colon" on account of his enthusiasm for typographical accuracy. Later he was private secretary to Thomas Vickers, then he became reporter for the *Cincinnati Enquirer.* His reportorial work was of a very high order. During this time he contributed most of the text of that curious little Sunday sheet known as the *Giglampz.* He was afterwards connected with the *Gazette* and the *Commercial,* all covering a period of two

years. Here in Cincinnati he formed lasting friendships with Joseph Tunnison, H. F. Farney, and H. E. Krehbiel, to the last of whom he wrote many of his charming letters.

Some of his friends have scored him heavily for his apparent neglect and ingratitude to them, and some very bitter things have been written on this subject. Let me quote a line from Professor Chamberlain, one of his few friends who remained true: "Some I know who were deeply and sorely irritated by this neglect, or ingratitude, as they term it. I never could have such a feeling. Though, of course, I lamented the severance of connection with one so gifted, and made two or three attempts at a renewal of intercourse, which were met at first by cold politeness, afterwards with complete silence, causing me to desist from further endeavors. He *idealized* his friends; it was his nature and he could not help it. On this account so many of his friends disappointed him and he felt this as only a sensitive soul can."

Lafcadio Hearn was attracted by whatever was unusual or exotic, and a reader of his works must ever keep this idea uppermost in mind. He fell under the spell of the French romantic school, translated much from Gautier and others, and, as a consequence, was severely criticised for his leaning to the "decadent French." And here we have an example of the unjust and severe criticisms from his critics. They accused him of love for whatever was morbid and immoral in French literature, or life, too, for that matter. I found the following in a letter written from Japan in 1894: "The *Tribune* vexes me. . . The curious part of the article was the statement about the influence (on me) of the *decadents* and of Verlaine being 'apparent.' Never read a line of Verlaine in my life, and only know enough of the decadent school to convince me that the principle is scientifically wrong

and that to study the stuff is mere waste of time." His work as a translator of some of the best French fiction is most excellent.

About 1877 he left Cincinnati for New Orleans, attracted by the accounts given by friends of the picturesqueness of the old Southern city. There is a splendid series of letters to H. E. Krehbiel that cover very completely this period, and if anyone wants to find out how Lafcadio Hearn lived and what he did during this time, let him read these letters. His life in New Orleans has been particularly dealt with and censured by all manner of people—friends and enemies. They have not hesitated to say the most unkind things about him, causing Hearn no little pain and annoyance. It is sufficient to say that Hearn did not always live up to the social code which seems just and right to many (alas!) narrow-minded people; to a great extent he was a law unto himself, a thing both admirable and dangerous; but it's the way of genius! He attended to his own business, he went about his own work; as a result some narrow-brains did all they could to injure him, but no one who will read Hearn with open-mindedness will ever believe him to be the beast some would persuade us he was.

He remained several years in New Orleans, writing for the *Times-Democrat* and haunting the picturesque quarters of the old city. He produced several volumes of selections during this time, and on the publication of *Chita* he gained wide recognition in the United States.

In 1889 he was again in New York City, but in 1890 he left for the East and never again returned to the United States. His original purpose was to remain only long enough to prepare a series of illustrated articles on Japan for *Harper's Magazine*, but a misunderstanding with his employers caused him to drop the project, and finally, through friends, he received an appointment

to a chair in the "Ordinary Middle School of Matsue." This was in 1890.

In 1891 he married a Japanese woman of high Samurai rank and the union continued to the end a very happy one. He was married according to local Japanese rites, and finally took on his wife's name, Kaizumi, in order to save her and their children from legal complications, for his wife wanted to remain a Japanese citizen and he desired that she should. Mrs. Hearn has left some charming reminiscences in her own delightful English of these happy years of wedded life.

Ill health and the cold climate drove him from Matsue, much to his regret, for Matsue was very characteristically Old Japan, and he loved Old Japan very much. He could never have any patience with nor sympathy for the New Japan that was growing out of the Old. Professor Chamberlain finally procured him a position in the University of Tokio as professor of English, where he worked with unusual success.

During his residence in Japan he produced a series of remarkable books on that country, than which we have no more sympathetic interpretation of Japan and her people. His pen was recognized as a power by the English reading public. The most intelligent and appreciative people were eager to hear from him. Arrangements were made for him to deliver lectures at Cornell University, but this project did not materialize. He was offered the chair of English at the Japanese Washeda University; the University of London desired a series of lectures, and it was suggested that Oxford wished to hear from him, but he died on September 26, 1904, completely exhausted by his immense labors. Death came peacefully and beautifully on the veranda of his Japanese home, in the twilight of an autumn day.

A friend of the writer of this paper speaks most interestingly of Lafcadio Hearn as she saw him during her

residence in Japan. I am going to add the substance of her narrative. It is very valuable because it comes from one who lived in Tokio when Hearn died, who read his books, who heard many anecdotes of him, and who saw many of the things about which he wrote. I am fortunate in getting this information first hand, for so much untruth has been written about this much-abused man that information of this nature is doubly important.

"I first met Lafcadio Hearn on the railway train between Yokohama and Tokio. He was badly dressed in western clothes, appeared shabby and quite uninteresting, save for the dreamy look that rarely left his face; his whole being seemed wrapped in a dream. He was quite shy and indifferent to strangers and engaged in conversation with great hesitation. It must be confessed that socially he was not attractive, simply, I suppose, because he did not want to be. His life was wrapped up in his work, and it was a well-known fact that he used to disappear from friends and family whenever engaged in producing one of his books. No one knew where he went.

"This was in 1903, a year before his death. He was, I judge, about fifty years old, of medium height, rather delicate than otherwise in appearance, of swarthy complexion, his sparse hair sprinkled with gray, as was his mustache. His nose was rather high and thin, his gray eyes restless and dreamy.

"I saw him again in Tokio during the same year, I think. We attended one of his class lectures, the subject being English poetry, and I remember his speaking of Keats and Shelley. He appeared very shy, even ill at ease, because, I suppose, of the presence of strangers, for he was quite at home with native Japanese. The same furtive look was in his eye, the same dreamy impression on his face, as though he saw visions of things we did not.

"It was generally understood that he was a Buddhist, and he was buried according to Buddhist and Shinto rites. His funeral was a modest one, the American papers rendering reports quite different from real facts. The body was borne aloft on the shoulders of men, in its unpainted casket, in upright position, you know, for all Japanese are buried thus. There was a great profusion of white lanterns, wreaths, asters and chrysanthemums and the inevitable paper streamers. There were many priests carrying food and incense for the dead. University professors, students, friends and family made up the remainder of the procession.

"In foreign circles Lafcadio Hearn was well thought of. I can recall no adverse criticism as to his life in Japan. Of course he was thoroughly in sympathy with the Japanese and lived the same life they did. The natives loved him, and it would not be just in view of this to attempt any summing up of his character according to our code of manners and morals. Surely no one has written so beautifully of Japan and her charms, nor so understandingly of her people as Lafcadio Hearn!"

As stated above, Lafcadio Hearn loved what was unusual, strange, picturesque, and his writings cover a wide range of such subjects as oriental stories, musical legends, legends of strange faiths, things Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Hindoo, Creole, etc. He did much in preserving American Negro and Creole traditions while living in New Orleans. He was an apostle of the mystical and the beautiful. He was influenced by Herbert Spencer and greatly admired him. His religion was broad and deep, and I am sure no one who reads his letters and best works can accuse him of unbelief or lack of spirituality.

It is difficult to deal with such things satisfactorily, because they are vague and intangible; I mean the subjects Hearn elected for his work. Therein lies the power

of his pen. His language is so delicate and true that it catches and preserves the well nigh inexpressible thoughts that haunt the human heart. Nor was his work only fantastic and ephemeral. His books on Japan have great concrete value on account of their interpretation of the people and their life. Lafcadio Hearn was one of our best modern English writers.

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

At last to know
That "undiscovered country," vague, uncertain,
Wth happy sunlit hills and meads aglow
With that abundant life! Death drew the curtain
And granted to his searching soul to know;
Thither to go;

To catch the gleam
And splendor of the radiant heav'nly vision,
Which far outshines his brightest fancy-dream;
To revel in the bliss of joys Elysian;
To know the real of the things that seem;
And grasp God's theme.

The Poet dies?
There is no death. He lives but to discover
That Heaven completes the plans which men devise,
Earth's hopes fulfils, gives back to friend and lover
The trusting clasp, the glow of love-lit eyes
That never dies.

THE DEVIL'S THIRTEEN.

BY JOHN COOPER WINSLOW.

The fraternity chapters at Old Trinity were compelled to disband in the fall of 1879, and membership in one or the other of the two literary societies was made almost compulsory by the faculty with the purpose of keeping down the fraternity spirit. During the ensuing period of about ten years, the college experienced a sort of slump, due to lack of support and its situation so remote from the public.

In the fall of 1890, however, almost coincident with the agitation of questions concerning great improvement in the college, the fraternity idea began unconsciously to reassert itself. In the sessions of 1890-91, sometime near the Christmas holiday period, most of the students were very much surprised one morning at chapel to find quite a number of seniors ostentatiously wearing a badge or emblem of some society not previously known at college. This society took the name of "9019," and kept itself shrouded in mystery as much as possible. Thomas Cowper Daniels, David Anderson Houston and Fred Harper were among the few seniors who did not wear this badge. There were a number of students in the other classes who were surprised and perhaps piqued at being left out of an organization that sported so handsome a badge.

Naturally these outsiders drifted into frequent discussions of the new organization, and a few choice spirits finally, in a spirit of deviltry, organized secretly a society known as the "Devil's Thirteen," which had practically no aim or object, except to get the most fun possible out of any situation that might arise. One night during the early part of the year 1891, Daniels, Houston and Harper, with several others, were returning from a raid of some kind when the spirit moved them

to organize. They went immediately to Daniels' room, discussed the matter, and appointed a committee to get up a prospectus and constitution for the proposed society, report to be made in one week. These fellows were an exceedingly congenial lot and had been great chums during that and the previous session. Their organization was spontaneous, was not in opposition to anything, and was not for the purpose of getting into a fraternity. Daniels, Houston and Harper were classmates, and all graduated at Old Trinity with the class of 1891.

At the end of one week the committee reported satisfactorily, and the question of a name for the society became in order. It was the fancy and suggestion of Frank Armfield to adopt the name, "Devil's Thirteen," and to meet in a place to be called Hell's Hollow. This suggestion was adopted and the number of members was afterwards raised and limited to thirteen. A deep ravine back of Dr. Craven's house was selected for Hell's Hollow. In this ravine there was a small unfinished tobacco barn built of logs. The barn had not been far enough finished to have any place cut out for a door or to have any roof on it, so the boys climbed in over the walls to hold their meetings until the Haunted Cottage was discovered. The early initiations, attended with various barrel stunts, were carried on in Mrs. Albright's barn, owing to the unsuitableness of Hell's Hollow for such purposes. In the early part of the same winter, about the time of the first snow, some of the boys were tramping around in the woods one day when they came upon a deserted cottage. This struck them as being more suitable for a meeting place than Hell's Hollow, for the latter was too much exposed to the cold weather. This cottage was about two miles from the college and was thought by the people of the neighborhood to be haunted, so that no one would go near it at night. The

boys rented it from its owner for two dollars a month and afterwards met in it regularly.

Not long after the purchase of the cottage, the boys decided to perpetuate the society as a sophomore organization, and they soon began to observe a regular form in conducting their meetings. In getting up their secret work, Daniels procured the assistance of a Skull and Bones man, an alumnus of Yale. This secret work was very highly prized by the members, and the secrecy of the organization cannot be too greatly emphasized. Before long the existence of such an organization was rumored, but the identity of its members was not divulged for several years.

During the early days of the organization a lecturer came to the college and told how in his college days a society was formed for the promotion of impromptu speaking. The members would meet and each would secretly write upon a slip of paper a subject. These slips would then be shaken up in a hat, the roll called, and as each name was called, the member would go to the hat and draw out a slip. He was then compelled, under penalty, to deliver a five minutes talk upon the subject which he found written on the slip of paper he had drawn. This idea was appropriated by the members of the "Devil's Thirteen," and it was decided to enlarge the society, change its name to the "Owls," and have for the main feature of its meetings this impromptu speaking. At one of the meetings some one spoke on the subject of Greek letter fraternities and advocated trying to get into one of them. This matter was discussed at various times and several letters were written to different fraternities, but none of them wanted to come in sub rosa, so nothing ever came of this, for faculty opposition to fraternities precluded the possibility of acting openly with any degree of success.

In order to preserve the secrecy of the identity of the

members, in soliciting new members they followed the plan of sending an unsigned, printed letter to the proposed candidate inviting him to join and enclosing an emblem for him to wear in case of his acceptance. If he wore the emblem, they would send him a second similar letter instructing him where to be on some appointed night. The place of initiation would then be surrounded by sentries. The candidate was met by the first sentry and passed on by him to the second and on to the third. The third sentry blindfolded the candidate and led him to the meeting place. The members all wore masks and black gowns and were provided with whistles, which they used for carrying out a regular code of signals, for no words were spoken during the initiation.

This organization never assumed any very stable form. During its existence it probably had in all as many as forty members. The prime movers gradually lost interest when the number of members became so large. The organization seemed to lose its identity, its vitality gradually seeped away, and it perished probably soon after the college was moved to Durham in the fall of 1892.

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

TOLERANCE IN PREACHING.

In a sermon on Home Missions, which we heard sometime ago, one of the points which the preacher urged as favoring the establishment of home missions was the rise of new doctrines. He pictured the Christian Scientist as a heretic, as people yet to be brought within the fold. He thought the growth of Catholicism a dire calamity that was falling upon the country.

Now we do not conform to the religious ideals of the Christian Scientist, nor could we in good faith go through the elaborate ceremonies of the Catholic. It would be to us mere mockery ere we had bowed before the image three times. So please understand this is not a plea for either of these creeds. But so disgustingly narrow was the idea set forth by the speaker, that a man who tried to look at affairs, religious and otherwise, with an open mind, must have blushed for shame.

There are two types of men that we wish to mention. The one is the man with the absolutely open mind. His mind is like the stream whose bed is in the sand. Every freshet of new thought is likely to change its course. He is unstable, believing one thing today, another tomorrow. However, it is not probable that he will hurt anyone. The second type of man is the prejudiced man. He has his own ideas, and if you do

not conform to them, you are a fool. From his viewpoint any sensible man could see that he is right. The preacher referred to above, if we may judge him by his words, is an example of this latter type of man. This man dwells on the heights. He and his followers alone hold the key to the mystery of life. Tell him that he is merely mortal, and may be wrong after all, and he looks on you with churlish contempt. Confute him with facts and he waives them aside. Rebut him with logic and he turns his back on you. A man like this is dangerous if he is a man of any influence in the community in which he lives.

We believe that a preacher should believe and believe with all his heart, the doctrine which he preaches. He should back up his belief, however, by sane arguments and not try to refute those who happen to believe otherwise by calling them heretics. Every man is but one among millions, and the theory that you work out is just about as likely to be wrong as is the system of the other fellow. Unless the putting of his ideas in action would work obvious harm to society, the views of the average man should be tolerated. Toleration will ever go hand in hand with civilization.

At the end of his sermon, the good brother already referred to, asked that he might be permitted to lead someone into the glorious kingdom, that he might be permitted to tell some sorrowful soul of the abundant life, that he (with his soul blinded with prejudice) might be permitted to tell someone the story of humanity's Savior. None responded. We do not wonder. It was a case of the mote and the beam. W.

THINKING VERSUS TALKING.

Our friends away from here say that Trinity College is a place of free thought and free speech. This is what every college should be. There have been a few inci-

dents in our history that not only have warranted, but have necessitated Trinity's having the name of standing for academic freedom. But men rarely look at themselves as others do. The students say you can think as you please here provided you please to think with the powers that be, but, they say, your opinions must not differ from those of the faculty. We suppose it is so anywhere. It would be a strange thing to find boys who had all the liberty they wanted.

Now, it may be that the students are allowed too little latitude, we pronounce no opinion as to that. We will grant it, if necessary. So whoever thinks we are defending the faculty is working on the wrong question to begin with. What we are driving at is the very persistent habit we have of "cussing out" the faculty and kicking on every ruling they make placing any restriction on us.

We wonder what decision we should come to, if we tried to define for ourselves the meaning of "free thought." Suppose we take a walk in the woods alone some day and try to think it out. We venture the suggestion that most of us would decide that there is a slight difference between liberty and license, between freedom and utter absence of restraint. We use license, you know, when we defy and disregard all law; we are free when law is no longer necessary, when we are above law by virtue of our farsightedness and careful, sincere respect for the rights and opinions of others. The free man is always he who judges most painstakingly and regulates his own conduct most cautiously. In like manner the wise man is he who is willing to sacrifice the present pleasure for the future good.

We don't want to be understood as discouraging a man's thinking for himself or as advocating passive, unquestioning submission to authority; but somehow we feel that a crowd of college boys—and that is what most of us are, boys, not men—wouldn't be very successful

in the administration of affairs; we fear they don't see far enough and broadly enough or consider carefully enough. A question—if it is a question—always has two sides; it would be a good idea to see both and weigh carefully, remembering in announcing our decision that the other fellow is just about as likely to be right as we are. If we thought more—we mean thinking, earnest, unprejudiced thinking, not impulse—we might see a mistake that we make now and then, we might "cuss" less, we might have a better idea of what freedom of thought means, and we might place a little lower estimate on the infallibility of our own judgment.

GILMER KORNER, JR., - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Just a word in regard to promptness. This subject has been forced upon us in no small degree recently. The college magazines come loitering in in a manner which would do credit to any freshman in attendance at night school, or in such a way as to remind us strongly of the seniors as they make their appearance at the morning chapel exercises. Verily the task of the staffs must be a strenuous one, attended to with a laxity which would make glad the heart of any disciple of the simple life, and cause a ray of comfort to enter the soul of the truest son of rest.

Of course it's the weather. The temptation is strong within us even now to quit the task and seek the shade and there with "a book of verses underneath the bough" forget the errors of our contemporaries. It is an exertion to go on. Through the window can be seen a bunch of fellows lounging on the grass in the shade of the trees; they lie flat on their backs with coats off, too lazy even to talk. From farther across the campus comes the staccato clatter of the grass mower, the only sound breaking the lifeless spring stillness. Mumble-peg, even, seems to be forgotten. Surely it is spring fever in a malignant form.

But to business. To contemplate the scene much longer is to turn this department over to the proverbial enemy of work—the thief of time.

It is with much pleasure that we note the space in the

State Normal Magazine devoted to North Carolina scenes. We feel a sense of coöperation of this magazine in carrying out this policy. It stands to reason that at least in the colleges of our State such material is read with vastly more interest than the eternal love story, or dissertations on roast elephant, about which the writer is evidently in the darkest ignorance.

The opening number of the Furman Echo is "The City, the Real Industrial Problem." This is a treatment of city life from a semi-economic standpoint with a strong religious flavor and with many bright dreams for the happy future solution of this great world question. "A Chemical Experiment" is the story of the remarkable experience of a sophomore whose thirst for chemical knowledge overruled his prudence to the extent of causing him to undergo a very uncomfortable hour, from which he arose in the morning "a sadder, but a wiser man." A short college sketch of rivalry in athletics and the Madame de Villefort method of gaining ends is "But the Greatest of These is Charity." The story is rather commonplace, but the forgiveness is divine. "Up the Columbia" is a description of a trip up the great river of the Northwest. This number is well supplied with poetry, which is natural at this season, and owing to the inevitable bias of the season, we fail to pass judgment.

1845 **1907**

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company

Newark, New Jersey

Offers Especially Attractive Policies to Students

The Mutual Benefit is known in Insurance Circles as

The Leading Annual Dividend Company

of the World

No Stockholders. Insurance Furnished at Cost. No Tontine or Deferred Dividend Accumulations to be Forfeited in Case of Death or Default in Premium Payments.

Conspicuous for *Economy* and *Large Returns to Policyholders in Proportion to Payments by Them.*

Premium Receipts Since Organization in 1845, - -	$295,128,536.22
Returned to Policyholders (Policy Claims, Dividends and Surrender Values), - - - - - - - -	239,340,665.25
Accumulated for Policyholders' Future Benefit, -	105,589,918.10
Surplus, - - - - - - - - - -	7,770,399.70

Insure Through a Student

Wm. V. McRae

Bailey, Florence (Ex-'07), West Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School.

Barnhardt, Charles Colwell ("Barny," "Frog-Catcher"), Concord, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Chaplain '05; Treasurer '06; Vice-President '08; Orator's Medal '08; Sophomore Debater '06; Y. M. C. A.; Commencement Orator.

Berghäuser, Albert Sartor ("Bug-house"), Fulton, Mo.—Three years at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.; Kappa Sigma; Fortnightly Club; Glee Club.

Beavers, Sallie Louise, Durham, N. C.—Prepared Durham High School.

Bivins, Charles Madison (Ex-'06), ("Charley"), Albemarle, N. C.—Prepared at Albemarle Academy; Columbian; Y. M. C. A.

Bivins, Edward Chatham ("Chat"), Waxhaw, N. C.—Prepared at Waxhaw Institute; Columbian; Y. M. C. A.; Baseball Team '06-'08; Class Tennis Team.

Brothers, Luke ("Sissies"), Elizabeth City, N. C.—Prepared at Atlantic Collegiate Institute; Y. M. C. A.

Brown, Robert Southgate ("Bull-neck", "Bob"), Asheville, N. C.—Prepared at Asheville High School; Hesperian; Treasurer '06-'07; President '08; "9019"; President Science Club '07-'08; Last President Athletic Association; Class Basketball Team '07-'08; Class Treasurer '05-'06.

Carter, Luther Jordan ("Potecasi," "Pine Top," "Greyhound"), Woodland, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Secretary '05; Chairman Executive Committee '06; Critic '07; Freshman Honors; Class Vice-President '05-'06, '07-'08; Class President '06-'07; Class Historian; Associate Editor Chronicle '06-'07; Assistant Librarian '06-'08; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club Orchestra Association '06-'07; Literary Manager of Archive; Fortnightly Club.

Cole, Rosa Lee (Ex-'07), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School.

Daniel, James Martin (Ex-'07), ("Jim," "Manger"), Duke, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary '04; Class President '08; "Tombs;" Manager Baseball Team '08; Hesperian.

Elias, Bernard ("Big Kope"), Biltmore, N. C.—Prepared at Franklin High School; Hesperian.

Elias, Donald Siler ("Little Kope," "Possum"), Biltmore, N. C.—Prepared at Franklin High School; Hesperian; Vice-President '08; Class Baseball and Basketball Teams.

Flowers, Fred ("Fred," "Freddie"), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Baseball Team '05-'08; "Tombs;" Alpha Tau Omega; Commencement Marshal '05-'06.

Franklin, Alice Rawls, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Sigma Delta.

Geddie, Clarence Hugh ("C. H.," "Jack"), Stedman, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian; Y. M. C. A.

Gillespie, Joe Gill ("Gill"), Petersburg, Tenn.—Prepared at Morgan Training School; Hesperian; "Tombs;" Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Glee Club and Orchestra Association '07-'08.

Hawks, Benjamin William ("Benny," "Baltima"), Baltimore, Md.—Prepared under tutorage; Glee Club '04-'08; Leader of Glee Club '06-'08; Orchestra '05-'07; College Quartet '05-'08; Special.

Horton, Alfred Whitsett ("A. W.," "Lion-tamer"), West Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Chairman Executive Committee '07; President '07; Critic '08; Secretary Debate Council '07-'08; Winner of Sophomore Debate '06; Trinity-Tennessee Debate '07; Trinity-Vanderbilt Debate '08; Class Baseball Team; Glee Club '05-'08; Manager Epworth Dining Hall '06-'07; Manager Glee Club '07-'08; Fortnightly Club; Commencement Orator.

Howerton, Richard Theopholis, Jr. ("Dick," "Chorus Girl"), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School; Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee and Tribunal '07; Class Baseball Team '07-'08; Second Team '08; Glee Club; "Tombs."

Kilgo, James Luther ("Jack," "Zeke"), Durham. N. C.—President Tennis Association '06-'07; President Glee Club and Orchestra Association '07-'08; Class Baseball Team '05-'07; Class Tennis Team '06; Baseball Team '08; "Tombs;" Kappa Alpha.

Korner, Gilmer, Jr. (Ex-'07), ("Mike," "Blondie"), Kernersville, N. C.—Prepared at Guilford College; Hesperian; Glee Club and Orchestra '05-'08; Assistant Manager Glee Club '06-'07; Class Baseball Team; Manager Editor's Table Department of Archive; Fortnightly Club; Kappa Sigma.

Lee, Archie Laney ("Jack," "Dago," "Trake"), Monroe, N. C.—Prepared at Monroe High School; Columbian; Glee Club; Pi Kappa Alpha.

Lee, Frank Houston (Ex-'07), ("Amos Owens," "Cherry Tree"), Monroe, N. C.—Prepared at Monroe High School; Columbian; Class Baseball and Basketball Teams; "Tombs;" Pi Kappa Alpha; Y. M. C. A.

Love, Franklin Swindell ("Lovey Dovey"), Monroe, N. C.—Prepared at Union Institute; Columbian; Clerk of Tribunal; Chaplain; Recording Secretary; Executive Committee; Vice-President and Critic; President '07; Debate Council '06-'08; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer '05; Delegate to International Volunteer Convention '06; President '06; President Volunteer Band '07; Sophomore Debate '06; Intersociety Debate '07; Debater's Medal '07; Chief Marshal '07; Class Baseball Team.

McRae, William Vogle ("Uncle V.," "Mack"), McFarlan, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Marshal; Chaplain; Secretary; President; Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to So. Student Conference '05-'07; Secretary; President; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Chronicle Board; Sophomore Debate; "9019."

McCullen, Mary Addison, Washington, N. C.—Graduate of Littleton College; Class Secretary '07-'08; V. d. W.

Mims, Elise, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Class Secretary '04-'05; Editor of Literary Notes Department of Archive.

Oldham, Mattie Lee, Carbonton, N. C.—Prepared at Salemburg High School; V. d. W.

Parham, Kennon Webster ("Web"), Columbia, S. C.—Prepared at Monroe High School; Columbian; Ch'm. Tribunal '07; Ch'm. Ex. Com. '07; President '08; Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement Convention, Nashville, Tenn., '06; Class Treasurer '06-'07; Class Baseball Team '08; Class Basketball Team '07-'08; Glee Club '07-'08; Assistant Manager Commencement '06; Manager of Wayside Wares Department Archive; "Tombs;" Alpha Tau Omega.

Parrish, Lela Lavinia, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School; Freshman and Sophomore Honors.

Perry, Pauline Iola, Kinston, N. C.—Prepared at Kinston High School.

Proctor, Creasy Kinion ("Greasy", Tallest man in the class), East Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Glee Club.

Reeves, Lassaphine, Weaverville, N. C.—Graduate of Weaverville College ('02); Special at Trinity College '04-'05; V. d. W.

Richardson, Sanford Amon ("Tammany," "Tub"), Monroe, N. C.—Prepared at Monroe High School; Columbian; Censor '06; Chairman Tribunal '07; Marshal '07; President '08; Sophomore Debate '06; Chronicle Board '06-'08; Associate Editor Chronicle '07; Sophomore Honors; Class Football Team '04-'05; Business Manager Archive; "Tombs;" "9019;" Fortnightly Club; Y. M. C. A.

Sanders, Wade Hampton ("Wade H.," "Monky"), Smithfield, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Southern Student Conference '07; Handbook '07; Editor-in-Chief of Chronicle '07-'08; Assistant to Registrar; Fortnightly Club.

Sidbury, James Buren ("Sid"), Holly Ridge, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Columbian; Orator's Medal '08; Vice-President '07; President '07; Secretary-Treasurer Tennis Association '06-'08; Class Tennis Team; Class Baseball Team; Captain '06-'08; Vice-President Press Association '06-'07; Class Treasurer '07-'08; Chronicle Board '07-'08.

Stanbury, Walter Adair ("Stan'," "Mr. Editor," "Boone"), Boone, N. C.—Prepared at Appalachian Training School; Hesperian; Marshal; Chaplain '05; Secretary '06; Ch'm. Ex. Com; Vice-Pres. '07; Critic '08; Com. Marshal '06; Soph. Debate '06; Class Treas. '05; Asso. Editor of Chronicle '06; Freshman and Soph. Honors; Sec.-Treas. Science Club '07-'08; Pres. Press Asso. '06-'08; Manager of Epworth Dining Hall '07; Y. M. C. A.; Del. to So. Student Con. '07; "9019;" Fortnightly Club; Editor-in-Chief of Archive; Commencement Orator.

Starr, Lela Caroline, Greensboro, N. C.—Prepared at Greensboro High School; Graduate of Greensboro Female College; President Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; V. d. W.

Thorne, Samuel Thomas, Jr. ("Shag," "Frog-mouth," "Runt"), Littleton, N. C.—Prepared at Warrenton High School; Hesperian; Marshal '08; Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Librarian '07-'08; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; "9019;" "Tombs;" Alpha Tau Omega.

Umstead, Nellie Dean, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School.

Warren, Julius Benjamin ("Jule," "Bully"), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School; Hesperian; Captain Class Football Team '04; Class Vice-President '04-'05; Athletic Editor of Chronicle '06-'07; Associate Editor of Archive; Fortnightly Club; "Tombs;" Secretary Athletic Council.

White, Luther Gehrmann ("Reddy"), Portsmouth, Va.—Prepared at Portsmouth High School; Hesperian; Chairman Executive Committee; Declaimer's Medal '06; Sophomore Debater '07; Class Football Team; Glee Club; Basketball Team '06-'07; Business Manager of Chronicle '08; Freshman and Sophomore Honors; Scorer '08; Fortnightly Club; "9019;" Kappa Sigma.

Winslow, John Cooper ("Johnnie"), Harriman, Tenn.—Prepared at Carrollton (Ky.) High School; Kappa Sigma; Glee Club; Fortnightly Club.

Wissburg, Abraham Lincoln ("Wiss," "Abe"), Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School; Hesperian; President; Vice-Pres.; Secretary; Ch'm. Ex. Com.; Debate Council; Intersociety Debater '06; Intersociety Debater '07; Alternate Trinity-Tennessee Debate '07; Debater's Medal '07; Class Vice-President '07; Assistant Commencement Manager '05; Commencement Marshal '06; Chief Manager Commencement '07; Commencement Orator.

Wrenn, Flora May, Siler City, N. C.—Prepared at Siler City Institute; Class Secretary 05-'07; Freshman Honors; Pres. Y. W. C. A '06-'07; Assistant Literary Manager of Archive; V. d. W.

Wyche, Pierce ("P. Hoggenheimer," "P. Wyche"), Laurinburg, N. C.—Prepared at Laurinburg High School; Hesperian; Critic '08; Class Baseball Team '05-'08; Glee Club '04-'08; "Green Lemon" Quartet; Mandolin and Guitar Club '04-'08; Class Football Team '04-'05; Vice-Pres. Glee Club and Orchestra Association '07; Sec. Fortnightly Club; Class Prophet; Y. M. C. A.; Pi Kappa Alpha.

O Trinity

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF 1908

MUSIC BY MISS ALICE HUNDLEY

O Trinity, O Trinity,
Her glorious name we sing;
We all adore her purity,
And rapturous praise we bring.
She taught us truth, she taught us right
And fearless led the way;
Her dauntless walk, like dimless light,
Shall guide from day to day.

A strong bulwark of truth she stands,
A tower of freedom's might;
With blessings great she lifts her hands,
To cheer her sons in right.
Among her sons are stalwart men,
Gone forth to many lands;
The truth and right they will defend
And follow her commands.

Her lawns and shaded walks we love,
Her tower and bell and dome,
Her country's flag unfurled above,
Symbol of freedom's home.
For her we wear the royal blue,
For her we raise our song;
Our holy fellowships renew,
With vows to fight the wrong.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1908.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the fifteenth of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, $1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to W. A. STANBURY, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to S. A. RICHARDSON, Business Manager.

L. J. CARTER, }
MAY WRENN, } - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGERS.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1908.

BY L. JORDAN CARTER.

The history of the class of 1908! The absurdity of the undertaking stills the pen and leaves the writer reflecting over the experiences of four years the like of which can never be lived again nor told about in a comprehensive way. So much there is which has its place only in confused recollections; in impressions of experience and character, in the very heart of life, where even the keenest perception cannot peer. It has been in the main a sort of way of living, distinct in a way,

and yet not distinct enough to be the subject of a history. Character has been made in one way or another; peculiarities have been nurtured and moulded into human form; but who presumes to trespass into the heart of this class for descriptions and explanations, only to show to an idly curious reader how it is that it has come to have a place in a generation of men? No, this history can never be written. The most of importance in this college life can be seen only in its result. Four years ago there was a careless, frolicsome freshman; now there is a man, of one kind or another, for better or for worse.

When this class came to Trinity it was just a plain, ordinary freshman class in most respects. So far as I know, there were at most not more than a dozen members who had any idea of a reason for coming here nor cared enough about it to stop and think. The majority of the members of the class have throughout these college days cherished our great American principle of personal liberty, and to the extent that left the seventy mark a remote possibility have resented any restraints upon the practice of this revered doctrine. The conventionalities of the class work have not been particularly agreeable to most of us, but in so far as we could allow our privileges to be abridged, we have acknowledged the importunity of our instructors and studied a little now and then. These principles are the nucleus around which our history has been made, and now, in the retrospect of a many-sided existence, we are both proud and sorrowful. There is much to be proud of; there is much to be regretted. One attempting to tell the story has not an altogether pleasant work. It is not the story of a play-day, although it has been perhaps too nearly that. One sees in the one direction a preponderance of wasted opportunities; in the other an untried, uncertain future.

But in looking back there are a good many things

which stand out and may perhaps be regarded for our purpose as class history. Who can forget that memorable day in September, four years ago, when we came to Trinity Park—the glorious future we thought we saw; the prestige and splendor of college life, all our own and the envy of the sunburnt youth who still plows over in the next field to the one we used to plow in. Ah, what a happy delusion! And how pathetic it is that the fancies of those thoughtless days must melt away before the realities of times to come!

When we landed here we began to have a good time. The indifference of the class took the form of optimism. It is true, the sophs interfered with our happiness to a certain extent, in fact caused us to feel rather small at times. But we took our medicine as all high-minded freshmen ought to do. No doubt we all remember our first class meeting. It was not very happy, you know; but then with the brave assistance of the Dean we quieted our unruly friends and organized our class. A week or so later we met again. At this meeting, amid cheers of unmanageable enthusiasm we instructed our president to appoint a committee whose sacred duty it should be to frame a constitution which should be called the Constitution of the Freshman Class of Trinity College. The president was also instructed to appoint a class-pin committee. Then the meeting adjourned.

Not long after this the class met again. The constitution committee reported. The constitution was unanimously adopted, after which there arose a great tumult. Applause was like the thunders of pandemonium. The constitution had been ratified. The house was finally brought to order through the vigorous persuasion of the president importuning the class to hear the report of the class-pin committee. The committee reported and there was a motion for adjournment.

But cunning are the forces which steal around in the

night. The inception of schemes hatched in the dens of night prowlers is a danger which all judicious constructors of government must anticipate, and the lack of foresight in this respect is calculated to result disastrously to the cause of conservatism. So it was with us. Ere we had enjoyed the guarantee of our rights under constitutional government one month, rebellion sprang up. A treacherous scheme was hatched. Of a sudden a meeting of the class was called. Lo and behold, there was a motion for "the repeal and absolute abolishment" of the constitution! There was a puzzled stare in every eye; a tremor on every lip! Every man except the rebel minnority seemed to ask himself the question, "What is this world a-coming to?" That the motion would be indignantly rejected was sure. But very suddenly the temper of the meeting changed. The leader of the insidious minority arose and with statesman-like deliberation stated that the principal ground taken to justify the proposed motion was that under the constitution we would be governed in our senior year by a document bearing the title, "The Constitution of the Freshman Class of Trinity College." This sally sealed the fate of the constitution. Upon the faces of the conservative majority indignation gave place to sadness. These faces appeared to be saying a sorrowful good-bye to a very fond attachment. The class unhesitatingly passed the motion. At the same time were passed resolutions in praise of the foresight of the leaders of the rebellion and hurled upon the drafters of the odious document, Mr. Wyche and Mr. McRae, the everlasting disdain of all high-minded men. Thus ended our history under constitutional government.

The chairman of the class-pin committee favored us with a short talk, after which the meeting adjourned.

The remainder of the year was in the main analogous to all freshman history under the old régime. The year

passed and we came to be sophomores. As sophomores we held our own. If there was a freshman on the Park who escaped hazing it was due to his own ingenuity in self-protection, and not to any failure on the part of the class to make a most zealous effort to give him his just deserts. But times have changed now. Freshmen have come to be so insignificant that they are not worthy of a sophomore's attention. However, in the good old days when they were more deserving, our class congratulates itself upon having the honor and satisfaction of having done its duty well. And even now to those venerable ones who bled and died upon our altar we erect a monument of love and gratitude, while we congratulate ourselves on having enjoyed the blessings of better luck. But, as I have said, times have changed.

All during this sophomore year the class met now and then. At each of these meetings the class-pin committee was called upon for a short report. After hearing the committee's report, as usual, the meeting adjourned.

The junior year was not so strenuous. Dr. Kilgo's substantial disapproval of our conduct at the close of the sophomore year sent us all into mourning for our lost brethren the next year. The only important action taken by the class during this year was the formal reception of Frank Lee and Charlie Bivins into its ranks. With this and possibly one or two other exceptions, the junior year was devoid of excitement or interest. We just lounged around here, having a good, quiet, unassuming time. We rarely studied much except as a diversion; in the main we lounged around; talking, cussing, smoking or chewing tobacco. Perhaps the reader will not approve; it makes no difference. At that time we maintained the position that it was our business. We still maintain the same position. But the members of the class have all reformed now; never cuss, nor smoke, nor chew tobacco. Although a member may step aside

occasionally and allow an exception to occur, the rest of us know that his heart is still in the right place.

In the spring term of this year the class woke up and got out a cracking good baseball team, which beat the socks off the '07 class. With this baseball game the junior year came to a very satisfactory close. The next year we were seniors.

The senior class has a position of dignity. I trust this class has acquitted itself with credit. In making up an estimate, however, a good many little things must be left out and a good many more imagined. But we have suited ourselves; we approve of everything we ever did and we trust that everybody else is pleased. There have been a few little things which might have been better, to be sure, but they were necessary evils and therefore couldn't be helped. Our regrets come from the things we did not do. In so far as is possible these deficiencies will be made up for sometime; in so far as they are never made up for, let the world make allowance.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1908.

BY PIERCE WYCHE.

In the year 1908 it was the good fortune of the Trinity Seniors to have one Jim Daniel as their presiding officer. Now this Jim was a many-sided man, his genius coming from every corner of the universe. He had been circuit-rider, hobo—six times—express messenger, school-teacher, phrenologist, and last, but not least, *baseball manager*, with a "go-'way bag" to carry the balls in, to boot. By the year nineteen hundred and eighteen this wonderful man of such wonderful parts was a superior court judge—nay, 'twas rumored by the many-tongued that he had his eye on the proprietorship of a flourishing skating rink and bowling alley, and the betting odds were greatly in favor of his winning out in the race. Be that as it may, it is with "His Honor" that we have to deal at present, so we shall not anticipate his career any further. Jim—or rather Judge Daniel, ever attentive to the minutest detail, kept a full record of all his transactions—written, by the way, on yellow paper confiscated from the express company, and in a system of hieroglyphics peculiar to the express messenger. Some parts of this journal we were able to decipher pretty well, and since they relate to various members of the class, we print them with the Judge's kind permission.

The first entry which concerns us was made in the far western corner of the State, and reads thus: "Held court in Webster, Jackson county. Old 'Big Kope' Elias walked over from Governor's Island—thirty-five miles, to attend court. Much to my surprise, Kope was not the business man all his classmates predicted he would be; instead, he was leading the secluded life of a literary man, and has been engaged ever since leaving college, in compiling a dictionary. Indeed, it was to this book that I was indebted for this visit, for he had made the trip

from Governor's Island expressly to ask my advice with regard to it. The work, he said, had progressed famously until he reached the latter part of the letter 'S'—and at the noun 'sweethearts' he stuck. Kope knew so many different synonyms for that word, that the dictionary became an essay on the subject from there on. 'Little Kope,' his brother, had emigrated to Cuba and was engaged in agricultural business, the main article which he raised on (or off) the plantation being cain. He clung to his wonted position with regard to the fair sex and was still a woman hater—on very rare occasions.

"From Webster I went to Asheville, and there I saw 'Bob Bullneck' Brown. Bob had displayed a decided preference for the transfer business while at Trinity, but I found him leading the life of a retired civil engineer, on a pretty fat income. In speaking of his college career, he said that while his sojourn at Trinity might not have made a man of Brown, it at least made a Brown of 'Mann,' so what's the difference? 'C. C.' Barnhardt was passing through Asheville at the time, on his way to Washington to secure a patent on a new kind of frog-net. 'C. C.' has already written an ode to his invention and will have a book of poems copyrighted while at the capital. Leaving 'Barney' at the hotel, my eye was atracted by a sign, which read as follows:

CANARY BIRD OWNERS TAKE NOTICE.

I AM CONDUCTING A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CANARIES. ALL PERSONS OWNING BIRDS WILL DO WELL TO SEE ME; MY METHOD IS THE PERPETUAL SINGING ONE AND NEVER FAILS. RESULTS GUARANTEED.

'ARCHIE ANDREW TRAKAS' LEE.

"On calling at the office, I was told that Mr. Lee would not be down till eleven-thirty, eleven being his rising hour. Returning at the time designated, I had a long

chat with 'Trake,' about old friends. His cousin, 'Amos Owens' Lee, was still raising cherry trees at Marshville, N. C., but keeps so well informed about the inhabitants of Monroe, that he can give a true and faithful account of every man, woman, and child there—as in the days of yore. Love, who left the country as a missionary to China, made good in his profession until a Chinese heiress fell victim to his charms, and sad the tale, is now a confirmed Chinaman.

"Leaving my friend Lee, I walked toward the station, for it was nearly train time. Entering the waiting room I took a seat near what I took to be an English sport, judging from his monocle and accent; imagine my surprise when the supposed Briton took my hand, removed his eye-glass, and revealed the ingenuous features of 'Walter Adair' Stanbury. On enquiring what manner of business he was pursuing, I found that he was at present the editor of 'Sporting Life,' but was going to marry before long, and quit work. 'Stan' gave me a very interesting account of a new minstrel company that had just been formed. The members of this interesting organization were none other than Charlie Bivins, Fred Flowers, Clarence Geddie, Luke Brothers, and Joe Gillespie. Charlie sings second bass, Geddie, first tenor, while Luke and Joe alternate between first bass and second tenor. Fred is the end man—they have but one. While we were talking, our attention was attracted by a crowd of youngsters on the street, who were collected around a man, all trying to persuade him to do something—we could not tell what. We heard a little urchin plead: 'Say, mister, please walk like that!' The man finally yielded and Wade Hampton Sanders paraded by.

"Our train's arrival at this point prevented our speaking to Wade, as we would have liked to do, so we took our separate ways. I arrived in Raleigh without inci-

dent, and went to the hotel for supper. As I took my seat at the table, whom should I see sitting opposite but old 'Mike' Körner, 'Abe' Wissburg, 'Shag' Thorne, and 'Web' Parham! Supper was a much more enjoyable occasion than I had anticipated, for talking with these old cronies of mine made me 'feel like a boy again.' They were able to furnish information as to the whereabouts and doings of a number of our classmates, and it was just like 'studying together' to hear them. 'Jule' Warren, they said, was sporting editor of the Washington Post, and had long ago taken unto himself a 'better half.' A like fate had overtaken 'Johnny' Winslow, who was editing a Missouri newspaper called 'The Why.' 'Reddy' White was a politician, and was running for the governorship of Idaho on a Woman's Building platform. This was an eleventh hour move of Reddy's, but his success, they said, was phenomenal.

"It was later than I care to record when we all sought our rooms, and I dreamed all the remainder of the night that McRae and Berghäuser were see-sawing across Reddy White's platform, while Sidbury, standing near, was trying to arrange a ball game with the captain of the faculty team, but the creaking of the see-saw drowned his voice, so the game went unarranged and was never played. McRae, by the way, is on the New York police force, and is also secretary and treasurer of the city Carrie Nation club. 'Sid' is an aeronaut in the army service, while Berghäuser is motorman on a Baltimore street car. There is a persimmon tree standing at one end of his run, and he is writing a book of sonnets on it—writes three sonnets per round trip, composing his verses to the music of the wheels.

My next stop was Durham, and needless to say, I had been looking forward with no little pleasure to seeing the old town once more. Arrived at the 'Bull City,' the first man I met on Main street was 'Dick' Howerton. On

asking him how Durham was getting along, he told me, much to my surprise, that he was no longer a citizen of that town and was simply passing through; furthermore he informed me that he was advance agent of a theatre company, scheduled to show in the city in the near future. 'Dick' always did have a marvellous propensity for the stage. Howerton also mentioned seeing 'A. W.' Horton in Washington, who was in the United States Senate, quelling all opposition in that august body with the same old ease which characterized his taming of carnival lions. The next acquaintance I ran across was 'Zeke' Kilgo. 'Zeke' is a little taller than in the days of yore, but beyond that I noted few changes in his appearance. He intended to make arctic exploration his life work, but could never get beyond Morris street. Consequently the north pole goes undiscovered. Leaving 'Zeke' on the street, I proceeded to the court house; the first sign that caught my eye, as I entered that house of justice, was—'S. A. Richardson, Clerk of Court.' A familiar voice answered my rap on the door, and there, with feet thrown up on the table in their old position, sat—'Tammany.' He was engaged at the moment in looking over what I found to be a list of delinquent ARCHIVE subscribers. He welcomed me with all his old-time cordiality, spoke briefly of his political career, and then branched out on Trinity reminiscences. There was one thing that happened at college, which he feared would shorten his life; he referred, he said, to the experience he had with that mattress of his. 'You know, Jim,' said he, 'that thing caused me to catch cold backwards; you know a man is frequently made sick by sleeping without sufficient covering over him, but I'll be dinged if your uncle 'Tam' didn't take cold because he didn't have enough under him—that dratted mattress was so thin.'

"A glance at my watch apprised me of the fact that it

was time to open court, so Tam and I went upstairs to business. I was loking over the morning paper while the solicitor was calling his witness roll, when suddenly my thoughts were called from the tariff discussion in the House, by hearing a faimliar voice answer 'Hyunnh!' There sat old 'Greasy' Proctor in the middle of the room, with the same old nose glasses, the same seven feet, more or less, of height and the same old way of saying 'Here.' The second case which was called read thus: 'State against 'Benny' Hawks and 'Chat' Bivins, for serenading the 'Music Factory' all night. The case had to wait some minutes for the lawyer representing the defense. After delaying things till I had decided to fine and imprison the tardy attorney, there entered, amid a hushed audience, a man whom I had seen before —in the classroom sometimes, at—no *not* at chapel, in the library on rare occasions, but most of all at the Woman's Building,—old 'Pot' Carter. I at once annulled the contempt penalty, knowing that in his case, it could not be helped, and after speaking to him, we proceeded with the case. 'Eminent jurist' was written all over his face, as he rose to address the jury. His speech was powerful, it was thrilling, it was convincing; proving that his face did not misrepresent him. The jury returned before he had resumed his seat—after only fifteen minutes deliberation, and Chat and Ben got off scot free.

"How pleasant it has been to see all these old boys again! How I would like to have seen the co-eds too, whose faces so brightened our college days, and whose presence in the classroom was such a sharp spur to masculine indolence. What a pleasure it would be to call on each and every one once more; but I can't and never can again. 'Why? Because they're married now.'"

TRINITY.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

How can thy sons in word or deed,
  Proclaim their love or loyalty?
The words die in our voiceless throats
  Our works are weak, dear Trinity.

But if men praise the sturdy limb,
  The life, the skill, whate'er it be,
Our proud hearts point the primal source—
  And hail, all hail, dear Trinity!

If laurels fair have decked our brows,
  If life has blessed us lavishly,
We bring our gifts with frankincense
  Of mingled love, dear Trinity.

For in thy halls the lessons learned
  Have set our shackled spirits free,
And all life's larger, better part,
  Is ours through thee, dear Trinity.

A COMPARISON OF CHAUCER'S AND KIPLING'S TREATMENT OF ANIMAL STORIES.

BY W. WALLACE CARSON.

As far back as we can peer into the past, men have loved to listen to stories. Today the desire is as strong as ever and it is now, as it always has been, the business of many men and women to tell tales for our enjoyment. But we have not learned to expect new stories from our story tellers, for long ago all the stories were made and ever since men have handed them down from father to son. The best we can do now is to change the names, the environment and manners of the actors and tell the same old stories over again. When Mr. Harris first wrote his delightful stories of Brer Rabbit and his adventures, many people doubtless thought that he had accomplished something new, but not so, for he was only retelling stories that were told to him by an old African negro who had them from his father in the Jungles of Africa, and who in turn doubtless had them from his father, and so on back to some old savage in the very infancy of the race.

Likewise when we read Kipling's *Jungle Books* today we must not think of them as new creations. Chaucer wrote animal stories five hundred years before Kipling saw the light of day, Marie de France before Chaucer, and Æsop was writing animal stories six hundred years before the Christian era. Thus, when we approach Chaucer and Kipling we cannot look for originality in the use of animals as characters for stories, but only in their individual treatment of these animal stories shall we look for the individual stamp of each one's personality.

In considering these two men we notice at the very first this similarity: neither expected to be taken seriously. Both wrote expecting the reader to see in their

animals only fictitious creations, and had no idea of forcing the reader to receive them as true creations. This is in striking contrast to such writers as Thompson-Seton, Rev. Mr. Long and Jack London, who have written animal stories and nature essays purporting to be truth, but in which they have sentimentalized their animals to such a degree that President Roosevelt has seen fit to stamp them with their true name—"nature fakirs." Now, Chaucer and Kipling cannot be classified among the "nature fakirs," as they have not written seriously; one writing partly to amuse himself and partly to amuse his friends at court, and the other to amuse and delight thousands of children all over the world.

We find further that animal stories constitute only a relatively small proportion of the total output of each writer. Moreover, Chaucer in his use of animals has with one exception confined himself exclusively to birds. The exception is his fox in the *Nonnes Preestes Tale.* In the *Nonnes Preestes Tale,* the *Squire's Tale* and the *Parlement of Foules,* the chief characters are birds. Kipling, on the other hand, has written thirteen stories in which animals are endowed with human speech and reason. Twelve of these are stories of the Indian jungle, and one is laid on a farm in the United States. Eight of the Indian stories deal with the same characters and cluster around the adventures of the boy Mowgli who was adopted by the Seonee wolf pack. This list does not include such stories as *The Miracle of Purim Bhagat, Iniquern* and *Toomai of the Elephants,* in which animals figure but do not talk or reason.

In reading over the animal stories of these two authors we find that Chaucer's animals are far more human than Kipling's. In fact, Chaucer's animals are only thinly disguised men and women with a veneering of animal characteristics. They are animal in body, but for the rest, they are men and women, such as we find

in Chaucer's other tales, and talk and act and think just as you or I would do. Pertelote is not a hen, but a good domestic housewife, ready at once with advice and "herbes" when her husband is ailing, and to discuss the dissertation of "daun Catoun" or dreams. And any other woman would have said with her,

> "Now hav ye lost myn herte and al my love,
> I kan not love a coward, by my feith!"

Chanticleer is a chicken only in that he rises early in the morning and clucks to his wives when he has found a grain of corn. In every other instance he is an ordinary mortal, speaking from the mind and heart of a man. He is frightened by his dreams and quotes at great length what Cato and other "clerkes" have had to say on dreams and their significance and he is essentially a man when he refuses to take Pertelote's "laxatyves," saying,

> "I hem diffye, I love hem never a deel!"

And again, to reinstate himself in the good graces of his wife, by subtle flattery, he says:

> "Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
> * * * * * * * * * * * *
> For when I se the beautee of youre face,
> Ye been so scarlet reed aboute your yen."

Like a human too, he falls a victim to flattery, and then with a head that no chicken ever possessed, he frees himself from the fox.

The falcon in the *Squire's Tale* is a woman, pure and simple, without a trace of an animal characteristic, and has indulged in an unfortunate love affair of that odd type of court love so common at the time. Also in the *Parlement of Foules* there is no differentiation of the characters, the single distinguishing characteristic being in the names.

Now had Kipling written the *Parlement of Foules,*

he would have made each bird stand out clearly defined with those qualities emphasized that are distinctive. He would have had his animals talk and reason as would humans, but there the likeness would end. When they talked, it would be from the viewpoint of that particular animal, and what each would say would be influenced by its own particular disposition and personality. For instance, Kipling would never have let Chanticleer speak of Cato or quote numerous cases where dreams had been of import. Nor would he have let Pertelote say to Chanticleer:

"For Goddes love, as taak some laxatyf."

And when Pertelote:

"She was so ful of torment and of rage
That wilfully in to the fyr she sterte
And brande hirselven with a stede fast herte."

There is the sentimental note of Thompson-Seton rather than of Kipling. Again Kipling would never make such a break as did Chaucer when he lets the falcon speak of "Jason" or "Parys of Troye."

Now Chaucer is exactly opposite to Kipling in this respect. Chaucer would not only have his animals talk and reason, but they would reason and talk, not from the viewpoint of the particular animal they happened to be, but from the viewpoint, and backed up by the character and personality of a particular man or woman. This is the essential difference between the two men. They divide here. Kipling puts himself in the place of the animal and has him say and do what the animal really would do under the circumstances, while Chaucer has his animals say and do whatever he or some other person, and not the animal, would have done under the particular circumstances. Kipling has the knack of catching the very spirit of the animal itself, while Chaucer has evidently made no attempt to catch this spirit.

One of the chief charms of Kipling's animal stories is

the background. It is always so perfectly adjusted to the characters and the story that we unconsciously enjoy its perfection without having our attention distracted from the story. How natural in *The White Seal* is the roaring sea beach at Novastoshuak or the back pasture in *The Walking Delegate* or the tree roads and the ruined city for the Bandar Log or Monkey People! Chaucer also has secured an entirely natural background and one that stands out clearly in the *Nonnes Preestes Tale,* but he misses it altogether in the *Parlement of Foules* and only partly succeeds in the *Squire's Tale.* The temple in which the birds meet to choose their mates is not at all a natural background. Of course it is good of its kind, but it is ill chosen. In the *Squire's Tale* Chaucer dismisses the background in five lines. Now in Kipling the background would have run through the entire story, but in Chaucer the chief interest is the characters and action rather than the background.

There is one point, however, in which Kipling must yield the palm to Chaucer, and that is in the use of humor. Humor is not Kipling's strongest point, but Chaucer has a certain dry humor that stands off and laughs quietly at people and things, and is exceedingly refreshing. You seldom care to laugh outright at Chaucer's humor, but simply smile to yourself and store away the irresistible little strokes of the master humorist for a day "when it rains and the wind is never weary." Kipling's nearest approach to Chaucer's humor is in *The Undertakers.* In that excellent story we are occasionally reminded of Chaucer by Kipling's deft strokes of dry wit put in the mouth of the Jackal. But Kipling will never be able to write:

> "'Now, sire,' quod she, 'when we flee fro the bemes,
> For Goddes love, as taak some laxatyf.'"

A close reader of Chaucer and Kipling will discover

that they have in one story at least used the same theme, the only difference being in the treatment. It is not known where Chaucer found the material for his story, but Kipling picked up the same tale in India a few years ago. At first thought it may seem surprising that the tale could be found in India today and have lived in England six hundred years ago, but it, like so many others, is one of those world-wide stories that have always been a part of the stock in trade of the story tellers, whether they lived in China, India, Arabia or Europe. In Chaucer the tale is told by the Pardoner and constitutes one of the Canterbury Tales, while in Kipling it is in the Mowgli series and is called *The King's Ankus.*

Of the two, Chaucer's story is by far the stronger, more vivid and realistic. In each story a thing of great value is found, and its very value makes it death to all who come in contact with it. In Chaucer it is an immense sum of money; in Kipling, a king's ankus or elephant god of inestimable value. Chaucer has the three men, who are seeking Death, in order to slay him, find the treasure. One goes away for food and wine, poisoning the wine for the other two, while they in turn plot to kill him on his return and divide the gold among themselves. The story closes with all three dead. They had gone out to seek Death, and had found him.

In Kipling's story, from the moment the elephant goad comes in possession of man, it is Death. An Indian hunter finds the ankus after Mowgli has cast it away. He is killed by the poisoned arrow of a Goud and the Goud in turn by four other men. These take the ankus and go on their way. Later they kill the one who carries the flour, and stop to eat. But he has forestalled them by putting poison, the deadly apple of death, in it, and so when Baghera and Mowgli come upon the ankus, at last, they find all dead. Mowgli then acknowledges

that the White Cobra was right when he said the ankus was Death and vows to return it to him. The similarity of the two stories is striking, and especially in the manner in which the men in Chaucer and the last four men in Kipling meet their death.

Much there is that is alike in Chaucer and Kipling. Both are inclined to an optimistic view of life, and both have a clear and sympathetic insight into men, and a genuine love of humanity. Both are close observers, quick to see the good and to praise it and equally quick to see the bad and hypocritical and to hold it up to scorn and ridicule. They have in common the saving sense of humor and both have sung directly from the heart, striking with sure touch the common chords of life that men always have and always will respond to—the one in the very dawn of English literature, the other receiving fifty cents a word today for everything he cares to publish.

MOTH AT THE WINDOW.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

Beat the softness of your tender wings,
  Frantic 'gainst the barring pane;
Surging round your wistful strife,
  Gusts of cold and clinging rain.

Torturing vision of forbidden flame,
  Prisoned out in hapless plight,
Ghost-like blown upon a misty wind,
  Woful wanderer of the night!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Well, oh well! how oft I pray and pray
  Full denial of the fire,
Lest I burn the winglets of my soul,
  In my swift and rash desire.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

BY LOUIS I. JAFFE.

In Western Carolina, where the Blue Ridge towers high,
Where poets say, forever gleams the pure cerulean sky,
Was born to fame,
A youth by name
Of Hezekiah Pie.

And Hezzy, as the custom was in that secluded clime,
Was duly sent to country school and soon there came the time
That Hez outgrew
His studies few
(Just note that double rime).

Then quoth his grizzled sire, "Listen, Hezzy, my dear son,
All that the school could do for you, she's done already done,
The time is nigh,
(A stifled sigh)
Your college time's begun."

"But 'fore you leave your daddy's home, I want to warn you, lad,
That all the gals and weemen as a rule are mighty bad;
And, Hezzy, child,
Be not beguiled,
Be guided by your dad."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME SOCIAL TRAITS OF THE QUAKERS OF RICH SQUARE.

BY W. A. BRYAN.

I.

I have previously given a short history of the founding of Rich Square meeting and need not go into details here. Suffice it to say that prior to 1760 many Quakers moved from Virginia and some of the far eastern counties of the colony of North Carolina to Northampton county and settled around Rich Square. At the quarterly meeting held in the Old Neck in Perquimans county in May and June of 1760, the following was recorded in the minutes: "It appears to this meeting by the petition of friends of Northampton, Edge Comb, and Hertford Counties, they the Inhabitance of said Counties, Called Quakers, Requested to have a Monthly Meeting Settled amongst them at their meeting at Rich Square in Said County the first seventh day in each month and also a general first day's meeting the day following which. Said request of theirs is approved by this meeting and accordingly granted." This meeting was soon thereafter established and met at the homes of the Quakers until a meeting house could be built. The house was built on what is now the public square of the town, and even now the old burying ground, which was near the meeting house, is clearly traceable. About the middle of the nineteenth century the house was moved to a point east of town and is still situated at this point, near the railroad station.

Since this paper is not intended to give a history of the Rich Square meeting it will be well to hasten to my subject. I shall treat some of the social relations of the Society, especially as regards marriage. All who know aught of the Quakers know that they have remained about as puritanic in their religious ideas as any sect in

our State, but even the strictest of the sect could not withstand the change which has come about during the past two hundred years, and today the Quakers are in many respects as broadminded as any of the believers. The older members of the Society adhere to the plainness in dress advocated by former generations, but the younger members show clearly the tendency towards modernism. This breaking away from the old puritanic idea is very clearly shown by noting the development as regards marriages and the church's relation thereto.

That we may get some idea as to what a Quaker marriage is like, I take one account from the records: "11th month 1760. Thomas Hollowell and Mary Peelle published their intentions of taking each other in marriage the first time. This meeting appoints Elizabeth Hall and Rachel Daughtry to inspect into the young woman's clearness and make report to nex meeting."

"12th mo. 1760. Elizabeth Hall and Rachel Daughtry being appointed by last monthly meeting to enquire into Mary Peelle's clearness in relation to marriage we finding her clear have had satisfaction there in. Thomas Hollowell and Mary Peelle appeared at this meeting and desired a answer to their proposals last monthly meeting. Matters appearing clear they are left at liberty. This meeting appoints Rachel Daughtry and Rachel Copeland to attend the marriage of Thomas Hollowell and make report to next meeting."

"1st mo. 1761. Rachel Daughtry (and) Rachel Copeland was appointed by last monthly meeting to attend the marriage of Thomas Hollowell for good order's sake and make report to this meeting things was carried on decently and in good order."

This merely gives the process in the women's meeting. The man had to go through the same step in the men's meeting, which appointed a committee to examine him,

and to attend his marriage and report how it was conducted.

The record of the marriage is as follows: "Whereas Thomas Hollowell of the County of Perquimans, son of John and Sarah Hollowell of the colony of Virginia and county of Norfolk, and Mary Peelle Daughter of Robert Peelle of Northampton County and Elizabeth Peelle Deceased, having Publicly declared their intentions of taking each other in marriage, the People called Quakers in the county of Northampton according to them whose Proceedings therein after a Deliberate Consideration thereof with Regard unto the Righteous Law of god and Example of his People Recorded in the Scriptures of truth in that case, were approved by the said meetings they appearing clear, of all others, and having also Consent of Parents and Relations concerned.

"Now these are to certify all whom it may Concern that for the accomplishment of their said intentions this seventh day of the twelfth month called December in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, They the said Thomas Hollowell and Mary Peelle appeared in a Publick assembly of the aforesaid People and others met together in the County of Northampton in their Public meeting Place at Rich Square, and in Solemn manner he the said Thomas Hollowell taking the said Mary Peelle by the hand did openly Declare as followeth: 'Friends you are my witnesses that I do take this my friend Mary Peelle to be my wife Promising through divine assistance to be to her a True and Loving husband 'till death separate us,' or words to this effect, and then and their in the Said Assembly the said Mary Peelle did in like manner declare as followeth: 'Friends you are my witnesses that I do take this my friend Thomas Hollowell to be my Husband Promising through Divine assistance to be to him a True and Loving wife 'till Death separate us,' or words to that effect.—

"And the said Thomas Hollowell and Mary Hollowell his now wife, as a farther confirmation thereof did then and their to these Presence set their Hands, and we whose names are hereunto subscribed being Present among others at the Solemnization of the above said marriage and subscription in manner aforesaid as witnesses thereunto, have also to these Presence Subscribed our names the day and year above written."

The Quakers have always kept a strict oversight among their members and in the old times it was the custom to disown them when they went astray. In later years the records show that the wayward have been worked with and reclaimed when possible, and they are not so readily disowned now as formerly. It was then practically unpardonable for a member to marry outside the fold, but we note from a study of the records a greater and greater leniency on this point, and now the members often marry outside the society and continue to retain their standing among Friends, but even now the church tries to avoid such when practicable. Permit me to quote several instances recorded in the records of the Women's Monthly Meeting at Rich Square to show how such matters have been dealt with, as well as to show the growing leniency in dealing with them. I note the following:

"8th mo. 1762. It appeared to this meeting Ester Ross after Precaution hath taken a husband not in unity amongst friends. Mary Peelle and Sarah Duke are appointed to draw on a paper of Denial and produce to next monthly meeting. . . . Whereas Mourning Ham daughter of Henry Ham having joined herself in marriage with one not of our Communion, therefore we can do no less than testify to the word that she is not of our Communion."

A case of slightly different nature is stated thus: "It appeared to this meeting that Ruth Daughtry hath

married out from amongst friends without ever being precautioned before marriage, therefore friends appoint Mary Parker and Elizabeth Jordan to treat with her and see if they cannot bring her to a sight of her out goings." We note that she justified her conduct and was accordingly disowned.

In 1790 we note the following: "There was a Complaint brought from the Preparative Meeting against Sarah Copeland for intermarrying with a man not of our society, and also against her mother Mary Copeland for giving her a wedding in her own house." A committee was appointed to visit them, but not getting satisfaction, papers of denial were ordered for both mother and daughter.

1802. "There was a complaint handed up from the Preparative meeting to this against Rachel Outland for marrying with too near kindred." She was disowned for this. In regard to this point we notice the following was added to the discipline in 1832: "No member of Society shall marry the sister of his deceased wife nor no woman shall marry the brother of her deceased husband."

1817. "There was a complaint handed from the preparative meeting held at Rich Square to this against Ann Lawrence for attending a marriage contrary to discipline." She was later disowned.

1840. Note here the change: "Miriam Britton formerly Hall having marryed contrary to discipline requests to retain her right of membership amongst friends." A committee was appointed to visit her and reported a good degree of satisfaction and she was retained as a member. Many of the Quakers were moving to the far West about this time and it may have been for this reason that the members were retained when possible, but leaving this out of the question there was a growing laxness in the dealings with the members.

There is possibly no sect that is more strictly moral than the Quaker, and for this reason immorality has been and is severely dealt with. There was always a standing committee to search out immorality and report it to the meetings. The private lives of the members were examined into and the records call a spade a spade, sparing none who had strayed from the paths of rectitude. The sexual vices were punishable by expulsion, so that no man or woman having illegitimate offspring could have any part among these people. The keeping of questionable company was a cause for expulsion. Note the following: "5th mo. 1774. A complaint was made to this meeting against C— P— for giving her consent to join in marriage with a man not of our society and contrary to our discipline, also for suffering rude and bad company to frequent her house." She was visited by a committee, but as she persisted in her ways she was denied.

Also this: "it appeared to this meeting that R— P— daughter of S— P— having had her education among the people called Quakers but for want of taking heed to measure of grace wherewith she has been favored hath so far rebelled against the divine command as to be disobedient to parents, also a swearer and a lyer and often frequents bad company." Therefore a paper of denial is ordered against her.

"7th mo 1785. there was a complaint brought into this meeting against R— W— for not using her husband well, and for not attending to her business at home." A committee was appointed to reconcile R—and her husband and they reported to the next meeting "that they had not that satisfaction they desired, things seemed much out of order." She was later disowned.

"4th mo 1794. There was a complaint brought to this meeting from the Preparative meeting against Pharaby Knox for taking Strong Liquor to Eccess." She was

disowned. Of a different nature is the following, taken from the records in 1852: "A Complaint against Mary Elliott for absenting herself from our meetings also for deviating from our well known principles of plainness of speech and dress." She was disowned.

These few extracts will give some idea as to the strictness of the people called Quakers. The records contain many such accounts and in them all one is impressed with the stern justice which was meted out to rich as well as poor. Extravagance in dress and ornaments has always been preached against by them, and nothing is more characteristic of the Society even today than the old-fashioned "Quaker bonnet" and the plain though neat dress worn by the strictest of the sect. In all things they are a painstaking and economical people and few are the homes among them where there is ever want of the necessities of life. Their lifelong training in frugality and plainness has made of them a peaceful and prosperous people, whose history clearly demonstrates that "Blessed are the meek."

APRIL.

BY C. D. GRAY.

Good morning, sweeet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lips and a tear in your eye,
There are beautiful sunbeams hid in your hair,
And pretty blue violets clustering there.

Ah, welcome, sweet April, whose feet from the hills,
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills;
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garment is bordered with flowers.

PLAY BALL!

BY T. B. HARRIS.

Tickets are selling,
The crowd's not small;
Bleachers are swelling,
Impatient for the call—
"Play ball!"

The team's "on its toes,"
Colors are flying;
Enthusiasm grows,
For the umpire's crying,
"Play ball!"

Rooters are rooting,
Batters are called;
Horns are a-tooting,
For the umpire's squalled,
"Play ball!"

W. A. STANBURY, - - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
JULE B. WARREN, - - - - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

OUR LAST WORD.

We don't believe much in apologies, and we are not going to make one now, but perhaps there are two or three things that ought to be said before we pluck these editorial thorns out of our crown. Those who have been sufficiently interested or have had nearly enough nothing else to do to read the pages of this department this year, may have noticed that most of what we have done has been to find fault with things. Now, don't go and get the idea that we are fault-finders by nature or profession. We enjoy life about as much as anybody else. But we have seen a few things around college and in everyday life that were not as they ought to have been, and somehow it didn't seem amiss that we call attention to them. We have left it to our friends to praise us and have gone quietly about the task of making our college and our community worthier to be praised. We know there are many good things about our college and about the boys, in fact it seems, as Commencement Day draws near, that this old college is about the best place in the world, and that this body of students, the class of 1908 especially, is he best set of boys and girls to be found anywhere.

So, while we have been calling our deficiencies and our shortcomings to mind, we have left a good many things

unsaid, a good many good, kind things; things that if we had said them probably would have made us more popular with the average student than we are. Let these things be as they may, we now declare our feeling of good will to all and profess our love for the college, for the students, and for the members of the class of '08 especially—but we must stop, lest we say something unbecoming the dignity which A. B.'s about-to-be are supposed to wear.

We want to thank the student body for the splendid support that has been given your ARCHIVE this year in the way of contributions. We are glad that more interest is being taken in writing. A good healthy spirit of literary endeavor is one of the things we most need here, and it is gratifying to see it growing. The staff as a whole wishes to express its appreciation of the way you have come to its aid, and of the sympathy and help received from the faculty. We can only wish for our successors that you treat them as well in this respect as you have treated us—and in some others, a little better.

Date Due

May 16 '33 F			
Apr 21 '36			
Apr 17 '37			
OCT 11			

L. B. Cat. No. 1137

Duke University Libraries
D02600589U

Duke University Libraries
D02600589U